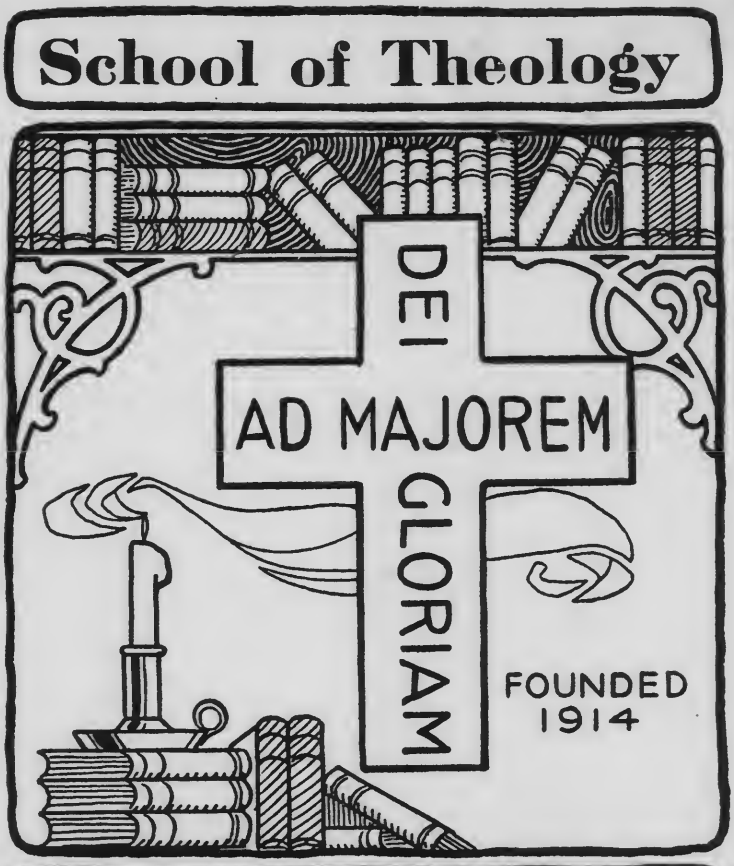
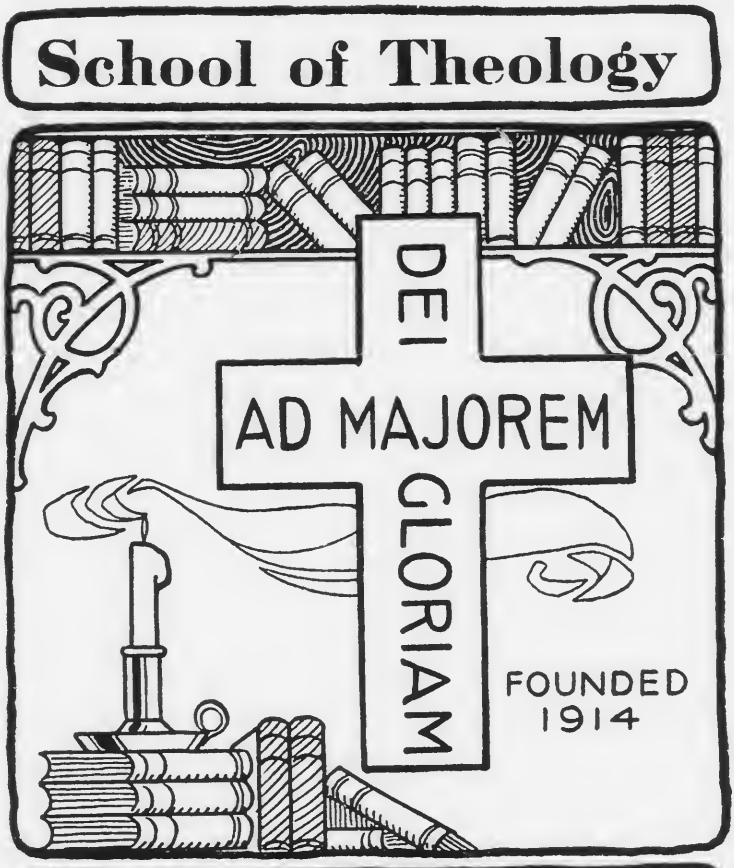


To
R. M. Robinson
with sincere love & best wishes
from his loving Bro in Christ
James Dixon
Feb. 13th 1888



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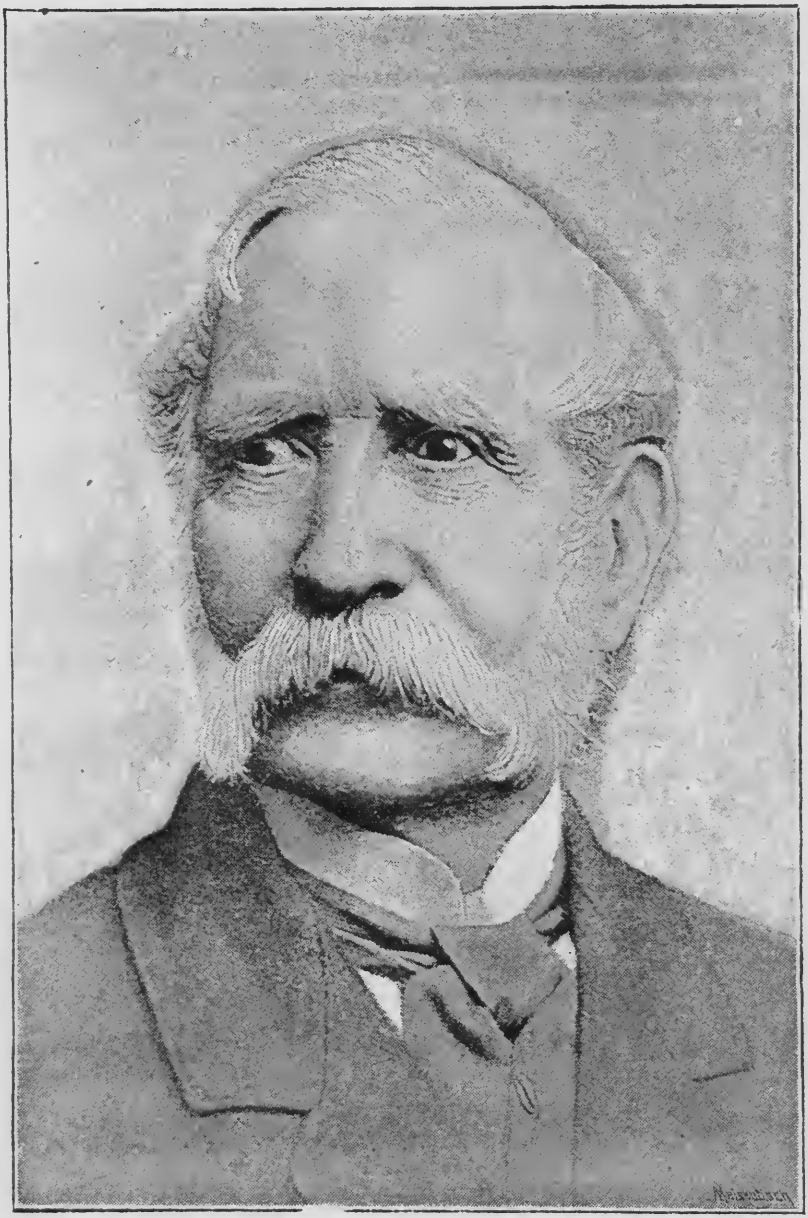


Yours faithfully

J. McLynn

A TESTIMONY

of Mr. John Wesley

TO

THE FEMALE SEXTON

BY

SEBASTIAN MAYER LANGLOIS

LONDON:
CHARLES MORGAN
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE FRIEND OF ALL METHODISM THE ENEMY OF NONE

A HISTORY

OF

Wesleyan Methodism

ON

THE ARMAGH CIRCUIT.

BY

SURGEON-MAJOR LYNN, M.D.,
LATE 3RD BATTALION ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

THIRD EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

BELFAST:
HENRY McBRIDE,
10 VICTORIA SQUARE.
1887.

BELFAST :
PRINTED BY HENRY MCBRIDE
VICTORIA SQUARE.

THIS THIRD EDITION OF MY

"HISTORY OF METHODISM ON THE ARMAGH CIRCUIT"

I HEREBY DEDICATE

To the Memory of my dearly-beloved Wife,

WHO,

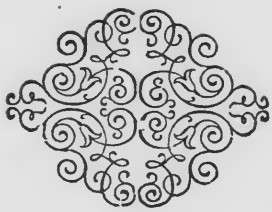
FOR ALMOST FORTY-NINE YEARS WAS THE COMFORT AND STAY OF MY HEART,

AND OFT GUIDED MY WAYWARD WILL INTO PATHS OF PEACE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I AM NOW SUSTAINED, CHEERED, AND ENCOURAGED BY THE BRIGHT HOPE OF SOON ENJOYING A HAPPY RE-UNION, THROUGH THE MERITS OF MY REDEEMER, IN THAT GLORIOUS LAND WHERE NEITHER SICKNESS NOR SORROW SHALL EVER ENTER.

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD,
AMEN, SO LET IT BE."

J. M. LYNN.



PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE Second Edition having met with such a favourable reception, and a large amount of new and interesting matter having come to light, together with many pleasing anecdotes of early Methodism since brought to remembrance, and a desire to say something more about the glorious Revival of 1859, in which the Author was privileged to take an active part, induced him to publish this Third Edition, which he hopes will be found a source of still greater enjoyment to his numerous friends.

The Author desires to acknowledge his great indebtedness to an able work, "The History of Methodism in Ireland," lately published by the Rev. C. H. Crookshank, M.A., and to a book, now out of print, issued by the late Professor Gibson, called "A Year of Grace."

It is also hoped that the reader will be pleased to have a reminiscence of the Author in a portrait prefixed to the volume.

Having now, by the mercy of God, completed his 80th year, he must bid an affectionate farewell to his many friends, hoping to meet them all by and by in the better land.

ARMAGH, 1887.

ERRATA.

Page 5, line 3, for "or," read "on."
„ 5, line 8, for "*virum*," read "*virum*."
„ 117, lines 14 and 15, for "a devoted Methodist," read "mentioned above."
„ 224, line 24, for "Moneycru," read "Moneycree."

WESLEYAN METHODISM

ON THE ARMAGH CIRCUIT.

TO persons of a reflective habit there is hardly any engagement more interesting than tracing the history of events and institutions from their commencement in weakness and obscurity, through days of painful struggling, to a position of acknowledged importance. And when the observer is a Christian, the interest and the admiration excited by such a successful career will be greatly enhanced if the triumphs achieved have been valuable in the highest sense—such victories over error and evil as elevate and bless mankind. Gratitude is then joined to admiration, and praise is given to God for the wonders he hath wrought. With such feelings every true lover of his fellowmen contemplates the progress of Methodism, from its humble beginning in the student's room at Oxford to its present enviable condition, when in every British city and town its churches are found thronged with worshippers; when its literature takes rank with the best and purest of the age; when its ministers are unsurpassed for ability and that culture which fits them

for their special work; when throughout the great American continent its sanctuaries and members far outnumber all others; when its schools and colleges count by hundreds, and its missionaries are found proclaiming the Gospel message in every quarter of the globe. Marvellously, indeed, has the grain of mustard seed grown and flourished. The enriching blessing of our God rested upon the faithful men who, in singleness of heart, sought to extend Scriptural holiness throughout the earth. A glorious success followed: the little one became a thousand, and multitudes of redeemed ones in heaven and on earth give thanks and praise to God for that system by which they were brought near to Him, but which was so long, like the great Head of the Church Himself, "despised and rejected of men."

But let us not forget, that in almost every locality where Methodism is now firmly established it has had a history similar to that which belongs to it as a whole. Every unit of that mass of Societies which constitutes the prosperous and God-honoured Methodist body of the present time has had a beginning of weakness and long years of patient endurance, when difficulties abounded and the faith of the little flock was sorely tried. And if, as a people, we should be unwilling to forget the little Oxford class, the band of persecuted street preachers, the incidents and scenes that make us familiar with the first stages of our church's history, we ought also to be unwilling that the memory of those who bore up the standard in particular localities, during gloomy and evil times, should perish from amongst us. With hearts full of gratitude for present privileges, the Methodists of

every district should look back upon the early days, and honour the memory of those self-denying worthies into whose labours they have entered.

In this spirit we would here place on record such particulars of the history of Methodism in Armagh and its vicinity as we have been able to collect. We trust that they will serve to quicken our thankfulness and zeal, and to prevent some honourable names from sinking into oblivion. We believe they will not be uninteresting to our brethren and friends in other places.

The first Methodist Society in this district was at Clonmain, a very inconsiderable village about five miles from Armagh. It was formed by Mr. Thomas Ryan about the year 1750. He was in the habit of visiting England in the way of trade, for the sale of linen cloth, and on one of these occasions was providentially led to hear the Gospel preached by a Methodist minister. The truth became the power of God to his salvation.

On his return home to his residence at Clonmain, Mr. Ryan began at once to proclaim to his neighbours the glad tidings of a present pardon through faith in Christ, and thus was the first herald of the Cross under the banner of Methodism in this part of the North of Ireland. The late Mr. John Shillington, of Portadown, informed us that he conversed with a person who heard Mr. Ryan preach, in 1756, from 1st Cor. iii. 2, at Raw Castle, or more properly speaking, Roe Castle, an old ruin, formerly fortified with a ditch and moat, on the top of a high hill near that celebrated place, "The Diamond," and once the

residence of Sir Phelim O'Neal, commonly called Red Phelim, who, on the 1st May, 1642, burned the city and cathedral of Armagh, and slew a considerable number of the Protestant inhabitants, for which, with many other like atrocities, he was tried in Dublin, in October, 1652, found guilty and executed.

After the execution of Sir Phelim O'Neal his numerous estates were confiscated. That portion in the neighbourhood of Caledon, then called Kinnaird, was granted to Lord Cork, Earl of Orrery, who built a castle near to the ruins of Sir Phelim's residence, and called it "Orrery Hill." On the front of these ruins Lord Cork caused a large tablet to be erected, with the following inscription:—

"These mouldering piles behold with reverend awe,
Dire consequence of Virtue's injured law.
Here proud O'Neal once placed his lofty seat,
A son of violence who was truly great;
There rose the tower, and here the palace stood,
Whose dreary courts were stained with guiltless blood;
But view these glories sunk, disgraced, and gone,
And the vain rock of Phelim's power o'erthrown.
Such fate shall still on cruelty attend,
And pride and tyranny in ruin end."

This tablet was seen by the writer, many years ago, in the demesne of the Earl of Caledon, who now possesses the property. A reply, to the following effect, was written, but the author is unknown:—

"A pigmy bard's sarcastic muse ill draws
That sacred dome where nations once got laws,
That stately structure, once a monarch's choice,
Where every muse in concert tuned the voice;
Such livid spleen and gall inveterate
Envied the glory Boyle can't imitate.

Blaspheme at leisure earth's born insect may,
While lions sleep ignoble wolves may prey;
If rapine, fraud, on guilt a judgment call,
Your stately structure ere now should fall;
Such fate on nations fortune oft entails,
So Orrery Hill may yet become O'Neal's,
Or yet extend to Phelim's martial glory,
'*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.*'
The great O'Neal let's praise with one accord,
Fate spoiled a ploughman when it made Boyle a Lord."

Mr. Ryan gave a nice plot of ground in Clonmain for a Methodist Chapel, and contributed largely to its erection. Concerning it Mr. Wesley writes—"April 27th, 1762. Preached in the new preaching-house, Clonmain, the largest in the North of Ireland, and the people were all alive, being stirred up by Mr. Ryan, once an attorney, but now living upon his own estate." This was Mr. Wesley's first visit to the locality.

Clonmain has therefore the high honour of being the "*Mother Church*" of Methodism on this circuit. From it zealous lay missionaries went out into the surrounding towns and settlements, and laboured so successfully that in two years (as Mr. Wesley informs us) there were "one or two and twenty Societies within the compass of ten miles." The venerable father of Methodism was in the habit of visiting Clonmain almost every time he came to Ulster, and on these occasions Mr. Ryan had the honour of entertaining him.

In April, 1762, Mr. Wesley arrived in Dublin, and after examination into the state of the Society in the city, he commenced his usual tour through the provinces. At Rich-hill he said he had rarely seen so serious a congregation in a new place. A young lady

who then lived at Wheatfield, in the neighbourhood, and afterwards became Mrs. Whitestone, of Dublin, says that the news of Mr. Wesley's coming spread abroad, and so many came to hear, that he, seeing this, appointed two of his preachers to visit the town (Rich-hill) alternately, once a fortnight, which led to the introduction of Methodism. Mrs. Whitestone was not present at this service, but afterwards was awakened under a sermon preached by Mr. Roe, and having obtained mercy through the atoning blood, she gave up herself, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord for ever.

We learn from the "Minutes" that Mr. Wesley took Mr. Ryan out as preacher in 1767, and appointed him Superintendent of the Armagh Circuit, because, no doubt, of his local knowledge and influence; and we subsequently find that he laboured many years in various circuits, both in this country and in England, with much acceptance.

Mr. Ryan had a son called William, who was educated at Mr. Wesley's school, Kingswood, and distinguished himself as a classical scholar. He was father to that well-known and highly-esteemed physician, Dr. Ryan, late of this city.

In 1771 Mr. Wesley writes—"24th of July. In the evening I preached at Clonmain to a very dull congregation; it is well if the first are not last!" We cannot tell whether the fears thus indicated were realized or not, whether the first love of the first Society grew cold; but we are happy to state that the candlestick was not removed; Methodism still exists in Clonmain; and although the first preaching-house has fallen beneath the wear and tear of time, another

has been erected upon the same ground, and is used regularly, we believe, by the ministers of the Charlemont* Circuit, in which the village is situated. But other places in the district have gained so much, commercially and Methodistically, that Clonmain is left far behind. Its loss, however, is relative, not absolute.

Among the places benefited by the services of its good men were Killyman, Kilmararty, Cockhill, Mount Roe, Tandragee (where the equally zealous brethren from Terryhugan also laboured, and where Mr. Wesley was hospitably received and encouraged by Rev. Dr. Leslie), Kinnaird (now called Caledon),—where Mr. Wesley met a certain Archdeacon C——, an old friend of thirty-four years' standing, who "took him to his bosom," but two years afterwards did not know him—and Portadown,† then described as "a place not troubled with any kind of religion!" and subsequently called, by Rev. Adam Averell, "Proud Gallio-like Portadown." They also held an occasional meeting in Armagh, but it does not appear that they succeeded in forming a Society or producing any very marked effect.

Through the kindness of a friend in Waterford there now lies before us a most valuable manuscript, being the Steward's book of this district, comprising the years 1764, 5, 6, and 7. A district, in those days called "a round," was a most extensive affair. In order to give an idea of its extent, and to supply our

* Charlemont again became the head of a Circuit when the two Methodist Churches united in 1878.

† Until the year 1836 Portadown was not mentioned in the Minutes of Conference; it was merely a preaching-place on the Tandragee Circuit.

friends with some highly interesting matter on the subject of former finance, we subjoin a copy of the quarterly receipts, dated June 25, 1765.

	£	s.	d.
Clonmain, ...	0	11	4
Terryhugan, ...	0	7	0
Newry, ...	0	18	0
Rathfriland, ...	0	6	6
Richhill, ...	0	14	1
Lisburn, ...	0	16	3
Belfast, ...	0	0	0
Carrickfergus, ...	0	0	0
Newton, ...	0	9	2
Comber, ...	0	5	5
Grange, ...	1	3	1½
Cockhill, ...	0	10	10
	£6	1	8½

It appears, from this account, that neither Belfast nor Carrickfergus contributed anything at this period; but we find, in the corresponding quarter of 1766, that Belfast gave five shillings and five pence, and in the following quarter, viz., September, it gave seven shillings.

This extensive *round*, which comprises almost the entire of the present Belfast and Portadown districts, and now gives ample employment to fifty-six ministers and nineteen supernumeraries, was then supplied by three preachers—viz., Richard Bourke, Robert Williams, and Thomas Westell, and their collective salaries for the quarter was only nine pounds.

By our old manuscript we find that the Society Steward in Lisburn, in 1764, was Mr. Hans Cumberland, and he, like a good and faithful steward, kept his book regularly posted up, charging himself with

the weekly contributions from the class (proving the ancient date of class money), although the amount was generally small; but money was very precious in those days, when oats sold at 4½d per stone, and hay at 10d per hundred.

On the 3rd of May, 1765, we find the Society charged with one halfpenny for paper to write to Belfast and Carrickfergus; and on the same date, on the debit side, threepence to Robert Murray at the Hall, and threepence for a lash for Mr. Wesley's whip. On referring to Mr. Wesley's Journal, under this date, we find that he arrived on that day at Lisburn, and preached in the Linen Hall. So much for the truthful accuracy of our old book.

Our final extract from the manuscript will be the following:—

"March 25th, 1767.—Resolved, by the Preachers and Stewards present, that from henceforth every member in each Society shall pay one penny every quarter, to go towards defraying the extraordinary expenses of the Round. The Stewards of the respective Societies to be answerable for this.

"Richard Bourke.
"Robert Williams.
"Thomas Westell.
"Thomas Ryan, Gen. Steward."

Mr. Ryan, here mentioned as holding the office of General Steward of this extensive Round, is the gentleman mentioned above, and who was taken out as a travelling preacher at the following Conference, held by Mr. Wesley in Dublin, on the 18th and 19th July, 1767.

The first regular appointment of preachers to the Armagh Circuit was in 1767, when Mr. Wesley sent Thomas Ryan, John Smith, John Morgan, and

Thomas Halliday. John Smith was a native of the County of Armagh, being born at the village of Clare, about two miles from Markethill, and being early put to work, he received almost no scholastic education. Had he been able to write he would have left a record of his life, which Mr. Wesley required from all his early preachers. Sixteen years after John Smith's death his son, David, wrote a very imperfect sketch. From the history of John Smith's life, lately published by the Rev. C. H. Crookshank, A.M., most of the following facts are taken.

As a youth, John was active, restless, and daring. He enlisted, soon got tired of the service, and obtained his discharge. He then got married, and took a house in Newry; but he had no domestic felicity. The Evil Spirit led him into broils, gambling, and cock-fighting; yet, in the midst of all his folly and wickedness, the Holy Spirit strove with his heart, and his conscience upbraided him for his sinful deeds. He was often terrified by dreams and visions. At last he broke off from his unholy associates, commenced to read the Bible, and established family worship. He now removed to Cootehill, where he heard a Methodist preacher, Thomas Kead, whose sermon took hold of his heart and issued in his conversion.

In 1758 Mr. Wesley visited Cootehill, and John Smith was appointed a class-leader. Soon after, with great zeal and marvellous power, he began to call sinners to repentance, for which he and his fellow-worshippers had to suffer great persecution; but they never retaliated. Like their Master, when reviled they reviled not again. On the 21st of February, 1760, while earnestly engaged in prayer in a barn, he

had an extraordinary revelation that the French had just landed in Carrickfergus. When he told this to the townspeople, he was reprimanded for raising a false alarm. However, a few hours after a messenger arrived, who confirmed the intelligence. A general consternation spread among the people, and he took advantage of it to urge them to fly to Jesus for refuge.

In 1766 Mr. Wesley appointed John Smith an itinerant preacher. Power from on high accompanied his faithful and fearless proclamation of the Gospel; numbers fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, agitated in mind and convulsed in body, like what occurred in the great revival of 1859. He was often guided in his travels as by a Divine voice, and afterwards he saw the hand of God in the matter. On one occasion, while riding along a road, he saw a large number of people in a field, and lifting up his heart for direction, he rode over to them, and found them dancing. He raised his powerful voice and cried, "O Earth, earth, earth, hear the voice of the Lord!" All at once they became still; he sang a hymn, then dismounted, got upon his knees and agonized in prayer for an hour, until more than twenty of them were filled with joy and peace in believing.

An Episcopal minister met him one day, and asked him how he dared to go through his parish frightening the people out of their senses. John replied that, instead of turning their brains, he only endeavoured to turn their hearts to God. This clergyman called the poor Evangelist a scoundrel, and a canting rascal, and struck him again and again with his horsewhip. This minister had a manifestation of

God's displeasure in the accidental destruction of his house and all it contained not many days after.

At one of his meetings, during his powerful prayer, a woman was deeply agitated in mind and convulsed in body, so that the people resolved to kill the preacher as a sorceror, and a knife was sharpened for the purpose. The would-be assassin lay in wait in a wood, but when the servant of God arrived at the place, the knife fell from the man's hand, and he came out, confessed his diabolical intention, and earnestly besought forgiveness. The faithful preacher said, "Poor man, let us pray, and try if God will have mercy upon you." They did so, and the Lord transformed the would-be murderer into an humble Christian.

On another occasion, John Smith was seized by a number of wild young men, and carried to a deep lough to drown him; but before they effected their purpose, they happened to discover that he was a Freemason, and, as they belonged to that craft, he was at once liberated and afterwards protected.

In 1770, John Smith was again appointed to the Armagh Circuit, and, labouring through an extensive district, he was made blessedly useful. About this time he commenced services at Markethill, and organized a good Society at Ballymacaully, of which we shall have more to say in the sequel. On one occasion it was deeply impressed upon his mind that he should visit Glenarm, although he had never been in that town, and knew no person there. When approaching the place he overtook a lady riding with her servant, and, in conversation, learned that it was a very ungodly village. He asked her if there were any good people in it, she said, "Yes, there is one, William Hunter."

The preacher rode on, and enquired for the house of this pious man, and when he knocked at his door, a young woman opened it. He asked her name, and she replied, "Betty Hunter." Then he dismounted, took off his saddlebags, and said, "Betty, take this horse to the inn, and tell every one you meet that a visitor at your house has good news to tell at seven o'clock." The result was, that the house was well filled at the appointed hour. He preached, and continued to do so twice a day for nine days. These services were greatly blessed, especially to the Hunter family, who grew in loving attachment to Methodism, and were much honoured of God in after life. When about to leave, John Smith asked the landlady at the inn how much he had to pay, and she replied, "Nothing, Sir; a gentleman has paid all, and will do so if you stay for a month." Wherever he went over the Circuit good was done, large numbers were convinced of sin, and so deep was their distress that it was said he made the people mad. Many who were converted under his ministry became themselves preachers of the Gospel.

In 1772 he was set free from Circuit work, and appointed a General Missionary. His duty was to conduct open-air services, and to avail himself of new openings to preach the Gospel. He was thus the first General Missionary in Ireland. On one occasion he was benighted on a mountain path, and did not know where to turn. At last he saw a glimmering light, which led him to a house where he found the family retiring to bed; but the good woman insisted upon preparing him some supper. After a little general conversation, he directed their attention to the neces-

sity of being born again; but although the family listened attentively, they would not admit that such a change was needful. The preacher took out his New Testament and proved the doctrine. Seeing that his hearers were almost convinced, he sung a hymn, and poured forth his soul in prayer. Soon the mother and two of the daughters began to cry aloud for mercy, and the eight members of the family were all enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. He remained three days with them, and established a Society there.

About this time a remarkable incident occurred. A woman named Peggy Gregg, a devoted Methodist, fell ill of a fever, and her case, after some days, appeared hopeless. While the family were awaiting her death, she placed her hand under her head and fell asleep, which lasted for six hours. On awaking, she asked was John Smith here? and being told that he was not, she said, "He was at the bedside, and asked me if I had faith in God, and I replied, I can trust Him for all things. Then he desired me to put my hand under my head, and I should soon be well. I thought I did so, and now I am as free from fever as ever I was in my life." Having said so, she got up, dressed herself, partook of food with evident relish, and had no return of the disease.

Having heard that the Society at Knockmanoul had lost its first love, John Smith was much grieved, and, mounting his horse, rode to Molly Gregg's—his usual preaching-place. He at once enquired for his room, shut the door, and spread his case before the Lord. It appeared to him as if God had hidden His face; but he persevered in prayer, and was so absorbed that he did not hear repeated calls to dinner.

The day drew to a close, and his door remained unopened. At length Molly Gregg became unhappy that the preacher should be so long without food. She opened the door, and found him so earnestly engaged pleading with God that he was unconscious of her presence, therefore she went quietly out and closed the door. But shortly after she returned again, and said, "Mr. Smith, the house is filled with people, and many outside are unable to get in." Whereupon he leaped up from his knees, and said exultingly, "Molly Gregg, I have got it! and I will now deliver my message." It was said that his knees became callous from frequent and long-continued prayer. Sixteen souls were converted that night, and a gracious work commenced, which was stated to have been the most extensive revival witnessed in the North of Ireland for many years.

In connexion with this blessed work a great persecution arose, which has no parallel in the history of Methodism in Ireland; but, with regard to our Evangelist, it may be truly said—

> "He loved the world that hated him; the tear
> That fell upon his Bible was sincere:
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life." *

On riding to Charlemont, in 1774, to attend the March quarterly meeting, a bailiff named Nixon waylaid him, and struck him on the back of the head with a pitchfork, knocking him off his horse, and, when down, beat him until he was apparently dead. After some time he so far recovered as to be able to struggle

* Cowper, on Rev. George Whitefield.

into the town, and thought to attend the service, but had to retire to the house of a kind widow, Mrs. Richardson, where he lingered for a few days. At first he was in much distress of mind by the assaults of the Great Adversary; but soon doubt and darkness gave way to Divine light, and his soul was filled with joy unspeakable. His bodily pains were severe, but the love of Christ so overflowed his heart as to render him almost insensible to his sufferings. For about twelve hours he scarcely ceased to praise and glorify God, until his room became a very heaven upon earth. At length, as feeble nature gradually failed, Samuel Bates (of whom we shall have something more to say) repeated the words, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Then the ransomed spirit of this saint ascended to join the blood-washed throng around the throne.

When John Smith went to the Armagh round, to which he was appointed, he found many people whose profession and practice did not agree, and strongly condemned them. At first they did not care for the faithful preacher, but they soon saw that he desired their real welfare, and entered heartily into his work. There was then a blessed revival. Many were convinced and converted, and backsliders were restored. In 1768 he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation at Charlemont, where he formed a Society. There was no one living there qualified to take charge of the new converts, but God in his good providence sent one specially adapted for this work. Mr. Samuel Bates (previously mentioned) a tradesman from England, who, through the instrumentality of Methodism,

had been converted to God in Yorkshire, came to reside at Charlemont about the year 1768, and became a great blessing to many in visiting the sick and holding meetings for prayer. With the zeal and energy of a true Yorkshireman he entered every open door, and often pushed his way through very adverse circumstances, rousing the people from their lethargy, showing them their danger, and leading them to Jesus as their only way of escape from the wrath which would assuredly overwhelm the impenitent. God graciously acknowledged the labours of His servant in the remarkable conversion of many souls.

About this period he began to meet the children on Sunday evenings for religious instruction, and continued to do so for some years. This was probably the first Sabbath School in Ireland. The Society in Charlemont, and the congregation, so increased that a larger house was indispensable. An all-wise Providence enabled Mr. Bates to secure a suitable site and obtain financial help, so that a chapel was completed before Christmas, and opened by Mr. Barnabas Thomas, one of the Circuit preachers.

In 1778 four prisoners, Tate, Shaw, Gallagher, and ——, were lying in the jail of this city, under sentence of death for taking some linen from the bleachgreen of a Mr. Stringer, at Tassagh. Mr. Bates and many of the Methodists of Armagh visited them again and again, and, by the blessing of God upon their efforts, three out of the four were enabled to believe to the saving of their souls. When walking down the street to the place of execution they glorified God for the gift of Jesus, and at the gallows, erected on Gallows Hill at the foot of Irish Street, just before being thrown

off, they testified their acceptance with God through the merits of their Redeemer. Thousands witnessed the happy end of these men, and it had a blessed effect in awakening sinners, and breaking down prejudice against the cause of God. In 1785 Mr. Bates was taken out as a preacher by Mr. Wesley, and in 1790, almost worn-out by cold, hardship, fatigue, and disease, he settled down in Moy, where, while able, he laboured in his Master's vineyard, till summoned to his mansion in the skies on the 21st October, 1802, aged 71 years.

The writer feels happy in being able to add the following extract, respecting one of the Bates family, from a Canadian paper:—

"William James Bates, one of the most devoted and useful members and faithful and efficient class-leaders of the Methodist Church in the city of Quebec, departed this life, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on Thursday, February 4, 1886.

"Brother Bates, the great-grandson of a Wesleyan minister, was a native of Ireland. He was born on the 27th April, 1810, in the small town of Moy, County of Tyrone. Twenty years later he came to Canada, and settled in our ancient capital, where, from that time to the end, his exemplary, useful, and godly life was spent. The leading events in his religious experience are best presented in his own words, found among his papers after his decease. He says:—'In 1831 I was led, by a kind Providence, to the old Methodist Chapel in Ann Street, where I had the pleasure of hearing the late M. Lang preach. In 1832 I was persuaded to become a member of the so-called Methodist Society by joining a class-meeting. I had some impressions on my mind, accompanied by a degree of happiness, and, had I followed on to know the Lord, I would have succeeded in growth in grace; but I discontinued to meet in class, consequently lost my happiness, and backslid from God. In 1836 I became awakened to a sense of my danger, and fled for refuge to the bleeding side of Jesus, where peace came to my heart. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy

Ghost. In 1852 I was appointed a class-leader—a very unworthy one indeed. In taking a retrospect of the past I see much cause for humiliation, arising from my unfaithfulness. The dust is my place; but God, in his great love and mercy, has borne with me, and pardoned my sins, and set my soul at liberty. My all is on the altar which sanctifieth the gift, and I am the Lord's property, bought with the precious blood of Jesus. My hope is fixed. I expect to go to heaven because Jesus died for me. I am in the 74th year of my age, in the possession of all my faculties, scarcely one of them impaired. What a debt to Divine mercy! All glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen and amen.'

"The foregoing sentences, written with his own hand not a year before it lost its cunning, let us into the secret chambers of his inner life—the very holy of holies of his being—cause us to know the principles upon which that life was founded, and show how it was that for over half a century our dear friend adorned the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ as a consistent member of his church, and was, for over thirty-three years, an honoured, efficient, and useful class-leader. I know of no words that more aptly describe the character of this devout man of God than those which inspiration applies to Barnabas, 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.'

"Beside a wide circle of friends, Mr. Bates leaves two daughters and the wife of his youth, with whom, through sunshine and shadow, he walked the path of life for over fifty-five years, and of whom he speaks, in his written record, as 'one of the most faithful and best of women,' to mourn his death."

The first person whose name we are acquainted with as connected with Methodism in this city was a Mrs. Eleanor Russell. She had previously lived in Athlone, and while there had attended the meetings held by Methodist preachers. Their stirring appeals reached her heart, and awakened her to a knowledge of her real character. Encouraged to apply for pardon and peace through her crucified Redeemer, she found the blessing and rejoiced in the knowledge of the remission of sins. About 130 years ago she

came to reside in Armagh, and found in it not one with whom she could take sweet counsel, not one who would publicly accept the unpopular or despised name of Methodist; nor was she more favourably circumstanced in her own home. Her husband appears to have been a good-meaning man, having respect for religion—for that sort of religion that is cold and "respectable," and consists in outward morality and due performance of stated exercises. Like many others, who knew nothing of Methodism, he looked upon it as something disorderly and contemptible, if not more positively evil, and in consequence of this prejudice against it, Mrs. Russell was for a time obliged to conceal from him her attachment to the "sect everywhere spoken against." But on one or two occasions she was privileged to hear from the lips of some local preacher from Clonmain, the same great truths which she had already found so comforting to her soul.

Mr. Wesley made a tour through the North of Ireland in the spring of 1767, and it was announced that on a certain day he would preach at Clonmain. Mrs. Russell was most anxious to see and hear him, and made her wishes known to her husband. He, unwilling to refuse her, and yet also unwilling to have her identified with a system that he considered disreputable, consulted a judicious friend as to the course he ought to pursue. That friend (Mr. Wm. M'Geough, great-grandfather of the present Joshua W. M'Geough Bond, Esq., late M.P. for this Borough, of whom we shall have more to say) advised him to accompany his wife, that by seeing and hearing for himself he might be qualified to judge. He went, and having

heard the venerable Wesley, with all the fervour and unction of an apostle, proclaim the glad tidings of a free and present salvation, he was satisfied that his prejudices were entirely groundless. At the conclusion of the service he invited Mr. Wesley to stop at his house if he should ever favour Armagh with a visit, and that indefatigable man of God, ever ready to use opportunities for extending the good work, accepted the invitation, and made an appointment for preaching in the market-house of the archiepiscopal city on Wednesday, the 15th day of April.

In his Journal of that date, Mr. Wesley writes: "I rode to Armagh half an hour before the time of preaching. An officer came and said, 'Sir, I am ordered by the sovereign to inform you that you shall not preach in this town.' In order to make trial I walked to the market-house at six o'clock, and had just begun, when the sovereign came. I was informed his name was Harcourt. He was talking very loud and tolerably fast, when a gentleman came up and said, 'Sir, if you are not permitted to preach here, you are welcome to preach in Mr. M'Geough's Avenue.' Mr. M'Geough, one of the chief merchants of the town, himself showed the way. I suppose thrice as many people flocked together as would have heard me at the market-house. So did the providence of God draw good out of evil, and His word had, indeed, free course." Thus commenced a friendship with Mr. M'Geough which ended only with life, and a series of visits to this city, which continued for more than twenty years. Of this series the second recorded took place on Monday, the 17th of April, 1769. In his Journal of that date, Mr. Wesley writes thus:—"In

the evening, and twice on Tuesday, I preached to a genteel yet serious congregation in Mr. M'Geough's Avenue, at Armagh; but God only can reach the heart. Wednesday, the 19th.—As it rained I chose rather to preach in Mr. M'Geough's yard. The rain increasing, we entered into one of the buildings. This was the first time I preached in a stable, and I believe more good was done by this than *all the other sermons I have preached at Armagh*." In 1771 the venerable man preached again in the now famous Avenue. He says, "The congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them—

> " 'The setting sun adorned the coast,
> His beams entire, his fierceness lost!' "

On Mr. Wesley's first visit to Armagh he stopped, agreeably to invitation mentioned above, with Mrs. Eleanor Russell, who kept a respectable boarding-house in Church Lane; and in all his subsequent visits he was hospitably entertained by Robert Livingston, Esq., J.P., an upright magistrate, who for upwards of half a century was agent to the Earl of Charlemont.

Mr. Livingston's residence is now the Provincial Bank, and, on Mr. Wesley's visits, he generally invited a few Methodists to meet him at dinner. Mr. Alexander Patterson, a worthy member of the Society, was, on one occasion, among the guests; and Alick, as he was commonly called, happened to have got a new blue coat, on which the tailor put, without any instructions, a quantity of large bright buttons, which was then fashionable, but not in keeping with Methodist usage, for at that time they dressed very plainly,

somewhat like the Quakers. During dinner, Mr. Wesley, looking over at Alick and his gay coat, said quietly, "Brethren, have you read my sermon on dress?" Alick winced, but made no reply. However, when Mr. Wesley retired after dinner, as he usually did, Alick said, "Brethren, did you hear Mr. Wesley's question about dress? Verily, that observation was meant for me, and for three straws I would cut every button off this coat!" Mr. Livingston's daughter, Arrabella, preserved sacredly for many years the cup and saucer used by Mr. Wesley in her father's house, and many of Mr. Livingston's children died triumphant in the faith of the Gospel.

Doctor Coke, the celebrated missionary, made an Evangelistic tour through Ulster in 1795. At Charlemont the chapel was exceedingly full, the heat of which, together with his extraordinary exertions, proved too much for the Doctor, so that for nearly a fortnight he was confined to bed with a bilious fever, in the house of Mr. Livingston, the kindness and the attention of whom, and of his physician, Doctor Atkinson, he says he could never forget.

After the first open-air service (in 1767) a class was formed, of which Mrs. Russell was a member, and in the same year four preachers were sent to Armagh to supply the wants of the district. These good men were Thomas Ryan, John Smith (already mentioned), John Morgan, and Thomas Halliday. Whether they were all itinerants we cannot say; but, without doubt, they had to extend their labours over a district as large as four or five modern Circuits. The first Methodist sanctuary in Armagh was rented by Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Isabella Maxwell, and Mrs. Jane

Justice. It was an humble edifice and situated in Thomas Street, on the site of the dwelling-house lately occupied by Mr. Charles Hughes, almost fronting the opening into Dobbin Street, described as a single room, measuring 14 feet by 12, unceiled, with very low walls, and thatched roof. An ecclesiologist could not have desired a more truly "*dim* religious light" than was admitted by its two very small windows; but his tastes and prejudices would have been shocked by the plain little pulpit placed in one of the corners to economise room, and raised but a single step over the level of the floor, which was all the elevation that the roof would allow! Yet, in accordance with His promise, God visited this lowly tabernacle, and comforted His servants with tokens of His presence.

In 1784 a great revival took place, when 1,764 members were added to the Society in Ireland, of which 259 were on this Circuit. That burning and shining light, the Rev. Walter Griffith, commenced his itinerancy here that year, having for his Superintendent the Rev. John Crook, commonly called "the apostle of the Isle of Man."

By the kindness of Mr. Robert Clarke, J.P., of Charlemont, we have been favoured with the following letter from Mr. Wesley, addressed to Mr. S———, of this city, which shews his love and care for the people of Armagh. In it he appears to see, with prophetic eye, the devasting evils which intoxicating drink and other filthy, noxious, and expensive habits would inflict upon our country. Like a true watchman, he sounded an alarm. Oh! that our people had followed the sage advice.

"*To Mr. S——, at Armagh, in Ireland, April 24th, 1769.*

"Be active, be diligent; avoid all sloth, laziness, indolence. Fly from every appearance of it, else you will never be more than half a Christian. Be cleanly. In this let the Methodists take pattern by the Quakers. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness, both in your person, clothes, and house. Be always sweet above ground; uncleanliness is a bad fruit of laziness; use all diligence to be clean, as one says—

"'Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy person, clothes, and habitation.'

Whatever clothes you have, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags. These are a scandal to either man or woman, being another fruit of vile laziness. Mend your clothes, or I shall never expect you to mend your lives. Let none ever see a ragged Methodist. It is an uncleanly and unwholesome self-indulgence; and the more customary it is, the more resolutely should you break off from every degree of that evil custom. Use no snuff, unless prescribed by a physician. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom, as the Irish are. . . . Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life. In Ireland, above all countries in the world, I would sacredly abstain from this, because the evil is so general: and to this, and snuff, and smoky cabins, I impute the blindness which is so common throughout the nation.

"J. W."

If all the preachers and teachers in Christendom had taught the people in such bold, plain, unequivocal language, the nations professing Christ would to-day be as industrious and frugal and prosperous in worldly matters as the society called Friends, among whom there is seldom found a poor person, and never a beggar.

The Circuit then embraced the whole of the County of Armagh and a large part of Tyrone. Of

Mr. Crook it is said, "the hand of the Lord was with him, and many believed and turned to the Lord."

The reception of Mr. Griffith was not very encouraging. On his arrival at his first appointment, his host accosted him with, "Who sent *you* here;" but added, "Since you are come, we will not turn you out."

On the following Sunday he resolved to preach in the open air, against which the Society Steward strongly protested, especially as several corps of volunteers were in the city, Lord Charlemont was expected every moment, and there was great confusion. However, as soon as the service was over in the cathedral, Mr. Griffith took his stand upon the steps of the market-house and preached to a great multitude. All the men of the Society were of the same mind as the Steward, and therefore did not attend; but the women, with more courage and zeal, stood nobly by their preacher, and the Lord so helped him, that he felt encouraged to continue such efforts.

In consequence of the blessing of God upon the labours of Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors, the house in Thomas Street soon became too small to accommodate the congregation, and, in 1786, they erected a neat little chapel on the site of the present building.*

It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Wesley visited Armagh nine times.

The *first* time was in 1767, when he was prevented from preaching at the market-house by the then sovereign of the city, Mr. Harcourt (as previously mentioned), but was kindly invited by Mr. M'Geough to preach in his Avenue, the place where the late Primitive Methodist Chapel was afterwards erected.

* See Appendix.

The *second* visit (as already recorded) was in 1769, when, for the first time in his life, in consequence of heavy rain, he preached in a stable in Mr. M'Geough's yard; and he records in his Journal that "he believes more good was done by that sermon than by all the others he preached in Armagh." "We took horse," he adds, "about ten, being desirous to call at Kinnaird (Caledon), ten or eleven miles out of the way, where a little Society had been lately formed, who were much alive to God. At the townend I was met by a messenger from Archdeacon C——, who desired I would take a bed with him; and soon after by another, who told me the Archdeacon desired I would alight at his door. I did so; and found an old friend whom I had not seen for four or five and thirty years. He received me with the most cordial affection; and after a time said, 'We have been building a new church, which my neighbours expected me to open; but if you please to do it, it will be well.' Hearing the bell, the people flocked together from all parts of the town, and 'received the word with all readiness of mind.' I saw the hand of God was in this for the strengthening of this loving people, several of whom believe that the blood of Christ has cleansed them from all sin. Hence we rode through a pleasant country to Charlemont, where I preached to a very large and serious congregation, near the fort, which has a ditch round it, with some face of a fortification; and probably (according to custom) costs the Government a thousand a year for not three farthings of service."

The *third* visit was in 1771, as mentioned in a previous page. He writes, "On Saturday, the 22nd

June, I rode to Caledon, where two years ago Mr. C. was ready to put me in his bosom; but did not know me now. So I preached in the street to an exceedingly quiet congregation, and rode back to Armagh in the evening. Is it strange that men, or the moon, should change? On Sunday evening such a multitude of people assembled, and stood so close together, that, though in the open air, the heat was almost insupportable. Surely God will have a people in this place! The poor, at least, will receive the Gospel."

The *fourth* visit was in 1773, respecting which Mr. Wesley writes, "June 4th, we went to Armagh. The evening congregation in the Avenue was very large and exceedingly serious: rich and poor kneeling down upon the grass when I went to prayer. On Monday I preached at Hamiltonsbawn and Clonmain."

Fifth visit. He writes, "On Saturday, the 10th of June, 1775, the rain ceased in time for me to preach in Mr. M'Geough's Avenue. Next day being Trinity Sunday, I preached at nine, on 'So God created man in his own image;' and in the evening to a huge congregation. But I could not find way to their hearts. Monday, the 12th, having taken a solemn farewell of Armagh about eleven, I preached at Blackwatertown; and in the evening at Clonmain, where many seemed cut to the heart. Oh, why should they heal the wound slightly!"

Owing to over exertions, he was seized with illness which well nigh proved fatal. He struggled against the disease, and continued travelling and preaching until he arrived at Derryaghy. Here he received

from the Gayer family the kindest attention. Earnest prayer throughout the kingdom was offered for his recovery. Mr. Payne, with a few friends at Derryaghy, pleaded that God would graciously prolong the valuable life of His servant, and, as in the case of Hezekiah, add to his days fifteen years. Mrs. Gayer suddenly rose from her knees and exclaimed, "The prayer is granted." Soon after Mr. Wesley was restored to health, and it is worthy of special notice, survived for a period of fifteen years and eight months.

Of the *sixth* visit it is recorded, that Mr. Wesley, on Sunday, the 21st June, 1778, preached at nine in the Avenue, to a large and serious congregation. William Black was present, and says, Mr. Wesley preached from Luke xx. 36, and when he came to speak on the second clause, "for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection," he repeated it several times, and his soul being so filled with rapture that he could not proceed, he burst into tears, saying, "Let us pray." An overwhelming influence fell upon the assembly.

Seventh visit. "On Monday, the 30th May, 1785, we went on to Caledon. A convenient preaching-house is just built here. The power of God was very unusually present among them. Many were cut to the heart, and refused to be comforted, till God spoke peace to their souls, and many did rejoice with joy unspeakable. When we came to Armagh, on Tuesday, the wind was extremely high, and the air as cold as it used to be in December. However, we had no place that could contain the congregation

but Mr. M'Geough's Avenue, and here the people, crowding together, did not seem to mind the weather. Afterwards, a decent woman, whom I never saw either before or since, desired to speak with me, and said, 'I met you at Caledon, I had then a violent pain in my head for four weeks, but was fully persuaded I should be well if you would lay your hand upon my cheek, which I begged you to do. From that moment I have been perfectly well.' If so, I replied, give God the glory."

Eighth visit. "Sunday, June 17th, 1787. The rain would not suffer us to preach in the Avenue, and our house, erected the previous year, would not contain the half of the congregation. We squeezed into the house as many as possible, and kept both windows and doors open, by which many more could hear. In the evening the Second Presbyterian Congregation [which then worshipped in Lower English Street], freely gave me the use of their large meeting-house. It was filled from one end to the other. Monday, the 18th, preached once more in Mr. M'Geough's Avenue, and a listening multitude seriously attended. Surely there will be a harvest here also by and by." How prophetic and how true!!

On the 6th of April, 1787, Mr. Wesley arrived in Dublin, and, after ten days, set out for the provinces. At Charlemont he preached to a large congregation assembled from all the country round. Immediately after the close of the public service, as usual the love-feast was held; but, as the chapel was insufficient to hold the people, they obtained the use of the green in the fort, and admitted the members one by one

through the wicket. Here they sat down upon the grass, and many, no doubt, thought of the multitude who, of old, under similiar circumstances were fed by the Saviour.

A lad named Thomas Wilson, from Derryscollop, was present, and he was so delighted with the venerable look of the preacher, his clear voice in both singing and preaching, and his method of marking time with his hand, that he thought Mr. Wesley angelic. The word preached reached the lad's heart, and he was led to take the first step in what proved to be a godly and useful career.

In 1788, after an absence of two years, Mr. Crook was again appointed to the Charlemont Circuit. His labours were much acknowledged of God. Many were turned from darkness to light, The young converts engaged heartily in work for Christ, especially in holding cottage prayer meetings. A young man named David Woods, who lived near Moy, and had been a great profligate, much addicted to cock-fighting and such practices and a great foe to the Methodists, carried his enmity so far that he determined to face them on their own ground, in one of their class meetings, and silence them. He went; but when he heard the leader asking each member concerning the state of his soul, and the replies, he trembled; and when the question was put to himself he told plainly his object in coming, but that such a fear had come over him that he could not understand. However he went again, but with a different intention, was greatly blessed, and became valiant for the truth. He had an impression that he should work for Christ at Loughgall, and resolved to try to obtain some

place near the village for a service. On his way thither he met his uncle, an old companion in sin, who, addressing him, said, "Ho! David, how are the cocks?" "Sir," replied the young Christian, "speak no more to me on that subject; I have served the devil long enough in that line, but have found a better Master." Waxing bolder through this avowal of his faith, he enquired, "Will you allow me to hold a meeting in your house next Sunday?" "*You* hold a meeting!" said the uncle, with a sneer. "Who taught you to preach? You may have the house, but I won't hear you." The service was held, followed by many similar meetings, and the Lord gave his blessing. A Society was formed, in the house of Mr. George Gainer, of between forty and fifty persons; and this house became the stopping-place for the preachers, who were made a great blessing to the family.

The *ninth* and last visit of Mr. Wesley was on the 16th June, 1789. He writes, "I preached once more to a multitude of people in Mr. M'Geough's Avenue, to whom I paid probably the last visit, as he is just tottering over the grave." Among those present, upon whom good and lasting impressions were made, were Simon Reilly, who, for half a century, received the preachers with much cordiality in his house at Drummond, and died happy in God on the 27th of October, 1858, in the 88th year of his age; and John Waugh of Ballymacauley, near Markethill, of whom more shall be said in the sequel.

In another, and rather rough part of the Circuit, called Newtownhamilton, Mr. Wesley had the use of the Presbyterian Meeting-House, with the hearty con-

currence of the minister, Rev. Alexander M'Combe, grandfather of the present highly-respected solicitor, Alexander M'Combe, Esq., of this city. Rev. Mr. M'Combe said, "I have been striving in vain, for many years, to do my congregation good, and if the Methodists can be of any use to them, they are welcome to the use of my house." This was spoken in a jocular and self-depreciating spirit, for he was well known to be a most laborious and successful minister. It is recorded that he was appointed to that charge, then called Creggan, on the 18th of April, 1734, and, after a faithful service of 61 years, resigned in 1795, and died in the following year, leaving a widow and a large family. He is said to have been a tall man, upwards of six feet high, of grand physique, and that he traversed the mountains and bogs, which abound in that district, in pursuit of his pastoral duties, with a pike-staff in his hand and a pair of powerful mastiffs at his heels; and though he lived in very troublous times he never was molested.

On the Circuit at large the blessed work continued to prosper greatly. The faithful itinerants stationed on this round preached in their turn at Portadown every second Sunday, and, after some time, were invited to the house of James Lemon, a chandler, where a small class was formed. Mr. John Noble of Armagh, and Mr. J. Heather, began to visit Portadown, and preached in the house of Mr. Richard Atkinson, a baker, and at a place called the Cock-pit.

It is reported that, about the year 1795, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland paid a congratulatory visit to the newly-appointed Primate Newcome, at

Armagh. A countryman hearing that his Excellency was in the city, moved by curiosity, came from Killeavy to see him, and, when walking down Palace Row, he met a very stately-looking gentleman, with the star of the knighthood of St. Patrick on his breast, walking up to visit the Primate. The countryman's heart jumped to his mouth, and he said, "I am in luck, this is the very gentleman whom I came so far to see." So to make matters sure he stepped up to him, took off his hat, and said, "Sir, may I take the liberty of asking, are you the Lord Lieutenant?" The gentleman replied, "I am not." The Killeavy man then said, "Sir, please pardon me, and allow me to ask, are you the new Primate?" The gentleman again answered, "No; but as you seem so anxious about my name, I will tell you, I am James, Earl of Charlemont." The countryman raised his hands and exclaimed, "Bedad, my Lord, you are a better man than either of them." Lord Charlemont seemed much pleased with this display of ready wit, smiled, and passed on his way to the palace.

In 1782—83 the Rev. Thomas Barber was stationed on this Circuit. According to the Minutes of Conference of 1826, he was brought to a sense of his sinful condition by the Gospel preached among the Methodists at Sidare, in the County of Fermanagh, and, having found pardon and peace under the ministry of Mr. Wesley, he joined the Society. His zeal for the salvation of souls and the glory of God led him forthwith into active service, in consequence of which he was engaged by Mr. Wesley, and sent into the country parts of the Londonderry Circuit, where a multitude of people were awakened to repen-

tance; and among the rest, the late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated Bible commentator. He continued in the itinerancy up to 1808, when, from bodily affliction, which he bore with Christian resignation and cheerfulness, he was constrained to become a supernumerary. He took up his residence at Glasslough, in consequence of Mrs. Barber's connexion with the Leslie family, and established a class in his house, of which the writer and his parents became members. Often and often, at the class meeting, has Mr. Barber placed his hand on the author's head and earnestly implored the Divine blessing to rest upon the lad. This prayer was heard, and afterwards abundantly answered in the restraining, protecting, and providing care of God during a long and eventful life.

Colonel Leslie entertained a high opinion of Mr. Barber, and being favourable to Methodism, gave ground to build a chapel at Glasslough.

Mr. Barber's manner with children was warm and affectionate. He won their confidence by his kind and gentle manner. He neglected no opportunity of doing good. He was ceaseless in prayers and visiting from house to house. The writer well remembers meeting him frequently in the street of the village, and asking him to come into his father's parlour and pray with the family, a request with which Mr. Barber always cheerfully complied.

Mr. Barber wore a large wig, not because it was fashionable at that period, but in consequence of loss of hair from long illness. He was humble and innocent as a child, as the following actions will prove. One Sunday morning, when preaching in

Glasslough chapel, he stopped suddenly in the midst of his sermon, and said, very solemnly, "Verily, I believe there is a bee in my wig;" and suiting the action to the word, he pulled off the wig and gave it two or three shakes, then put it on again, and proceeded with his discourse.

He awoke very early one summer morning, and found that his watch had stopped during the night. Having dressed, he sallied out to find the correct time, and seeing nobody astir, he knocked repeatedly at the door of the Misses Rawdon, daughters of the late land-agent of Colonel Leslie. At last Miss Ann put her head out of a window, and Mr. Barber said, "Good morning to your nightcap, Madam." She replied, "Good gracious! Mr. Barber, what do you want?" He answered, "My timepiece stopped in the night, and I have come down to enquire the exact hour, for I know your clock always keeps good time." "Mr. Barber," said she, emphatically, "go home to your bed, and don't be annoying your neighbours." Having said this, she shut the window with a clash and disappeared.

On one occasion a few preachers assembled to hold a special meeting, Mr. Barber being of the number. During the earlier portion of the service he was not called upon to take part, so he turned sharp round and said, "Brethren, I will feel obliged if you will divide the work with me."

At other times we see him, like his Master, going about doing good, reproving sin by deed and word. Passing through the village one market-day, and hearing a respectable-looking man blaspheming, Mr. Barber went over to a window, took a piece of paper

out of his pocket, and, laying it upon a window-sill, wrote, "Christ's command is, 'Swear not at all,' see Matthew, 5th chapter and 24th verse." He then folded the paper up, came across to the gentleman, and said, "Sir, please read that." The gentleman did so, and was about to return the paper, when Mr. Barber said, "Sir, please read it again." The gentleman complied; then Mr. Barber added, "Please, put it in your pocket." The result is not recorded, but it is to be hoped that this gentle reproof had the desired effect.

Mr. Barber's anxiety to know the spiritual state of his hearers frequently led him, after preaching, to place his back to the door, and let none pass without enquiring about the state of their souls. He sometimes got very quaint and curt answers; but in many cases he discovered convinced sinners, and got them to remain for further pleading with God. At a protracted prayer meeting, held one evening in a farmhouse, Mr. Barber was assisted by Mr. George Chapman (of whom we shall have more to say), who gently went among those who seemed to be seeking for mercy. He came to a woman whom he asked, what blessing she wanted from God. Her reply was unsatisfactory, and her voice harsh and shrill. Mr. Barber overheard the conversation, and did not like Mr. Chapman to lose his precious time talking to her, when there were so many others in deep distress, so he called out, "Let her alone, George; she is heart-whole yet." After some time Mr. Chapman came round again to this woman, and enquired the state of her mind; but her voice was more shrill than ever. Mr. Barber overheard her replies, and

he called to Mr. Chapman, "George, let her alone; she is bell-metal!" Mr. Chapman told the writer that when he was a young man he frequently accompanied Mr. Barber all round the Lurgan Circuit, visiting the people, attending the services, and every night occupying with him the same sleeping apartment.

One Sunday morning the Vicar of the parish, Rev. Mr. Richardson, who baptized the writer in 1806, came into the village to conduct public worship in the church. Hearing that Roddy Heaney, a celebrated horse-dealer, had a horse which probably would suit him, he requested Roddy to let him see the animal. Roddy, nothing loth, brought the horse out on the street; but, while the jockey was showing off his paces, the Vicar saw Mr. Barber coming out of his house at the top of the village to attend church, and he said sharply, "Roddy, Roddy, put in the horse; there is Mr. Barber coming down the street."

It is recorded of Mr. Barber, that when stationed on the Drogheda Circuit, in 1799, he lodged at Collen, in the house of the gardener of the late Speaker Foster of the House of Commons, and, when walking in the grounds with his host, he proposed prayer. While thus engaged, Mr. Foster and the Lord Lieutenant, who happened to be there at the time, overheard the supplication, one part of which was for the Divine blessing to rest upon the Lord Lieutenant and the Government at that critical period, and another, that the Methodists might be saved from the devil and —— Ruxton of Ardee. His Excellency asked, "Who is Mr. Ruxton?" and "Who are these that are praying?" "Oh," Mr. Foster replied, "one of them is my gardener, a Methodist fellow; I must

dismiss him." "You will do no such thing," said the Lord Lieutenant. "Did you hear how he prayed for me and the Government? Indeed, these Methodists must be a loyal people; and as for Mr. Ruxton, take my compliments, and tell him I think the Methodists very good people, and that he must leave them alone." This prayer put an end to the worst persecution endured on that Circuit.

Mr. Barber continued to labour in and around the village from year to year, as his health and strength permitted. Often did the writer's father supply him with a horse to visit his country appointments, and on all such occasions Mr. Barber took his saddlebags with him, not that he required them, but he did not feel at home in the saddle without their support at the back of his legs.

In 1826 he reached his 80th year, and became very feeble, so as to be partially confined to bed. One morning he called his niece, who nursed him tenderly (for his wife was dead and he never had any children of his own), and requested her to gather him a congregation, as he wished to preach. In order to gratify him, she invited a few neighbours to his bedroom. Then he asked to be raised up in the bed; this being done, he gave out the 143rd Hymn in the Methodist Hymn Book—

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the temptest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

While this verse was being sung, "his happy spirit took its triumphant flight from Calvary's to Zion's height." So ended the life and labours of this apostolic man. His remains lie interred in the graveyard of Glasslough, without a stone to mark the place of his sepulture; but, on the morning of the resurrection, the Lord will know where to find the dust of His devoted servant.

When the writer was a very little boy, his father, who was a merchant living in Glasslough, found among some old papers a pamphlet containing instructions about the performance of a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, and the prayers to be used. Mrs. Duffy, a very decided Protestant, mother to Colonel Duffy, a peninsular officer, happened to be passing, so the writer's father gave her the pamphlet, saying it might be useful to her. She took it home to get her spectacles; but soon after returned, and, with indignation, threw it across the counter, saying, "I can say my prayers at home without going to that Popish resort."

About that period there lived, in the vicinity of Glasslough, an extraordinary character, whose history was most remarkable. The following extract respecting him is taken from Crookshank's *History of Methodism in Ireland* :—

"Mr. Henry Moore was appointed Assistant of the Charlemont Circuit, which he found was very extensive, without any provision for a married preacher in the shape of a residence; so as he and his wife could not get lodgings elsewhere, they settled in Tanderagee, where the people were very poor, but very devoted, and their religion was exemplary and powerful. In, for the first time, going through his Circuit, which required six

weeks, he came to Glaslough on a Saturday, which was market day, and having no direction to any particular person, he let his horse walk slowly into the town, thinking that some member of the Society would probably recognize him. Accordingly he saw a lusty man leave one of the stalls, and placing himself right in his way, hold up his hand and vociferate, 'I know what you are.' 'Do you?' said the preacher, 'then perhaps you can tell where I am to go.' 'Follow me,' cried the stranger, as he stalked forward and brought Mr. Moore to the house of Betty Brown, 'an Israelite indeed,' who entertained the preachers. On going to the stable to see after his horse, the servant of God was followed by his unknown guide, who immediately began to inform him of the distress of his soul, which was so great that he 'roared by reason of the disquietness of his heart.' Suitable counsel was then given to the poor penitent, who had grieved the Spirit of God.

"The history of this man was most remarkable. His name was Bartley Campbell. He had been a Romanist, and had lived in the usual ungodly manner of the members of that Church then; but the Holy Spirit failed not 'to convince him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;' and poor Bartley hardened not his heart. He went to the priest, made confession, was enjoined penance, and directed to repeat certain prayers, after which he received absolution; but he found this would not do: his distress increased, and, as he said, hell was open before his eyes. He applied to other priests, and faithfully performed what he was commanded, but only realized additional misery. He at length resolved he would go to Lough Derg, where it was supposed all sin could be expiated. He walked thither, a distance of about fifty miles: and having arrived, passed to the small island, half a mile from the shore, called St. Patrick's Purgatory, and applied to one of the priests in waiting, who prescribed the prayers and penances usually enjoined. These, though severe, he fulfilled with the greatest exactness, and then again received absolution. But, as in the former cases, it availed nothing. The cloud of the Divine displeasure remained, and guilt pressed still more heavily on his conscience. He returned to the priest, who inquired concerning the fulfilment of his instructions, all of which he was assured had been most faithfully attended to.

'Did I not give you absolution?' said the priest. 'You did, father.' 'And do you deny the authority of the Church?' 'By no means,' replied the poor man, 'but my soul is in misery. What shall I do?' 'Do,' said the priest, 'why, go to bed and sleep.' 'Sleep!' answered the awakened sinner, 'no, father; perhaps I might awake in hell.' The conversation abruptly ended with the threat of a good horsewhipping.

"Poor Bartley, departing with his load of guilt, and seeking a retired place, cast himself on the ground, and gave vent to his anguish in loud cries and tears. After some time he found a desire to pray, and anguish gave utterance to his troubled spirit. He called upon Christ, pleaded His precious blood, and in a moment all his distress was gone, and an assurance given that the Lord had taken away his sins, so that the peace of God filled his soul. Having praised the riches of Divine grace, he returned in transport to the priest, crying out, 'O father, I am happy! I have found the cure!' His pastor replied with execrations, and a renewed threat of chastisement. Thus repelled, he thought of home; but recollecting having seen a number of persons performing their penances, he hastened to the place, told them of the cure, and of the *jewel*, as he called the knowledge of salvation, stating his own experience of the worthlessness of their penances, and of the willingness of Christ to save. But a cry arose that he was interrupting the penitents; and the priests, with a number of the votaries of superstition, hastening to the place, he was obliged to escape at the peril of his life. He reached home 'a new creature,' happy in God; and at once earnestly exhorted his wife to turn to the Lord, who, for Christ's sake, would give her the same happiness as he possessed. The poor woman answered only with tears, and really feared that he was gone mad. At length, being still in some degree under the influence of superstition, he thought of the place where God had spoken peace to his soul, and declared that his wife must go thither with him, and the Lord would make her happy there. Her lamentations availed not. Her pleading the two little ones only prompted the reply, 'They shall go too.' He yoked his horse, carried out the bed, placed the mother and children on it, and set out on this extraordinary pilgrimage. Having arrived at the place, he brought the affrighted woman to the scene of his

distress and deliverance, and earnestly exhorted her to call upon God, who, for Christ's sake, would forgive her sins, and make her happy in His love. But the godly sorrow that had brought him with strong cries and tears to the throne of grace, had no place in the heart of the almost distracted woman; so, having spent some time there, poor Bartley saw that it was no use, and that he must return and betake himself to labour to gain 'the meat that perisheth' for his family, and seek for himself 'that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.'

"Shortly after he met with, and related what the Lord had done for his soul, to a priest, who was much affected, and could only answer with tears. After a few visits he acknowledged that he experienced a similar work when a young man; but had lost the blessing, and long walked in darkness. Bartley exhorted him to look for the cure, be faithful with his flock, and tell them of the happiness that awaited them if they would turn to God. The priest became alarmed, and charged him not to speak a word to the people on that subject, for they could not bear it. 'Father,' cried the earnest man, 'they will all go to hell, and you will go there too, if you hide the cure from them. I will tell all that I come near, and you will soon see what good will be done, only do not oppose me.' The priest reiterated his admonitions, and Bartley departed, fully determined to speak and labour for the Lord.

"Soon after the priest gave notice that he would celebrate mass in an old burial-ground in the neighbourhood. Bartley attended, and when the service concluded, he stepped up and said, 'Father, you are to christen a bairn in the village; go, and leave the people to me. The dead souls you see are standing over the dead bodies, and I hope the Lord will awaken the uppermost.' 'Take care what you do,' said the intimidated priest. 'Make no disturbance, I charge you,' and then left. Bartley began at once to lay before the staring multitude his own former miserable condition, and the efforts he had vainly made for deliverance. But when he came to speak from the fulness of his heart of the cure and the jewel, how Christ had blotted out his sins and given him to enjoy His love, so that, said he, 'I am happy all the day long, and I no more fear to die than to go to sleep,' the effect was astonishing. A general and

piercing cry arose, almost the whole assembly fell on their knees, while some lay prostrate, groaning with deep anguish. The cry was heard at the village, the priest hurried to the spot, and demanded of the speaker how he dared thus to disturb his flock; but was only answered with earnest entreaties not to hinder the work of God. 'You rascal,' said the priest, 'do you oppose the Church?' 'No, father,' he replied, 'I have found the Church.' 'You villain,' said the priest, 'begone!' and struck him on the head with his horsewhip. Poor Bartley felt 'an old man's bone in him,' and hardly knowing what he did, gave the priest a push that threw him over a grave, heels up and head down. A general commotion was the result, and the people, seeing that he had knocked the priest down, were all eager to lay hands on the culprit. Lamentations for sin gave place to execrations, and poor Bartley was obliged to fly for his life. Although he escaped the vengeance of the infuriated multitude, his conscience received a wound, and he went mourning all the day long, not knowing how to recover his happiness. Soon after he met with some of the Methodists, who understood his case, and encouraged him to come again to the 'fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.'

"Such was his state of mind when he first met Mr. Moore; he continued with the Society, fully recovered his peace, and afterwards became very useful. He had a strong mind, great ardency of spirit, and was perfectly master of the Irish language. He could not be satisfied with any meeting where there were none convinced of sin, or enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. He called it *a sham fight*."

A somewhat similar case is related by the late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1823:—

"At this period the following two interesting conversions took place: Brian M'Maken acted as herd for a number of families near Newtownstewart. The itinerants were accustomed to visit this neighbourhood, and through a sermon preached by Mr. Joseph Armstrong, this poor ignorant Romanist was so deeply convinced of his sinful state that when he returned home he was unable to conceal his distress; on seeing which his wife said to him—'Brian, what ails ye? You are good for nothin'.'

'Molly, wisha' [my dear], said he, 'I'm afeer'd I'll lose my sowl.' 'Lose yer sowl, man! an' how's that? What have ye been doin'? Have ye been robbin' or murtherin' inybody? Are ye not the bist man in the counthry, and don't ye attind to all yer dues an' duties?' 'Och, in troth, I think God Almighty is lookin' at me ivery minnit, an' is angry wid me.' 'Why, Brian, what makes ye think that?' 'Bekays I'm all dirty widin.' 'Thin go to the priesht an' tell him all about it.' The hint was promptly taken, and his reverence, perceiving at once how matters stood, exclaimed—'Oh, you dog, you have been to hear the Methodists; nothing better could come of it!' ''Tis thim,' said Brian, 'that did it on me intirely. I'll niver go near thim agin.' The priest scolded him well for listening to the preaching of a heretic, and then enjoined certain severe penances. These having failed to quiet the conscience of the awakened sinner, he was ordered to go to Lough Derg, where he went through the appointed stations, walking so many times on his bare knees round a series of circles of sharp stones, and repeating certain prayers. On returning home, his wife said—'Well, Brian, ye won't lose yer sowl now.' 'Och, dear,' he replied, 'I'm dirtier, an' God is angrier than iver.' 'Thin,' said she, 'go and see Father Tom again.' The priest told M'Maken he must try and get his spirits up: and as there was to be a dance that night he should go, and, added his reverence, 'don't forget to take a drop, it will do you good.' The poor man, supposing that any advice from the clergy was right, went, and did take the drop—but it was a drop too much. He returned home late, and his wife was awakened by him rolling on the floor, and roaring—'I'll lose my sowl.' She became alarmed and began to cry, and together they wept and prayed, as well as they knew how, until morning. That day, during the time of service, Brian being led by his employment to the house where the Methodist meetings were held, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, approached the door to hear the singing, then waited for the prayer, and lastly ventured in. The text was, 'What must I do to be saved?' and the preacher considered the state of an awakened sinner, and the advices given to relieve his distress. 'Amongst the rest,' remarked the servant of God, 'he is told by the priest to go to Lough Derg and he will be saved.' 'Och,

I declare,' said Brian, audibly, 'it's meself shure. Haven't I been there?' 'Sometimes he is asked to go and drink to drive away his sorrow.' 'Oh! an' wasn't it only yisterday the priesht towld me to do that same, an' the devil's advice it was too;' and there and then, before the congregation, the poor man stated the whole of what had passed between him and his clergy. The preacher told him that he could never be happy until he was converted and obtained the forgiveness of his sins, adding, 'Kneel down, and we will pray for you.' The whole congregation then joined in calling upon God to have mercy upon the penitent, who, after some time, leaped up, clapped his hands, and said—'I have got it—I have got it; I know he is not angry wid me now! Oh, sir, will you come and convart Molly?' The preacher replied, that he would go and talk with her next morning; but Brian could with difficulty wait so long. As soon as he got home, he exclaimed—'Oh, Molly, I'm all clane widin, shure I'm convarted; God is not angry wid me now.' 'Brian, wisha,' said his wife, 'who convarted ye?' 'Oh,' said he, 'it was the Lord Jesus.' 'Would He convart me," said she, 'for I'm as bad as ye.' 'He would convart all the world,' replied Brian. The preacher visited Molly, and explained to her the plan of salvation by Christ Jesus, and she also was soon brought to enjoy the power and comfort of religion. Brian could not rest now without telling the priest. He was advised not to go; but go he would, and in his own way told of the happiness of his soul. The priest ridiculed him, and threatened him with excommunication; to which Brian replied—'Ye may save yerself the trouble; ye could do nothin' for me in my distris, and I'll niver come near ye more.' Brian and Molly suffered much from their bigoted neighbours; but held on their way, brought up their children in the fear of the Lord, and at length passed in triumph to the Paradise of God."

It has been said that the then Vicar of Glasslough, on one Sunday morning, came rather late to church, and, being hurried, and naturally a little fussy, he was baffled in his attempts to get into his surplice. Then, looking up at the parish clerk, he said impa-

tiently, "Billy, the devil is in it." The clerk, with a twinkle in his eye, quaintly replied, "Not yet, your reverence." However, it should be added, to the credit of the Vicar, that he was not unfriendly towards Methodism, as the following letter from his son, taken from Rev. W. Arthur's *Life of Gideon Ouseley*, amply proves:—

"My father, the Rev. William Henry Pratt, was Vicar of Donagh, in the diocese of Clogher, County of Monaghan. He had known Gideon Ouseley for many years, and was much attached to him. My father, who had distinguished himself as a scholar in the University of Dublin, and was a man of brilliant wit, could thoroughly appreciate the scholarship of Gideon Ouseley, and his rich store of sanctified humour. But he valued him most for his fearless advocacy of the Gospel, in the midst of daily dangers, which might be almost spoken of as daily deaths.

"My father's vicarage was always open to Gideon Ouseley when he was travelling in the North of Ireland. No guest was ever more welcome at the house of any man, than was this good man at the vicarage.

"My first impression of Gideon Ouseley gave me the notion of a man of great determination of character and physical power, with a hearty, genial disposition, which made every one about him feel at ease. He always wore thick cord breeches, with top-boots—*mahoganies;* and his dress was that of a man who spent a great portion of his time on horseback, and was constantly exposed to all sorts of weather. The first time I saw him—about the year 1820—he rode up to our house, and, as there did not happen to be any man about the place, he took his stout pony cob to the stable door, unstrapped his little travelling valise from behind his saddle, took off the saddle and bridle, gave the pony a drink, put a head-stall on him, and took him into the stable. I am not sure that he did not first partially groom him. Then, when he and my father got together, what an endless flow of conversation would go on!

"I remember his one blind eye; but the blemish was soon forgotten in the clearness of the other, which beamed with

intelligence, and even drollery. As a child, however, I could at the same time estimate his deep and earnest piety. I have seen him at our parish church of Glasslough, about three miles from the vicarage, receive the Lord's Supper from my father's hands; and, with very few exceptions, all the other communicants were Wesleyans. My father's clerk, Billy Walker, was a local preacher and a class-leader, and so was good old Robert Cherry, bandmaster of the Monaghan Militia, the staff of which was quartered in Glasslough. (Colonel Charles Power Leslie, M.P. for Monaghan, and first cousin to the Duke of Wellington, commanded the regiment. His son, Colonel Leslie, M.P. for Monaghan, commands it now, 1870.) There were also several pious men among the staff-sergeants, who were class-leaders or members in the Methodist Society. These men never absented themselves from the Lord's table. On the particular Sunday I allude to, Mr. Ouseley preached in the morning, in the little Methodist Chapel, before church service; and after service he got on the steps of the market-cross in the village, and, having put on his black velvet cap, preached to a congregation including my father and all the families of the church congregation, the Presbyterians, who had just come from meeting, and a goodly number of Romanists, who had come from mass. For the benefit of the latter, he now and then spoke in Irish.

"I recollect him visiting our house on one occasion when a young lady, Miss M'Dermott, was supposed to be dying of consumption. I remember how earnestly he prayed by her bedside, and how he kissed her at parting, as he did also my step-mother, my aunt, and sisters. Indeed, it was his custom, and the kiss of peace generally went round whenever he came or went.

"I can remember my father expressing his regret at the decision of the Methodist body to celebrate the Lord's Supper in their own places of worship; and I have an idea that, subsequently, we did not see so much of Mr. Ouseley; but of this I am sure, that there never was any estrangement between him and my father. I believe, that for many years afterwards, they corresponded and met as warm friends.

"I can remember that, fifty years ago, about the only decided Christians in my father's parish were the Methodists. He used to take us all often to see an old couple in the village of Glass-

lough—Mr. and Mrs. Barber, then nearly eighty years of age—persons who had often spoken to, and heard John Wesley. I began my ministry in October, 1836, in my father's parish; and there were no people whom I then found so earnest as the Methodists; and, even then, with a few exceptions, they stuck to the Irish Church.

"The last time I saw Mr. Ouseley must have been in 1820 or '21, after which I went to school. The occasion of his visit was a melancholy one. My father had lost his eldest son, a fine young man, who died in New Orleans of yellow fever. I was too young to understand it all, but I recollect Mr. Ouseley comforting my father and the family with great affection."

Billy Walker, in consequence of his official position in the church, was commonly known by the cognomen of "Billy Amen." This brings to the author's recollection an anecdote which he heard from the Rev. Daniel M'Afee. A respectable farmer who, when he came to market, always indulged in intoxicating drink, which was very usual sixty or seventy years ago, and, when tipsy, used to rail at the Methodists, while at the same time he would suffer no person to speak ill of them in his presence, for some of his own family were members of the Society. One night, when coming home from market, half drunk as usual, he kept repeating to himself, "Deil tak' the Methodies, Deil tak' the Methodies," a person coming close after him, said, "Amen, Amen." The farmer hearing this wheeled sharply round, and, with a large cotton umbrella, struck the speaker across the mouth, and said, "Tak' that for your clarking, tak' that for your clarking." On other occasions he rode into town on a strong pony, and when he had imbibed a quantity of maddening liquor, he mounted the pony with his face to its tail, and clapping spurs to the beast, he

galloped up the town shouting, at the top of his voice—

> "I'm neither Orangeman, Mason, Croppy, nor Yeo,
> But honest John Martin of Ivanahoe."

When the Rebellion of 1798 broke out in Ireland, that part of the County of Armagh called the Barony of Upper Fews, including the village of Forkhill, became very disaffected, and Colonel Ogle was despatched, with a regiment which he had raised, to quell the rising. It is recorded of him that he was very energetic, and struck terror into the hearts of the rebels.

There lived in that locality a respectable farmer named Farrell, who was a great loyalist, and, as a result of his loyalty, got his house wrecked one night and himself half strangled. Having a son born at that period, he called him Ogle, after the Colonel. This boy's life was preserved at that time by two kind-hearted Roman Catholics, who hid him from the fury of the rebels in the Parish Church. An accident when young rendered him lame for life, and, being therefore unfit for farm labour, his father had him educated for a schoolmaster. After some years he was appointed to a school near Markethill, under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. Blacker, Rector of Mullabrack, who also made him tutor to his sons. It is said that upon one occasion the elder boy rebelled against punishment, and Mr. Farrell appealed to the Doctor, who directed that all necessary chastisement should be administered to compel the boys to learn their lessons. So Mr. Farrell had no more trouble in that respect. He attained a high

name as a successful teacher, but was known to be a little stern in his manner. However, he was kind, and the love which he bore to learning was the cause why he insisted upon the boys applying themselves to their books. It was said, if they would not take instruction into their heads, he would put it into their other end by a birch rod. He got his lame leg accidentally fractured, and came, in consequence, under the care of the writer. Previously he was rather careless upon religious matters, but the affliction was made a great blessing to him. The quiet and retirement of his closet, under the strivings of the Holy Spirit, led him to think very seriously about his soul. After his recovery he married a good Methodist wife, who encouraged him in the Divine life, and he became a steady, consistent member of the Methodist Church. After the Rev. Dr. Blacker, his kind friend, died, he came to reside in Markethill; and, after the opening of the New Methodist Chapel there, he ceased to attend the Parish Church at Mullabrack.

Shortly after this the Curate of the parish—(who, by the way, should have been a Methodist preacher, for he spent a year in training at the Wesleyan Theological Institution in London, at the expense of the Methodist connection, but, like most renegades, he became an enemy to Methodism)—called upon Ogle to know why he had discontinued his attendance at the Parish Church. Mr. Farrell answered him by saying, "You know I am a lame man, and it was a matter of great labour for me to walk a mile to the church and a mile home again every Sunday; but my chief reason for absenting myself was because I got no good by going." The Curate became a little

nettled by this reply, and said, "Pray, Mr. Farrell, whose fault was it that you got no benefit? Was it yours or God's?" The Curate now thought he had Mr. Farrell upon the horns of a dilemma; but Ogle was equal to the occasion, and replied, "The fault rested with neither of us, but lay in the fact, that the discourses which I heard when I went to Mullabrack were sapless sermons from a sapless trunk." The Curate got indignant, and commenced to shake his feet, saying, "Mr. Farrell, I shake off the very dust from my feet as a testimony against you." Having done this, he walked out and never returned.

After some years Mr. Farrell got a large family of fine girls about him, who, having musical talent and sweet voices, and being well instructed by their mother in the grand old tunes connected with Methodist hymnology, became a great acquisition to the Sabbath School and the services in the sanctuary. Mr. Farrell held on his way without wavering, and now inherits the crown of life.

After Mr. Wesley's death the first President of the British Conference was Mr. Thompson, an Irishman, and a man of distinguished talents. He presided at the Conference held in Dublin, on the 1st of July, 1791, when Ireland was divided into the six following Districts:—Dublin, Cork, Athlone, Clones, Londonderry, and Charlemont. The Society at Charlemont consisted of persons in very humble circumstances, but who, to the utmost of their means, contributed liberally to support the cause of God. William Byers undertook to provide accommodation for the preachers, and would receive no remuneration.

From that time the Lord so prospered him that he rose rapidly into a position of wealth and influence.

In the month of June, 1793, the Rev. Adam Averell, having made an extensive tour through Ireland, was on his way to Armagh. After an awful peal of thunder and heavy torrent of rain, it was impressed upon his mind that God had something for him to do in the next house. He hasted thither, and found a number of people seated in the kitchen. On enquiring what had brought them together, he was informed they had come to see a young man die—the eldest son of the family. He asked if they had applied to the Great Physician; to which it was replied, they were poor and could not afford to pay a physician. After observing that the Divine Physician charged no fee, he preached to them Jesus, the Physician of both soul and body. The visit being unexpected, the manner of the visitant unusual, and the doctrine new to the people, the whole scene was impressive and deeply interesting. Having addressed them at considerable length, every word apparently taking hold of their minds, he called them to prayer; and the God who delights to hear prayer, was propitious. Every soul was melted down before the Lord; and, while praying for the sick lad, Mr. Averell had confidence to believe that he would be healed. By the time prayer was over, the day had become fine, and he was prepared to resume his journey; before which, however, the family insisted that he should take some refreshment. He consented, and while partaking of it, and occasionally exhorting the people, the sick lad asked aloud for something to eat. His mother, looking upon this as

a sure indication of his recovery, for he had eaten nothing for several days, wept aloud for joy. After prescribing for him food of easy digestion, he took his departure amidst the blessings of the family and their neighbours, and with adoring gratitude to the gracious Providence which led him to that place.

In Armagh he preached to a large congregation, amongst whom were many who appeared to possess the life and power of godliness.

In the end of May, 1795, Mr. Averell commenced another tour. The following appears in his *Memoir:* "I came to Charlemont, preached in the open air to about three thousand people, and never before addressed so large an assemblage, nor did I ever feel more liberty in preaching. It was quarterly-meeting day, and the love-feast which followed was, in all respects, the most extraordinary, the most blessed, I ever saw. I never before saw so many witnesses of the truth congregated together; or felt so much of the power of heavenly love; in a word, I never before saw religion so much in its glory."

Doctor Coke arrived at Donaghadee in March, 1797, and visited extensively through Ireland before taking the chair as President of the Conference. At Armagh, he says, he found the Society in a very flourishing condition; the Lord having poured out his Spirit on many parts of the Circuit. No less than eleven new Societies having been formed during the year.

Mr. Thomas Brown was more than once stationed on the Armagh Circuit. His last appointment was 1799. He was much beloved for the pastoral care which he exercised over the flock. He was then in

great trouble about a cancer which appeared in Mrs. Brown's breast, and for which she underwent a very painful operation. But it seemed as if all the morbid matter had not been extirpated, for the disease reappeared. Mr. Brown mentioned this to Mr. Walter Griffith, who commenced his ministry on this Circuit, and they united in special prayer on her behalf. One night, a few weeks afterwards, while these brethren were in Dublin at the Conference, Mrs. Brown retired to rest as usual, and when she awoke in the morning she found the pain gone, and it never returned. Thus earnest believing prayer was answered, according to promise.

It came to the ears of the Conference that Mr. Brown had more than permitted his wife to preach and exhort, and he was called to account. He replied that, Verily he believed that Molly was called to the work. After some consultation, the President said, "Brother Brown, we believe the Lord has called you to preach the Gospel, but we think you called Molly." Then the Conference passed a resolution, "That it is contrary both to Scripture and prudence that women should preach or exhort in public."

The Irish Address to the British Conference for the year 1799, contains the following mournful statement:—"To attempt a description of our deplorable state would be vain indeed. Suffice it to say that the loss of trade, breach of confidence, fear of assassination, towns burned, counties laid waste, houses for miles without inhabitants, and the air tainted with the stench of thousands of putrid human carcases already cut off, form some outline of the

melancholy picture of our times." For an account of the fiendish barbarities perpetrated upon the poor Protestant prisoners, men, women, and children, who fell into the hands of the rebels in 1798, I must refer to the History of the Rebellion, published by Mr. George Taylor, Methodist local preacher, who himself was imprisoned, and taken to Wexford Bridge to be piked to death, and his body thrown into the river, but was most providentally delivered out of the hands of the rebels.

After the horrid atrocities committed during this Rebellion, the hearts of those who were spared were filled with gratitude to God for their deliverance; and while they assembled themselves together to acknowledge the mercy of their Heavenly Father, the Holy Spirit was abundantly poured out upon them. A general revival took place all over Ireland, especially in the North, and the Conference of 1800, which assembled in Dublin, reported an increase of upwards of 3,000 members to the Society.

The Rev. Thomas Ridgeway, who was stationed in Armagh in 1799, writes regarding this great revival—"The work of God among us broke out first at Newry. I went there, hoping to catch some of the holy fire, and saw eight converted the first night, and four the night following. Every week brought fresh accounts of the increase of the work in Newry, and we were all looking and longing for the flame to reach us. We agreed, therefore, to set apart a day for fasting and prayer, which was faithfully observed by all the neighbouring circuits. I invited Messrs. Hurley and Wood to come to our Christmas quarterly meetings in Armagh and Charle-

mont, and also the Tanderagee preachers. None came but Brothers Hurley and Crozier. December 28.—In Armagh, the former preached a lively sermon, and with sacred awe we opened the love-feast. Not more than four persons had spoken their experience, before the holy influence, which appeared to rest on all present, burst forth on all hands. When the leaders saw a few souls converted, they were filled with zeal and holy boldness, and embarked with all their might in the common cause. Such a day Armagh probably never saw before. We had, on a moderate calculation, thirty conversions. The next day, being Sabbath, Mr. Crozier preached in the morning: he intended to go to his place after preaching; but the power of the Lord rested on the congregation in such an extraordinary manner, that he could not depart. Nearly the whole day was spent in the preaching-house. In the evening we had it crowded with saints and sinners, and everything seemed to fall before the power of the Word. We appeared at night as if worn out with hard labour and fatigue; but 'the day was our own.' We concluded that not less than twenty souls had obtained mercy."

"On the 30th we went to Charlemont, which had long been cold and formal; Brother Hurley preached; and at the opening of the love-feast, before the bread was distributed, the congregation was affected in such a manner as I had not before witnessed. We had forty, at least, converted in three hours. The next day we (four of us, preachers) went to Newry together. We arrived there in time to commence the quarterly meeting. My dear brother, Thomas

Brown, preached a powerful sermon, whilst the whole congregation presented a most affecting appearance. There was silent weeping, hearty amens, shouts of joy, and bursts of praise. The meeting continued until after twelve o'clock at night. We had twenty souls that day converted, the young converts joining with the great congregation to usher in the new year of 1800 with songs of holy joy and triumph."

"On that occasion six preachers solemnly engaged, in the strength of grace, to spread the revival through the land. These were Wood, Hurley, Brown, Crozier, Sturgeon, and Ridgeway. Next morning before day, Messrs. Hurley, Brown, Crozier, and I, set off for Bluestone quarterly meeting, Tanderagee Circuit, where we met Gustavus Armstrong, John Malcolmson, and A. Sturgeon; but none of us were able to preach, by reason of colds, fatigue, &c. Mr. Brown went into the pulpit, to try if he could address the people, but, through the mercy of the Lord, there was no need; for under the first prayer, the power of God fell on them in such an immediate and remarkable manner, that there was no time for a sermon. That day we had fifty converted. . . . . All this time the weather had been remarkably fine, or we could not have travelled as we did day and night, as if the Lord had withheld the storm until this great fire was kindled. A weighty snow fell that night, so that we had hard travelling home next day. I parted from my dear Hurley with sorrow, and went to my place—fearing I should suffer loss when separated from my brethren; but my God was with me; the remembrance of which at this moment fills my heart with love, and my eyes with tears of gratitude!

That night, on the side of a mountain, we had six converted, and three more next morning at family prayer. The night following, and the next morning, within two miles of Armagh, we had a wonderful time, sixteen were converted; and from that time to this the work goes on prosperously."

In the year 1800, Graham and Ousley started for a missionary tour in Ulster, and preached the Word with great power and success in the towns which they visited. At Caledon they preached in the fair, and found it difficult to reach the hearts of their hearers, but in the evening the Lord came to their help. The hammer of the Word broke the rock in pieces.

At Charlemont, some officers determined to make sport of the "Black Caps," as the preachers were called; but most of them soon felt ashamed. One, however, said, "I charge you not to preach in this street any more. Your doctrine is very good; but you make such a —— noise that the whole town is annoyed." Ousley replied, "We do make a noise; but ours is a hallowed noise." At Loughgall, two men in authority declared that if they came there, they would send them to ——, but neither the parson nor the Colonel could stand the power with which the servants of God spake. At Armagh all came to hear except the rich.

The Rev. Matthew Langtree, in his *Biographical Narrative*, writes, in 1808:—

"I was set down for the Armagh Circuit, with Mr. Kidd, who had travelled there the past year. It was exceedingly trying to leave Dublin. The dear friends we were leaving were entwined around our

hearts; from every report we had a dreary prospect before us; but I had laid my hand to the plough, and dare not look back. We had now five little ones to convey with us; and the first day, on the road to Drogheda, we were completely drenched with incessant rain for several hours; but good brother and sister Stewart expected us, and, through their kind hospitality, we suffered no injury, and finally reached Armagh in perfect safety.

"My colleague, Mr. Kidd, who had laboured here the year before I came, appeared as if specially prepared by the great Shepherd to comfort and assist me in the important work to which we had been appointed. I have met but few men to equal him in fitness for preaching, with powerful effect, 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' He was then in his meridian strength—friendly, affectionate, and zealous. We had a few valuable local preachers on the Circuit, and a number of faithful leaders; in respect to mind and solid friendship, John Noble, our general steward, was worthy of his name.

"In addition to our other imperative duties, we took every opportunity of preaching in the large market of Armagh, and of holding field-meetings in sundry noted parts of the country. In these attempts we had abundant evidence that God was with us; multitudes attended; the great truths of the Gospel were affectingly brought home to the conscience of sinners; the lukewarm were warned and the faithful encouraged. Here, also, the talents of our public characters were called into exercise, and all were concentrated in mighty effort to bring souls to Christ. As a helper in these meetings, Mr. Kidd

was, perhaps, unequalled—his fine musical, commanding voice—his copious eloquence—the holy energy and unction by which he reached the hearts of the people—had here their full scope; and he was unwearied in his exertions. Under the management of an adorable Providence there was one circumstance which singularly prepared the people to profit by my ministry; it was the visit of Lorenzo Dow (an American Methodist Missionary), some short time prior to my coming to the Circuit. Here also his preaching was attended with the divine blessing. In his journals, which were widely distributed, he had gratefully mentioned my name, which created a prepossession in the public mind for Lorenzo's friend; whilst the consolation which many derived from the Gospel, and the fruits of righteousness which appeared in them to the praise and glory of God, afforded me an abundant compensation for the many troubles I endured on his account."

Lorenzo was rather eccentric both in manner and appearance, but he was a man of deep piety and great self-sacrifice. He visited largely throughout Ireland, and came to this county in 1807. He was pale and delicate looking, his outside dress was a plain loose garment, with a leathren girdle about his loins, his beard was long, and his hair hung loosely over his shoulders. On his feet he wore something like sandals, and he carried a strong staff in his hand, for he performed most of his journeys on foot. His preaching was quaint and striking, and large numbers were awakened and saved under his sermons.

Addressing a congregation one day in the town of Tanderagee, he said, "Many people who hear ser-

mons forget even the very text, but I will take care you shan't forget mine, for I will show it to you, as well as read it for you." Then, taking out his watch, and holding it up to the view of the people, he said, "That is my text! The Saviour's own words, as recorded by Mark, are, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, WATCH.' You will find them in the 14th chapter and at the 37th verse."

Preaching on another occasion, when he came to the close, he said, "I have now spoken to you from the Word of God, but if you will all return here at seven o'clock this evening I will preach you a sermon from the words of the devil." Of course he had a large congregation, and he took for his text the 4th verse of the 2nd chapter of Job—"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

During this extensive tour through Ulster the labours of Lorenzo were greatly owned of God in the conversion of sinners. He held numerous services in the open air at Belfast, for which he was arrested and sent to jail, where he took advantage of the opportunity and preached to his fellow-prisoners. However, the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, Jun., interfered on his behalf, explaining to the authorities that the Government gave permission to the Methodists to preach in the streets; so poor Lorenzo was set at liberty. He subsequently had a severe attack of small-pox, and, after his recovery, resumed his labours, notwithstanding that the Methodist Conference refused to give him the use of their chapels. However, Mr. Langtree, seeing that the Divine blessing rested upon his labours, gave him the right hand of fellowship and became his firm friend.

Mr. Langtree continues—"To return to our field meetings. At one of these, in the neighbourhood of Tullyroan, the power of God was gloriously manifested. After preaching, while we were singing with a lively hope,

> 'Haste again, ye days of grace!
> When assembled in one place,
> Signs and wonders mark'd the hour,
> All were fill'd and spake with power,' &c.

A respectable young woman, who had for some time been earnestly seeking the knowledge of salvation, was so deeply affected that she fell to the ground; at the same instant, a great part of the assembly, consisting of many hundreds, felt the sacred overwhelming influence, and prostrated themselves before the blessed God, in holy adoration. It was heaven opened upon earth, which, doubtless, many will remember with adoring gratitude through all eternity. At another of these meetings, where many penitents were brought to the enjoyment of pardon, a pious father had the satisfaction of seeing three of his children savingly converted to God. Two of them were twins, who had been mourning after the blessing for several weeks; they were both made happy almost at the same moment. The most extraordinary of these displays of redeeming power that I had ever witnessed, was near Cockhill, the residence of Mr. Lock (where Mr. Wesley was entertained in his day, and seized with serious illness). After Mr. Kidd had preached in an orchard, where the Word of the Lord appeared for the time irresistible, we adjourned to a a large empty house for prayer. Here the holy

influence was so extraordinary, that Mr. Kidd and I could do little more than stand still, and witness the triumphs of redeeming love over sin, earth, and hell. The stoutest men in the congregation, 'trembling and astonished,' had fallen on the floor, crying for mercy; whilst others who had obtained heavenly consolation, were rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Among these was Harrison Lock. This young man had been on his way to the public-house, when he was met by a friend, who entreated him to come to the meeting; he yielded, and soon felt the arrows of the Almighty pierce his stubborn heart. When the prayer-meeting commenced, he retired behind the room door, and there pleaded with God for pardon. Salvation came to his afflicted conscience, similar to that of the Philippian jailor; he rushed forward among the mourners, with heavenly joy beaming from his countenance, crying aloud, 'Ye may all obtain mercy, for God has pardoned Harrison Lock!' The effect was truly astonishing, particularly on the younger branches of Mr. Lock's family. His sister was seized with deep conviction, whom the father supported in his arms for some time, until she obtained consolation. Just then, a little lad, another member of the family, received a sense of the pardoning love of God, and burst forth into a transport of praise. I spent that night in Mr. Lock's; we continued in praise and prayer until morning. The happy results of the favoured season just referred to could not be calculated: indeed, wherever these meetings were held, a hallowing influence was shed over the country, preparing the way of the Lord, reclaiming sinners, 'turning the hearts of fathers to

their children, and of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'

"We were accustomed to preach in many places in the forenoon—one of these was Summer Island. On leaving the house, after preaching there, the mistress, a young woman of the name of Davis, one of those who had been lately awakened and blessed, came to the door, and most affectionately and solemnly said, 'I hope you will not forget praying for me, for I am persuaded you will not see me alive on your return.' She was then in a declining state of health. It was as she apprehended. She departed this life in the full triumph of faith. I preached her funeral sermon from Isa. xl. 6—'All flesh is grass'—to a crowded audience. Upwards of twelve hundred members were added to the Society during the past year, as reported in the Minutes of Conference."

At Rich-hill and Dawson's Grove there were numerous and glorious displays of Divine power. Amongst others, two daughters of a gentleman who resided near Rich-hill were converted, and joined the Society, which greatly displeased their father. He commanded them to give up all connexion with Methodism; but they refused, saying they must obey God rather than man. One Sabbath morning the father, on finding that one of his daughters had been at class, seized a horsewhip, hastened to their room, and declared that he would make them pay dearly for their disobedience. The elder sister having vainly remonstrated with her infatuated parent, expressing her willingness to obey him in every matter but this, requested that, as her sister was delicate, she might receive all the punishment, but was sharply told they

would both get enough of it. Then, wiping away the falling tear, the brave girl stepped forward and said, "Now, father, I am ready; but remember, every stroke I receive is for the sake of Him who suffered more than all for me." This was more than the parent was able to stand; so, throwing the whip away, he rushed out of the room, exclaiming, "Oh, wretched man that I am, going to punish my children for serving the Lord!" The girls then knelt down, and, while devoutly thanking God for their deliverance, were sent for to unite in prayer with their sin-stricken father, who was crying aloud for that mercy which God is ever willing to bestow. Thus was fulfilled the Divine assurance, "Call on me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Mr. Langtree adds—"A cheering addition to the number of preaching places was made in the residence of Mr. Langtree, Belview, near Rich-hill, where the servants of God were received with cordial hospitality, and every facility afforded for preaching the Gospel. Several members of the family were thus led to give their hearts to God."

In 1809, Mr. Langtree, in addition to the ordinary labours of the Charlemont Circuit, was appointed to collect money to redeem and finish the new chapel at Moy, to rebuild the house at Clonmain, which had fallen into decay, and to build a chapel at Tullyroan; and, by prayer and persevering effort, this work was accomplished.

Mr. Kidd, so highly and deservedly spoken of by the Rev. Matthew Langtree, was born near Newry, and entered the Methodist ministry in 1797. He

was sent to Armagh, which was then called Charlemont Circuit, to supply the place of Rev. John Crook. Mr. Kidd continued to labour with great acceptance for forty-one years. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 18th February, 1846. A day or two before he died, he said to his wife, "I think I am soon to be removed, Heaven is pouring such happiness into my soul."

He was a preacher of great earnestness of manner, had a fine musical voice, and his sermons were able expositions of the Divine Word. When a lad, he got his right ankle dislocated and one of the bones of his leg broken. Surgical appliances in country places at that period were very defective, so the dislocation was not properly reduced, nor the fractured bone properly set, therefore deformity of the foot and permanent lameness were the result; hence, in after life, he was unable to walk much, and required the constant use of a horse. It was remarked, that he always kept a good animal, indeed it required a strong beast to carry him, as he was large and corpulent. It is recorded, that one day when he was riding slowly along to his preaching place, two girls, sitting by the wayside, said, one to the other, "There is Kidd, the lame preacher." When he heard that he pulled up his horse, and said, "My dear girl, you have made a mistake; it is not Kidd, the lame preacher, but lame Kidd, the preacher."

The late Rev. John Armstrong, a man greatly beloved, told the writer that he was at one time stationed on the same Circuit with Mr. Kidd, and, on following him over the Circuit, he heard among the people many unlikely stories about Mr. Kidd. On

his return to town, he asked Mr. Kidd were these things true. Mr. Kidd, who always spoke emphatically, said, "They are as false as hell." "Well," said Mr. Armstrong, "I heard another story, that when you were going to preach in Mr. Black's barn, you could not get up the steep steps, so a strong man took you upon his back; but when you saw a certain young lady approaching, you threw yourself off his back and scrambled unaided up the steps. Is that correct?" Mr. Kidd replied, "It is as true as God's in heaven." We may add, by the way, he was afterwards married to the same young lady.

In those early days of Methodism there were no public conveyances, so when the preachers were called to Conference they went on horseback. On one such occasion Mr. Kidd started very early for Dublin, and, on the way, was overtaken by a very intelligent north country farmer, who was well versed in Scripture. They got into a friendly conversation, and the farmer, finding Mr. Kidd so apt at Scripture quotation, began to eye him suspiciously, especially as Mr. Kidd was a dark-visaged man and wore a long heavy black cloak, which not only served to protect his body but concealed his deformed foot. In order to learn something more personal about him, the farmer asked where he came from. Mr. Kidd replied, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down it." The farmer recollected that he had read something like that in the Book of Job, concerning a certain personage, and the quotation certainly did not tend to abate his superstitious fears. However, he resolved to know something more about his companion; so he said, "Pray, tell me, Sir, where are you going to?" Mr.

Kidd answered, "I am going to present myself among the sons of God in Dublin." At this moment a blast of wind blew back the black cloak which covered Mr. Kidd's club foot. When the farmer saw that, he cried out, "Lord, have mercy on us!" clapped spurs to his horse and galloped furiously away; so Mr. Kidd saw him no more.

In May, 1809, Mr. Averell made an evangelistic excursion through the North. At Charlemont a vast concourse of people assembled in the open air, upwards of four hundred of whom joined in partaking of the memorials of their dying Lord. At Armagh and Clonmain the Word of Life was dispensed to crowded audiences, with blessed manifestations of the Divine presence.

In the month of May, 1811, the Rev. Dr. Clarke, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., and his son, arrived in Dublin to preside over the Irish Conference. In the following month, having been joined by Mr. Averell, the party left Dublin for a tour through the North. In the course of his journey the Doctor preached to large congregations in Armagh and Charlemont, to which the people came from twenty miles round. At the close he writes, "I have ended my preaching pilgrimage, in which I have spent one whole month, and during that time I have travelled almost incessantly, proclaiming salvation to many thousands; and, during the last eight days, preached five times in the open air."

Early in April, 1812, Mr. Averell set out on a tour to the north-east of this island. At Charlemont he spent a memorable Sabbath, nearly five

hundred partook of the Lord's Supper, and about fifteen hundred were present at the evening service. Shortly after he received the following anonymous letter:—

"DEAR AVERELL,—From some intimation of thy faithfulness, I here enclose thee £100, to be laid out as thou shalt judge best upon the poorest of the Missionaries in Ireland who instruct the people in their native language. Fare thee well!"

This is a practical testimony, from an outsider, to the success of the Irish Methodist missions at that period.

About the beginning of this century the Rector of Loughgall, the Rev. Silver Oliver, appointed a good man, named Armour Frazer, teacher of the parish school at Hockley, near Rich-hill. Shortly after his appointment the Rector met him one Sunday morning coming into the village, and asked Armour where he had been. He replied, "Sir, I was at class-meeting." "You ought," said the Rector, "to have been at the Sunday School." "Oh, your reverence," replied Armour, "I am quite in time for the school, as the hour is not yet arrived." "At all events," said the Rector, "I cannot allow you to be running after these Methodists; and now I will give you a week to consider whether you will give up class-meeting or resign my school." "I don't require a week; no, nor a day to consider the matter," replied Armour, "If I won't be allowed to attend class-meeting, I will resign at once." The Rector, who was a really devoted Christian gentleman, was so touched with the simplicity and sincerity of Armour, that he said, "Well, we will say no more about it for the present." And

from that day forward Armour grew in favour and esteem with the Rector, and held the office of schoolmaster to the day of his death. When he died, the Rector bore all the expenses connnected with his interment, and, better still, he had the remains buried in his own burial-ground, and said, "When I am dead, lay my bones beside the bones of that man of God." This has since been faithfully carried out, and they both now lie together in the graveyard of Loughgall, until the last trumpet shall sound, when they shall rise gloriously to meet their Maker in the air, and "be for ever with the Lord."

A remarkable circumstance connected with the Rev. Silver Oliver was, that although in ordinary conversation he had a considerable hesitancy in his speech, yet when he ascended the pulpit to deliver his Master's message to the people, the stammering at once disappeared.

In 1818 pleasing reports of success were written from many Circuits. Mr. Cobain, father of the present member for East Belfast, states that the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance upon the Armagh Circuit.

A remarkable work of God took place on the Charlemont Circuit in 1819, through the Divine blessing on the labours of Mr. Joseph M'Cormick. It commenced on Easter Monday, at the Diamond. Suddenly and powerfully the Spirit of God descended on the people, so that numbers were cut to the heart and cried aloud for mercy. The revival thus commenced soon spread over the entire Circuit, bearing down all before it; and thus hundreds were added to the Church of Christ. Among others converted

was a lad of sixteen, named Dawson D. Heather, who afterwards became a very useful and prominent minister in the Primitive Wesleyan Society.

In 1814 a grievous agitation, which had been smouldering for some months, broke out in the Society, regarding the administration of the sacraments by the preachers, in which the Armagh Circuit took a pretty active part. Petitions were sent to the Conference on the subject, claiming the privilege as an inalienable right, and in no respect a deviation from original Methodism. Many pamphlets for and against were published, and meetings were held in Dublin, Newry, Lisburn, &c. The result was, that, after a lengthened discussion, the Conference passed a resolution, by a majority of ten, that "the request of the petitioners be now granted, and that from henceforth we will administer the ordinances of the Gospel to such of our Societies as may require them." On the following morning, however, the minority proposed a resolution, "That the operation of the vote at our last sitting be suspended for one year, and a conciliatory letter be sent to those Circuits which petitioned for the ordinances."

This, from its apparent moderation, was unfortunately carried, and afforded an opportunity and encouragement for an agitation which became widespread and intense, throwing the whole Connexion into violent commotion. While some strongly opposed the resolution of the Conference, others quite as ably advocated the change.

At the Conference of 1815 numerous petitions, largely signed, were presented, some for and some against the administration of the ordinances. A

lively and protracted debate took place, and it was at last resolved and carried, by a considerable majority, "That an affectionate address be written to the petitioners wishing for the sacraments, stating that, however we may feel for their situation, in the present state of the Irish Connexion we cannot grant their request; but that, in order to meet their necessities as far as possible, we request our brother Averell, upon application from the several Circuits concerned, according to his ability and convenience, to administer to them the sacraments." This, so far from checking the effort to obtain a change, only strengthened to greater exertion, and hastened the crisis.

On the 18th of October a large and representative meeting of laymen was held in Armagh, when it was resolved "To request the Lord's Supper from the preachers." This resolution was signed by upwards of one hundred and sixty persons, chiefly office-bearers, among whom the leading men were Messrs. John Noble and Thomas Shillington.

Some of the preachers now administered the ordinances, notwithstanding the Conference resolution. Mr. Steele, writing on the 6th of January, 1816, states, "Last Sunday, Mr. Cranston and I administered the Lord's Supper to about one hundred and twenty persons in the Armagh chapel. The power of God was peculiarly present on that occasion, and I do not believe there was one in the house who did not feel His gracious influence."

These brethren, with some others, were arraigned at the following Conference for violation of Connexional order, and judged to be "ineligible to fill the office of Secretary to the Conference, Representative

to England, and Chairman of their respective Districts for the ensuing year." Notwithstanding this exercise of authority, it became evident that a great change had taken place in the minds of the ministers assembled in Conference, who now boldly declared that something must be done to allay the injurious agitation. They confessed that a painful crisis had arrived, and they were driven to comply with the wishes of the people or lose them entirely.

Many chapels and preaching places were closed against the ministers, and large numbers refused to receive or sustain them. Some sixty stewards and leaders met at Charlemont, and resolved, "That those preachers only would be received who publicly protested against the decision of the Conference." Other localities also adopted strong measures against the preachers who stood by the Conference; and, finally, an assembly of the dissentients took place at Clones, and organized the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Society. The decrease in the membership amounted to seven thousand five hundred and eleven.

In this disastrous division the Armagh Circuit suffered severely. It then embraced a large area, and included some important towns. In one locality some influential men took a most active part in opposition to the Conference, and, by their example, carried with them a number of the leaders. This led to the closing of many farm-houses, where religious services were wont to be held, and some chapels against the preachers.

Strange stories have come to the writer's ears respecting the fate of these men and their families,

who made such "havoc of the Church;" but he forbears to enter into details. It is more Christian to permit them to pass into oblivion. However, they strongly confirm the advice of the Psalmist, "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

The division which now took place, and caused such sad injury to the cause of God in Ireland, was happily healed at the Conference which assembled at Dublin in 1878, when the two Churches, so long and injuriously divided, were reunited, to which union the writer had the pleasure of giving his cordial support.

Any record of Methodism on the Armagh Circuit would be very imperfect did it fail to mention the late Mr. William Running, of Hockley, near Richhill, a place which had honourable mention in the early days of Methodism. In an autobiography which Mr. Running gave to the writer, he states that his first gracious impressions were received in a Sunday School taught by a poor man in a lowly habitation, where from fifteen to twenty boys assembled every Sunday to read the Bible. Afterwards he attended a day school in Hockley, taught by Armour Frazer, "a man of God" (of whom we have already spoken), and whose spiritual instruction was made a great blessing to young Running and many others. This teacher, convinced that his calling was to train the young for heaven as well as for earth, commenced a class-meeting, and Mr. Running writes, "I became a member, and out of that class five leaders and as many local preachers were raised up." Convinced of his need, he earnestly sought and happily found pardoning mercy; and when he told of his new-found

joy at the next meeting of the class, the leader gave out, and they all cheerfully sang, the old refrain—

> "Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
> For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

Nor did Mr. Running rest in sins forgiven, but made distinct profession of having found the cleansing as well as the justifying virtue of the Saviour's blood.

The writer was told by Brother Running that, shortly after his conversion, he was invited by an old leader to come into his closet and join him in earnest prayer, that he might be saved from an impending calamity which he dreaded. Prayer was accordingly made, and the evil averted; but young Running's warm Christian feelings were hurt because the old leader did not call upon him to join in returning thanks to God for the answer received. He thought that the Lord's loving-kindness should be acknowledged by those who supplicated His interposition, and that their gratitude ought to bear some proportion to the earnest prayers previously presented.

The excellences of his character, so honourable to Divine grace and so worthy of imitation by the Church, are the following:

1. *Secret intercourse with God.* This included prayer, praise, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures in his closet.

2. *Delight in Experience Meetings.* In his diary he frequently mentions, "Glory be to God for class-meeting." "Blessed be God for class-meeting." "At the love-feast to-day my earthen vessel was filled to overflowing," &c. &c.

3. *Loyal attachment to Methodism and its Ordinances.* When some members went elsewhere for the sacraments, Brother Running was always found in the Methodist Chapel on such occasions. And he writes on 22nd February, 1818, "I received the sacrament to-day in Armagh from Mr. Murdock and Mr. Kidd, and it was a high day to many souls. I believe I never felt so happy." During the so-called "reform agitation" in England, the effects of which were painfully felt even on this Circuit, he remained unshaken in his principles, and "stood like an iron pillar, strong," a rallying point for his weaker brethren.

4. *Strictly Temperate Habits.* He was not at first what is termed a total abstainer, but his reason for adopting that principle he thus records: "While travelling a few weeks ago I was led to enquire what prevented me from enjoying all that salvation which the Saviour purchased for me? Divine light shone upon my mind, and I saw the hindrance, namely, *tippling*. Not from the love of strong drink but from not resolutely refusing it when in company. From that moment I was enabled to give it up, and, thank God, my soul was filled with love, peace, and joy." This act furnishes matter for mature reflection. What a salvation if all the farmers in Ireland, large and small, would but follow the example! How many northern Methodists, exposed as they are to the "tippling evil"—especially every market and fair day—would be preserved from backsliding, if enabled, by God's grace, like William Running, to give up intoxicating drink at once and for ever.

5. *Self-rule.* Mr. Running was a man of strong passions, and it required much Divine grace to keep

him right. This he acknowledged, and earnestly sought help from on high. He writes: God is deepening His work in my heart; I am not so easily made angry as formerly." It is pleasant to know that, as years rolled on, he got more and more the mastery over his natural disposition—his besetting sin.

6. *Christian Liberality.* When a very young man with little means of his own, he was solicited for a subscription to the fund for the Worn-out Preachers; he cheerfully gave one pound—all he had—and he told the writer that immediately after this act of self-denial he had the impression made upon his heart by the Divine Spirit that he would never want a pound as long as he lived, and this was abundantly realized during his after life. For many years he contributed largely to the Circuit finances and nobly helped the missionary cause.

It is told that upon one occasion, owing to the death of cattle and the low price of farm produce, he resolved to give only one-half of his wonted contribution at the Rich-hill Missionary meeting. So he put a five-pound-note into his pocket, and left another five-pound-note locked up in his desk. He went to the meeting, took the chair, and put his five-pound-note on the plate. The collection of course was much less than usual; but it could not be helped. Some days after, wanting money, he went to his desk for the five-pound-note; but lo, it was gone! He made most diligent search, but all in vain; it was nowhere to be found. After a moment's consideration, Mr. Running said, "This is a punishment upon me from God, because I withheld more than was meet,

and I had not faith in Him." He (Mr. Running) resolved at once to punish himself still further for his parsimony, so he ordered his horse, rode into Armagh, and handed the preacher another five pounds, confessing his error. Having relieved his conscience, he rode home in peace and comfort. Some days subsequently, when looking for papers in his desk, lo and behold there was his lost, or rather his misplaced, five-pound-note!

Another characteristic of Mr. Running was his prevailing power in Prayer. No one who heard him plead with God in the public meetings on behalf of sinners will ever forget the extraordinary gift of intercession with which he was endued; on such occasions, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, he seemed to take hold on God, and say, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless them."

One Sunday morning, at Rich-hill, in the absence of the Circuit minister, Brother Running took the pulpit and preached an impressive sermon, and then sat down; but seeing that Brother James Loney, the chapel steward, hesitated about taking up the usual Sunday collection, he got up, and, leaning over the pulpit, said, "James, is it not worth a halfpenny?" Poor James was electrified, and started to the work at once. Brother Running lived so as to be greatly missed, and he died in a good old age, trusting in the Atoning Blood.

In the year 1821 a great awakening on the subject of religion took place among the careless inhabitants of Hamiltonsbawn, a place noted for Sabbath desecration, and commonly called, as a by-word, "*Hamiltonsbawn which knows no Sunday.*" The Rev. John

Armstrong, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who, throughout a long ministry, was greatly honoured of God in the conversion of sinners, was the junior minister on the Circuit. Among those awakened to a sense of their need of the Saviour was a half-pay officer, Alexander Greer, Esq. In an autobiography which he left, and which is now before the writer, he states, "The recollection of my past life fills me with *horror*, *amazement*, and *praise*. *Horror*—That for forty-one years I was the most guilty of human beings. Every sin, every iniquity man is capable of, excepting murder, and even that I have virtually, although not actually, committed, for I have sometimes in my heart wished a person dead. *Amazement*—That the Lord Almighty bore with me, and that he did not sweep me as a monster from the face of the earth; but that in his tender mercy he plucked me as a brand from the burning. *Praise*—That I have found a reconciled Father, and that, through the all-atoning blood of my dear Redeemer, I have obtained a full, free, and gracious pardon." Mr. Greer describes his distress when under conviction for sin, and then relates his conversion, as follows:—

"On Friday, the 7th of September, 1823, I was reading a sermon preached by the Rev. John Cennick, one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, on "The Danger of Infidelity, and the Necessity of a Living Faith in Christ.' While I read about the faith in Jesus, I was struck as if a thunderbolt had pierced me. Such a sensation as thrilled through me never before had I felt. I sunk as by instinct off my chair to my knees, and could only raise my hands and cry, 'Lord, Lord!'

when such an ecstasy took possession of my soul and body that to describe it would be an impossibility. My eyes overflowed, and all I could utter for some time was 'Glory! glory! glory! and praise to Thee my God and Saviour!' Immediately I felt that my sins, although numerous as the stars, were all forgiven."

Mr. Greer writes, under date of October, 1823, "Rev. James Gilman preached his first sermon in Hamiltonsbawn, from the 3rd chapter of Galatians and 24th verse." He adds, "Mr. Gilman is a promising young man, scarcely twenty years of age, never shaved, and appears to be entirely bent upon the work in which he has embarked. May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, strengthen and keep him faithful to the end, and may he be the instrument of bringing many to a crucified Saviour." How abundantly this prayer has been answered in the case of this honoured minister, who still survives, is now well known throughout the Methodist Church.

When Mr. Greer's heart was opened, he opened his house for the entertainment of the ministers of the Gospel, and identified himself with the Methodist Society in the village. At his house the preachers found a warm welcome for many years. In the month of July, 1859, the following obituary appeared in all the northern papers:—

"Died, July 3rd, aged seventy-nine years, at his residence, Drumorgan Cottage, Hamiltonsbawn, Alexander Greer, Esq., Lieutenant, half-pay, Sixth Foot. He stated himself to be a lineal descendant of the once celebrated Rob Roy M'Gregor; but that the family, on coming to Ireland, changed their name to Greer. Mr. Greer was for many years a Poor Law Guardian of the Armagh Union, and was highly respected by all who knew him. Best of all, he was a decided Christian, and died in the Lord."

Mr. Greer informed the writer that a preacher, once stationed on this Circuit, said to him that he would not marry an angel from heaven unless she had money. It happened, some time after, that this minister got married to a lady with a large fortune; but the merchant in whose hands the money was deposited failed, and all was lost. So in the end the minister had neither the money nor the angel. This brings to recollection another worthy member of the church, in a different locality, who got married to a young lady called Miss Angel; but he said that he found out afterwards there were more kinds of angels than one.

The late Rev. John Armstrong, of whom mention has previously been made, told the writer that upon one occasion he stopped all night at a gentleman's house, and, going out on the following morning to the stable to see his horse, found that the Roman Catholic servant had cut off all the hair from his tail, and left it like that of a rat. He gathered up the hair, which providentially the miscreant had not destroyed, and took it into the house, to show how his poor beast had been treated. The family were much grieved, but the lady of the house was clever, and equal to the occasion. She took a long stocking, cut the foot off it, and, with a needle and thread, stitched the hair to the stocking, layer after layer, round and round, until it was completely covered. Into this receptacle Mr. Armstrong introduced the rat-tail, made it fast to the crupper of the saddle, and for weeks and weeks he rode round his preaching places with the artificial tail wagging behind him. When he came to a respectable town he always looked

to see that it was all right. At length the hair, like Samson's, grew again, and then he was able to dispense with the artificial appendage.

Mr. Armstrong also told the writer that he was once appointed as a missionary to the wilds of Donegal, and, not being in circumstances to purchase a horse, he had to tramp, tramp, tramp the journey. Here he met his superintendent, Mr. Ouseley, and asked him for his plan. "Plan, my son!" said the indefatigable missionary, "I have no plan to give you. The whole country is before you; go into every house where you will get leave to preach, exhort, or pray."

When Mr. Armstrong drew nigh to the first village where he was to stop, he overtook a repectable-looking man, and asked him if there were many Church Protestants living in the village. He replied, "Yes, a good many." Mr. Armstrong then enquired if there were many Presbyterians. "Yes," the man said, "a few." And lastly he asked,—which was really the information he wanted,—"Are there any Methodists?" The man answered, "Yes, I believe there are two or three; and the principal one is Jack M'Dougall, a nailor, who lives at the head of the street." Mr. Armstrong then entered the village with his eyes and his ears open, and by and by he heard the quick rap, tap, tap, of a nailor's hammer. He entered the workshop, and said to the workman, "Are you Mr. M'Dougall?" The nailor replied, "I am John M'Dougall, and I believe you are the Rev. John Armstrong." Having said this, he turned his head toward the kitchen, and shouted, "Betty, Betty, here is the preacher; put down another herrin'."

In another and still wilder part of the district, called the Rosses, Mr. Armstrong had one evening a pretty fair congregation, but among the assembly there were only three persons who had shoes and stockings on them, though a bride and groom were present. However, this want had its advantages, as many of the hearers had to cross bogs and wade rivers in coming to the place of prayer. It was customary, at that period, for farmers' daughters in that locality, when going to market, to carry their shoes and stockings in their hands until they came near to the town, when they put them on. After they had finished their marketing, and got clear of the town, they took them off, in order to expedite their journey homewards.

It is recorded by the Rev. C. Crookshank, in his *History of Methodism in Ireland*, that John Smith, of whom we have already spoken at large, established a Society, in 1770, at Ballymacauley, about a mile from Markethill. The first person whose name is mentioned in connexion with that class is John Waugh, who, as we have before mentioned, heard Mr. Wesley preach in M'Geough's Avenue. Mr. Waugh was an Elder in the Markethill Presbyterian Church, a church which was formed by a colony of Scotchmen, who were encouraged to settle there by Sir Archibald Acheson, the predecessor of Lord Gosford. The church was organized in 1700, and the Rev. Archibald Maclean appointed pastor. He was the first Presbyterian minister in Ireland prosecuted by the Bishops' Court for celebrating marriage. He died in 1734, and was succeeded, in 1741, by the Rev. George Fergusson, father of the late Mrs. M'Calla of

Markethill, a highly-respected lady, well known and esteemed by the author. Mr. Wesley, in passing through that town from Armagh to Dublin, breakfasted at Mr. M'Calla's, and, before leaving, he put his hands on the head of Mrs. M'Calla's eldest daughter, Margaret, then an infant in her mother's arms, and implored the Divine blessing upon the child. Miss M'Calla often referred, in the presence of the writer, with great pleasure, to that circumstance.

After the flight of the Earls, and the consequent escheating of 511,465 acres to the Crown, King James the First carried into effect a plan which he had long seriously meditated for the settlement of Ulster.

At the division of the lands, Sir Archibald Acheson, who had been Secretary of State to his majesty when King of Scotland, was rewarded for his faithful services with a bountiful settlement in Ireland, at Cloncarney (Markethill), as mentioned on a marble monument in the parish church of Mullabrack. Sir Archibald afterwards got the Hamiltonsbawn estate, which belonged to General Hamilton, who was one of the officers of King James the Second at the battle of the Boyne.

With regard to the Waugh family, there were two young men, John and David Waugh, full cousins. They were brought up together in Ballymacauley, and both became Methodist preachers. David entered the ministry in 1800, and died in 1847, leaving one son, who joined the Established Church in England, and obtained a rectory. John, the son of the Presbyterian Elder, entered the Methodist itinerancy in 1808, and died in 1854. He had eight sons and one daughter. One of his sons, the Rev. James

Swanton Waugh, D.D., has been, for many years, the highly-esteemed President of Wesley College, Melbourne, and was President of the Australian Conference in 1865, and again in 1884.

After the death of Mr. Waugh, the leader of the Ballymacauley class was Frank Blair, a farmer, who opened his house for religious services and hospitably entertained the preachers. The late Rev. James Carter told the author that he spent many a comfortable night under the hospitable roof of Frank Blair in Ballymacauley. There also lived in the same neighbourhood a poor man of weak intellect, but in the enjoyment of religion, named Eneas Ball. Eny, as he was commonly called, took it into his head that he could preach, and asked Frank for the use of his kitchen, which was kindly granted. When it was published that Eny was to preach, of course there was a great congregation. An hour before the time, Eny arrived, and asked permission to go into a private room, and to be supplied with a white pocket-handkerchief. At the appointed hour he issued from the room, shaking the handkerchief, got behind a chair, gave out a hymn, and made a wonderful prayer. Then he announced his text, and after a few scattered observations regarding the importance of preaching. He said that a minister of the Gospel was a *mediātur*. Frank could stand it longer. He started to his feet, and said, "Eny, you might as well call him cream-of-tartar." Poor Eny humbly sat down, and Frank held a lively prayer meeting, at which good was done; for—

"Fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

The next written record which we have of the Ballymacauley class is given by Mr. Noble, the Circuit Steward in 1821, when it contributed nine shillings and sixpence per quarter to the Circuit funds.

John Smith (frequently mentioned) formed a Society in Markethill. He relates, that on the occasion of a love-feast at Tandragee, a number of the Markethill people came over, and at supper, after the service, he spoke strongly to them about their disobedience to God. They became much affected, and tears started from their eyes. He got at once to prayer, which continued all night, and many were converted.

The next account which we have of Markethill is in the Steward's book, under date of 1821, where it is entered as paying five shillings and sixpence per quarter to the Circuit funds, and in 1854—5, the amount had risen to sixteen pounds a year.

In November, 1831, the writer was appointed Surgeon of the Markethill Dispensary. He was previously connected with Methodism, his father and mother having belonged to that Society. When he came to reside in the town there was no regular preaching; no members, not even a prayer meeting. But the following year the Revs. John Holmes and Samuel Jones, A.M., were appointed to the Armagh Circuit, and shortly afterwards visited Markethill. They got a room in an empty house, and there expounded the Word of God to a few hearers. After repeated visits, they resolved to form a class, and the writer was one of the first members. A leader was appointed, but he fell from grace; and therefore, with considerable hesitation, the writer consented to take

the position. From that time forward, notwithstanding the strong opposition which was brought against the cause from many quarters, the class continued to increase in number and influence, and spread into five classes, to each of which it gave a leader. Certain elect ladies stood nobly by the infant cause, among whom should be first placed Mrs. Hannah Pollard, "a mother in Israel," who rendered invaluable help, and who, with her family, was the stay and stronghold of Methodism for many years in Markethill; Mrs. William Kay, daughter of Captain Barker, J.P., proved herself a true friend; and Mrs. Lynn gave cheerfully all the aid in her power.

On the 7th of October, 1833, a Temperance Society—the first in the County Armagh—was organized by the Rev. Robert Atkinson, Curate of the Parish, and the writer, which became a great blessing to many, and in which upwards of eleven hundred names were afterwards enrolled. The register of this society has been carefully preserved by the writer to the present day; who, through the mercy of God, has been spared to see the fifty-fourth anniversary since he assisted to organize it at Markethill. His friends on the Circuit, kindly taking advantage of the fiftieth year, held a jubilee service in the Methodist Church, Armagh, on Monday, the 8th of October, 1883, to commemorate the event, and to present him with a congratulatory address, illuminated in Marcus Ward's best style, and set in a splendid gilt frame. Particulars of the meeting, taken from the *Armagh Guardian*, of the 12th of October, 1883, will be given hereafter.

"I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;
And that is just the reason I tell it now to you."

There was a young man, a member of the Methodist Church, who lived upon this Circuit upwards of fifty years ago, and he, according to the laws of nature, resolved to marry. He had, some years before, become acquainted with a handsome, well-educated young lady, the daughter of an officer in the 4th Dragoon Guards; but she was not a Methodist, and he felt this a very serious drawback. Having corresponded with her for some time without mentioning marriage, he resolved, after earnest prayer for Divine guidance, to ask her to become his wife. For this purpose he mounted his horse to ride to the residence of her uncle, where she lived, being a distance of about fourteen miles. Riding along the way, his heart was earnestly lifted up for providential direction. When about half way on his journey, his horse, which had never fallen before, stumbled and fell, cutting severely the rider's knee and tearing his trousers, and giving his system a severe shock. When he got his knee bound up, and his clothes cleaned, of course he turned his horse's head homeward. This accident appeared to him to indicate that God did not approve of the matter. It called to his remembrance the case of Balaam and his ass, which he had recently read. But he acted more wisely than Balaam, for he turned back, while Balaam passed on and was punished.

Some months after this he happened to be in Tandragee, and called upon Mr. Jeremiah Mains, who was then the leading Methodist in that town.

In course of conversation, he told Mr. Mains that he wanted a wife, who replied, "I know an excellent family of devoted Methodists, living about twenty miles away, in which there are two or three marriageable young ladies, and the preacher on that Circuit is Rev. Charles Mayne."

It so happened that this young man had previously an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Mayne, when he was a student in Dublin. So the matter assumed a providential aspect. He therefore wrote at once to Mr. Mayne, and he immediately replied. He spoke very highly of the eldest daughter, and said that he was to preach at her father's house on a certain day, and if he, the young man, would come down he would take him to the house, introduce him to the family, and let him judge for himself. In accordance with this invitation he went, none but Mr. Mayne being aware of the object of the visit. He was very favourably impressed with all he saw and heard. It was a household in which God was honoured, and which God had blessed. A correspondence followed, and Divine Providence opened up the way. Every arrangement prospered, and the kind hand of a Heavenly Father was seen in the whole affair. About two months after a truly Christian wedding took place. God was acknowledged, and by His presence He sanctified the ceremony. The happy union then formed, under such favourable auspices, lasted for almost fifty years. She was indeed the personification of the virtuous woman mentioned by Solomon in the last chapter of Proverbs.

The wedding here spoken of was honoured with the presence of the Rev. and Venerable Charles

Mayne, who related the following story, which, at first sight, appeared rather incredible. He said that, notwithstanding his great reverence for the Sabbath, he had, on one occasion, actually bought and paid for an animal on Sunday, and brought it home to his wife. After an expression of astonishment upon the part of those present, he gave the following explanation. On going to preach one fine Sunday evening at the Marsh Chapel, in the city of Cork, he saw a number of boys earnestly engaged with some object, and, looking over their heads, he perceived they had a mouse, with a cord tied to its tail. They permitted the poor animal to run a little space and then pulled him up. This they repeated again and again. Mr. Mayne remonstrated with them for their cruelty, and begged them to take off the string and let the poor mouse away. But they replied, they would do nothing of the sort; they would have a fine evening's sport out of it. Seeing he could not prevail with the boys to liberate the mouse, he asked, would they sell it? They consented to take a penny for it. Mr. Mayne then paid the money, loosed the cord, and put the mouse in his pocket. When he returned after preaching, he told Mrs. Mayne that he had saved a poor little gentle animal from some cruel boys, and that he brought it home to her as a present, and in order to give it the "run of the house." Saying this he took the mouse out of his pocket and placed it on the tea-table. Mrs. Mayne, who was naturally timid and nervous, gave a start and a scream, and off jumped Mr. Mouse, so they saw him no more.

The young Society at Markethill was much encouraged and materially helped by an occasional

visit from the late Mr. George Chapman, of Moira, father of Mrs. Lynn, a patriarchal Methodist of the old school, well-known for his high Christian character and benevolence. To be "as honest as George Chapman," was a popular proverb in that locality. On one occasion a neighbour, wishing to clear himself of some suspicion of roguery, said, "I am as honest as George Chapman," but his conscience giving him a twinge, he added, "or nearly to it!" It is related of him that, in 1799, he was a very zealous, devoted young man, who made himself useful in the neighbourhood of Soldierstown, near Moira, where he took an active part in the erection of a chapel at the foot of his father's avenue. There Methodist worship was conducted for many years, and a good Sunday School established.

Miss Richardson of Ryefield, Soldierstown, was converted at a quarterly meeting held at Bluestone, and from that day until her death, being more than forty years, she walked in the unclouded light of God's countenance, and rendered most valuable help to the infant cause in that locality.

In the last century the spinning of flax into yarn gave a great amount of profitable employment to the female population among the small farmers in the North of Ireland. The men were largely engaged in weaving this yarn into webs, which they sold to linen merchants in the fairs and markets in their respective neighbourhoods. In early life Mr. Chapman was taught to weave, and became an excellent judge of linen cloth. Utilising this knowledge, and having some capital, he commenced to attend fairs and markets, where he bought from the weavers the produce

of their looms, which he then sent to be bleached into beautiful white cloth, and this he disposed of in England, like Mr. Ryan (previously mentioned), to considerable advantage.

One day, when attending the Lurgan market, and after paying the weavers, as usual, at the grocery shop of Jenny M'Cabe, a good old Methodist widow, —for Mr. Chapman, knowing the great evil of strong drink, would transact no business at a public-house,— Jenny said, "Mr. Chapman, I know you have a strong love for Methodism, and we in Lurgan are now in a great difficulty. We stand much in need of a better preaching place, and we have just had an offer of a house which would answer us well, but the owner wants one hundred pounds for it, and there is no one in Lurgan to advance the money, so I appeal to you to lend us that amount." Mr. Chapman replied, "Jenny, that is out of the question; I cannot do it. You know I am but a young man commencing the world, and if I lent you that sum it would deprive me of almost half of my capital, so I must refuse." However, Jenny pressed the matter, and, in order to get away from her importunity, he mounted his horse. While riding home, a distance of about five miles, he could not shake off the thought about the Lurgan Chapel. He endeavoured to reason himself into the foolishness of parting with so much of his capital; but, while at dinner in his parlour, it became so impressed upon his mind that it was his duty to make this sacrifice, that he again mounted his horse and rode back to Lurgan, and handed Jenny M'Cabe the hundred pounds. He then turned his horse homeward, rejoicing in God. Mr. Chapman told the writer

that, on his way back, he had a distinct intimation, as if by an audible voice, that the Lord approved of and accepted the sacrifice, and that he should never want money as long as he lived. This promise was literally fulfilled, for from that moment the Lord made everything which he did to prosper. Out of his abundance he gave liberally and cheerfully to the cause of God; and the ministers of the Gospel always had a cordial reception in his happy home.

In the year 1844, twenty-five years before the event happened, Mr. Chapman told the writer that the Irish Episcopal Church would assuredly be disestablished and deprived of its revenues. He said God had entrusted it with great wealth and immense influence, and with access to all creeds and classes in the country. But, like the Jews of old, who were favoured above all the nations of the earth, the Church neglected its opportunities and abused its privileges, and therefore, like them, it would sooner or later be punished. The opulence of the clergy, and their independence of the people, which, if properly used, should have told powerfully in their favour, became their bane. They made the aristocracy their associates, and followed them to the hunting-field, the festive board, the ball-room, the card-table, and the wine cup. Like the Jews, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." And so the flock was neglected and became a prey to the wolf.

A great mistake made at the period of the Reformation was, that the Protestant ministers were not educated to preach to the people in their own tongue. At that time three-fourths of the people understood no language but Irish, while the ministers appointed

knew nothing but English; so the people were left in the hands of their priests, and dense darkness continued to cover this unfortunate country, frequently culminating in rebellion. Had the newly-appointed clergy been full of apostolic zeal, and qualified to preach in the Irish language, matters in Ireland would have been in a very different position from what they are in to-day, as may be in some degree estimated by the wonderful effects produced at a much later period by the labours of a few Methodist missionaries,* who traversed the bogs and mountains of this country, preaching to the people in their own much-loved and pathetic language the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God. Respecting the clergy of that day, Archbishop Ussher wrote, "The incumbents of Irish livings were, at that period, viewed with marked aversion by the great mass of the people. Totally separated from their parishioners by diversity of language, habits, manners, and preconceived opinions, they possessed neither zeal nor ability to effect any radical change in the religion of the country."†

Another great mistake was made. The landed gentry did not generally encourage Protestants to settle upon their estates, by letting their lands to them at reasonable rents and giving perpetuity leases. Where the owner of the property was non-resident,—and many of them were so,—the agent lorded it over the tenantry, and treated them like serfs. His great

* See *The Apostle of Kerry*, by the Rev. G. Campbell, and *The life of Gideon Ouseley*, by the Rev. William Arthur.

† *Stuart's History of Armagh*, p. 321.

anxiety was not the welfare of the people, but to extort money, as his salary was a per centage on the amount received. James the Second, as a professed liberal, was in the habit, during his short reign, of committing acts of tyranny, and yet he had some good traits in his character. Arthur, second Earl of Donegall, had suceeded, in 1674, to the title and lands of his uncle, the first Earl, but he was an habitual absentee. Overtures had been made to him, during the building of the Long Bridge of Belfast, to come and take a leading part in the opening ceremony; but nothing would induce his Lordship to visit the capital of his estate, and James the Second declared the lands forfeited solely on the ground of absenteeism. Lord Macaulay does not allude, in his famous history, as he should have done, to this remarkable fact. It, however, proves that two centuries ago an English monarch considered that one of the conditions of the patent, which James the First had presented to the founder of the house of Donegall, had been forfeited by non-residence. Roman Catholics being most anxious to secure farms, offered larger rents than their Protestant neighbours, therefore they were preferred. Thus Romanism was encouraged, and Protestantism discouraged. So those "who sowed the wind, are now reaping the whirlwind."

It is recorded that a large farmer, residing in a Southern parish where there was no Protestant inhabitant, and the Rector resided in England, felt himself aggrieved in having to pay a large amount of tithe, while at the same time he had to pay his own priest, called upon the Rector, who had just arrived from England, to pay his annual visit to the parish

to collect his tithes, and remonstrated against the injustice of the claim. The Rector told him he was bound by law to pay the tithe. "Well," said the farmer, "it may be law, but it is not justice, for I get no value. However," he added, "I will divide the matter, and give one-half to you and the other to the priest." The Rector became indignant, and said he must have the full amount. "Well," replied the farmer, "if you will not deal fairly with me, I will come to your church every Sunday and see that you perform your duty." Just the very thing which the Rector had never done and never intended to do. True to his word, the farmer came to the church the following Sunday, when the congregation consisted of himself and the Rector. At the close of the service he thanked his reverence, and said he would return next Sunday. Accordingly he was present in due time, and, after the benediction, he told the Rector he would be back every Sunday. This quite nonplussed his reverence, and, as his wife and family were comfortably settled in England and he was anxious to return to them, he saw he must come to terms with the farmer, and compromised the matter by giving him a liberal reduction in the tithe. The Rector then locked up the church and hastened off to his family, while the farmer returned to mass, and easily obtained absolution from the priest for having attended a Protestant church, when he explained to him the trick he had played on the parson.

The Markethill Society was also favoured with a prolonged visit from Mr. James Creevy, another zealous leader from the Moira Circuit. Mr. Creevy was a firm believer in the constant presence of good

and evil spirits. One Sunday morning, on going across the country to meet a class, he had to pass over a deep drain filled with water; and in order to enable him to jump over the drain he took a race at it, but when he came to the brink he cowed. At once he attributed this to the evil spirit anxious to plunge him in the water, and prevent him meeting the class, and he said indignantly, "Stand back, devil! Stand back, devil!" Then, imploring Divine aid, he took another race, and as he came up to the edge of the water he shouted out, "Hie over, Creevy," cleared the drain, and went on his way rejoicing.

James tells the following story about himself. He says—"When I first joined class the leader asked me to contribute one shilling as quarterage; but it was a very dear time, meal was selling at five shillings a stone of 14 lbs., and I could scarcely, by my wages as a gardener, procure food for my family. So I was strongly tempted, for a time, to give nothing until the times would mend; but when the day of payment arrived, I handed out my shilling. Next Sunday morning, when going to the class, I saw what I thought was a piece of glass lying upon the road before me, but when I drew near, lo, it was a half crown! I picked it up, and held it out in my hand to shew it to the devil, and said, 'Old boy, look at that. You tempted me not to give the shilling at the class. See now the good Lord has repaid me, and eighteen-pence over.' I stood a good while, holding up the coin in my hand to let the devil get a good look at it, and then shouted, 'Praise the Lord.'" From this time forth he never was in want of either food or clothing for himself or family.

James also tells that he was appointed to meet a class at Tromra (Trummery), and there was quite a number of weavers' houses around the place. So early on Sunday morning, he says, "I got a strong stick and went from house to house striking the doors, and crying, 'Rise up, ye devils, and come to pray; if it was Monday morning you would be all at your looms. If you sleep on you will soon be in hell fire. Come up to Mr. Chapman's store, I am going to hold a meeting. Rise and seek God before it be too late.'" Some took the warning, came and got converted, and became useful members of the Society.

At the time of the sad division of the Society, in 1816, a few dissatisified members called a meeting to ventilate their complaints against the preachers. Brother Creevy attended, not because he sympathized with the movement, but to hear their grievances. In In order to commence right, it was suggested they should begin by singing and prayer. One of the party gave out a hymn, but could not raise it. Looking round, he said, "Brother Creevy, you can sing this hymn." "Yes," said James, "Glory be to God I can, but I won't." All the influential leaders on the Circuit set their faces against the agitation. and like the counsel of Ahitophel, it soon came to nought in that locality.

Brother Creevy was very energetic in opening up new places for prayer meetings. He commenced, single-handed, a prayer meeting at a farm-house. After some time, a man named Billy Rutherford, said to him, "I think it a pity of you, Jemmy dear, holding these meetings your lone. I have a notion of trying to help you." "God bless you, Billy,"

said James, "I'd be glad that you would." "Well, I'm getting a prayer by heart, and as soon as I can say it off, I'll go with you and say it for you; and sure that will be some help." James did not know what to say to this getting a prayer by heart, and had some doubt whether it would be of any use in the meeting, but thinking that the attempt might be made a blessing to the man himself, said, "Well, well, make haste, man, for I want help badly." After a while the two met again. and in reply to an inquiry about the prayer, Billy answered, "Oh, no, I haven't it well enough yet." But in a few days later, at the beginning of a meeting, he whispered, "Jemmy, I think I'd be able to help you this evening. Just call on me by-and-by, and I'll try." All the fears of James about the prayer got by heart were revived, but he could not draw back; so after a hymn had been sung and prayer offered, he said, "Billy Rutherford, you'll pray now." Billy began his prayer, at which he had long laboured, but did not get farther than the second sentence, when he stuck fast. He went back to the beginning, like children reciting at school, but it was no use; the words he had stored up, as he thought, would not come. He then turned to the Lord's Prayer, but became so disturbed after repeating a few words that he had to stop altogether; and the meeting was brought to a rather abrupt termination. Then the poor fellow, overcome by shame, seized his hat and almost ran from the house, but had not gone far, when James overtook him, crying bitterly. Now and then his grief and shame would break out in words: "Oh! Jemmy, to think that after all my father spent

on me, I wasn't able to say a bit of a prayer, and me wanting so much to help you! No, nor able to say even the Lord's Prayer. God help me! I believe I don't know how to pray at all." At last he threw himself down on the roadside in an agony of distress, and the great Spirit began to convince him that though he thought he had religion, because he went to church, read the Bible, and said his prayers, he really had none. His convictions deepened, as day by day he thought on the matter. He began to pray in the poor publican's fashion, and, before long, the Lord showed His mercy to him, and granted him his salvation. He became very useful in the Society as a leader, and amongst his neighbours in various ways, and left behind him sons who also were pious and devoted men. Through life James Creevy also consistently walked with God, and endeavoured to serve his generation. It was a pleasure to meet him in his old age, and to witness how his dark eyes would brighten and sparkle as he spoke of his Master's care for him, and of his love for his God, or as he related some incident connected with his early endeavours to do good.*

Early one cold and wet Sunday morning in the midst of winter, Mr. Creevy was lying in his bed thinking of the class which he was appointed to meet about two miles from his house, and, while musing upon the matter, a disputation got up between his soul and his body. The soul said, "James, it is full time that you were up, as you have a good piece to go."

* *Irish Evangelist*, 1877.

The body replied, "I am tired and weary after a week of hard work, and think I am entitled to a little rest, seeing this is Sunday."

The soul makes answer, "James, you know you are appointed to meet that class."

The body replies, "There are other members there who can meet the class this morning."

The soul says, "You know, James, the members will be expecting *you*, and will be greatly disappointed if you don't attend."

The body answers, "James, you think too much of your own performance, and if the members have any Christianity about them they would not wish you to venture out such a morning as this."

At last the soul got roused, became indignant, and said, "Get up, you old rebellious body, *I will make you go*, yes, and go too without your great coat as a punishment for your rebellion." And so he did.

Brother Creevy told the writer that he never afterwards had any dispute between soul and body; they always ever after acted together in loving harmony.

The writer is happy in being able to lay before his readers a letter from the son of Brother Creevy, who is now a highly-esteemed minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, America, giving an account of the last days and happy end of that holy man :—

To George Chapman, Esq., *Tromra, Moira.*

Greyabbey, *August 31st, 1847.*

Very Dear Sir,—In compliance with the last wishes of one in whose welfare you took a deep interest, and with whom, in the earlier and darker days of Methodism, you often took sweet counsel, I sit down to inform you that he is no more. My dear, my honoured father, is no more. Just three months ago he

came to see us, and was then in a low state of health. He continued, almost imperceptibly and without much apparent pain, to sink, till Wednesday last, the 24th inst., when he bade a last adieu to time with all its cares, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

After coming to Greyabbey he regularly attended class and prayer meetings till his strength entirely failed, and his once active limbs were no longer able to carry him to those places of hallowed enjoyment. To the last meeting but one which he attended, I accompanied him, and though it was with difficulty (and only by my assistance) he accomplished the task, yet when there, he appeared to have forgotten the too great toil of the journey, and the weakness of his enfeebled body, for, when the power of God appeared to accompany the message of mercy delivered by his unworthy son, he once more assumed the vigour of youth, and his burning zeal having re-kindled the almost extinguished lamp of life, he took an active part in the meeting till the close. After which, being unable to accompany me home, he remained at the house of a friend till the following day. To the last meeting which he attended he went without my knowledge, as he was aware I feared his ability to walk a distance of nearly two miles. When there he assisted the friends in conducting the meeting, and again took a lively interest in the triumphs of the blood-stained cross. But here his public efforts to extend the borders of the Saviour's kingdom ceased. After spending a restless night at the house of a friend, he was conveyed home to me on the following day.

During the last five weeks of his life he was confined to bed; but such a deathbed of resignation, of peace, of joy, yea, often of ecstatic joy and holy triumph, I never witnessed. He fully lived out the lines—

> "Preach him to all, and cry in death,
> Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Into the state of mind of every one who visited him he diligently enquired, and never failed to point them to the sin-atoning victim, and to urge their immediate acceptance of the great salvation. Such were his earnest and powerful appeals that few have gone away without being affected to tears, or without expressing the wish, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last

end be like his!" Upon those who were partakers of like precious faith he strongly urged the necessity of going on to perfection, of continuing to the end, and working for God.

His patience and fortitude, while conflicting with the last enemy, were invincible, and, in the proper sense of the word, "he endured to the end." His thankfulness for every attention during his confinement would have amply compensated a stranger. No act of kindness was ever permitted to pass without an expression of gratitude, and his medicine, as well as every little cordial which was presented to him, was received with audible thanksgiving or with uplifted hands. His peace was never broken for one minute, and his joy was often "unspeakable and full of glory."

The contemplation of Calvary afforded him unspeakable pleasure, and often did he state that the great atonement was the only ground of his hope. On one occasion, being very weak and unable to articulate, he repeatedly attempted to repeat the lines which had often afforded him much delight—

"Jesus, the name," &c. &c.

but was unable to proceed, when my wife, having ascertained his wish, repeated the lines—

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease,'

and, having stopped, he beckoned to her to go on. Then, after remaining some time as if wrapped up in contemplation, he broke out in indescribable ecstasy, saying, "I see Him; I see Him; I see my Jesus on the cross!"

One who visited him observed, "You are very low." "No," said he, "not low, but high, very high." To another, who said, "You are near home," he replied, "Yes; and that is the home, the glorious home." On the question being put, "Are you happy?" "Yes," said he, "happy, happy, always happy!" After my return from the revival meetings which I have been holding, and in which he took a deep interest, I have generally sat an hour or two at his bedside, when he has invariably asked, "What did you speak from? Had you liberty in speaking? Were there any converted to God?" If I answered satisfactorily

his whole soul appeared to be filled with delight, and he would often give expression to his feelings with upraised hands towards heaven. Truly his treasure was in heaven, for his heart was there also. When that final rest of the saints was spoken of, his countenance would beam with delight, and he always entered into the spirit of the conversation in suchwise as showed that he had very exalted views of his future home. Often, very often, did he desire "To sleep in death and rest with God." A few nights before his happy spirit took its flight, after the family had retired to bed, he sang, in a clear although feeble voice, a few verses of one of his favourite hymns, "They sang the song of Jesus' love, they sang it o'er and o'er," &c., &c., and when no longer able to follow up this favourite exercise, he took great delight in hearing me sing such hymns as, "There is a land of pure delight," "Who are these arrayed in white?" "God of my life, through all my days," &c. &c.

Shortly before he finished his heavenward race, he cried out, in a tone of voice which summoned all the inmates of the house, "George, George; see! see!" "What do you see?" said I. Again he cried, "See! see! Do you not see them?" "No," said I, "the veil is between them and me." And presently he exclaimed, "They are come! they are come! Oh, what a glorious company! They have wings! They have white robes! and they say, Welcome! welcome!!" Again he cried out, "They are come! I see the pearly gates! I see the white throne!" &c. Thus he continued for a length of time in an ecstasy which no pen could describe. It was, I am persuaded, such a revelation of the inhabitants and the glory of heaven as no unprepared soul could have borne. I thought his enraptured spirit would have burst the clay tenement and leaped the boundaries of time. Often, during the last two days which he remained amongst us, he was in the habit of making use of such expressions as these, "My Father God." "My Jesus and my all." "All is well through the blood of the Lamb." And very near the last he said to my wife, "The battle will soon be won. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

While I was sitting by his bedside watching the waning lamp of life (for, as you know, I was his loved one, and he could not permit me to leave him), about fifteen minutes before his happy

spirit took its flight to Abraham's bosom, he lifted those hands and arms, from which the pulse of life had receded two days before, and in a firm voice, cried out, "Victory! victory!" Five minutes after, seeing that life was ebbing apace, I asked him if he had a view of Jesus, and he faintly replied, "I see Him! I see Him! al—al—always!" and then the power of speech failed. He beckoned me to assist him in turning upon his back; then, fixing his eyes apparently on that sun-bright clime on which his affections had long been placed,

> "Without a struggle or a groan,
> He passed through death triumphant home."

Long, long did I gaze upon the lifeless remains of my beloved father, and while my tears incessantly flowed, he seemed to say, "All is well; weep not for me."

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE CHAPMAN CREEVY.

One Saturday night in the summer of 1852, about five years after the death of Mr. Creevy, Mr. Chapman (whose name has been already mentioned) had a very pleasant dream, which he related in the class meeting on the following morning. He said, "In my dream I saw Brother Creevy, and he looked so lovely, and was dressed so beautifully, that I could not but admire him, and when he was about to leave me I said, "Brother Creevy, I will go with you;" but he said, "Nay, Brother Chapman, you cannot come with me now, but I will return for you at Christmas." This dream, like many others, passed out of memory and was soon forgotten. But when Mr. Chapman died on the following Christmas day, the members of his class at once recollected the dream. Man, with his finite mind and vain philosophy, could not explain this revelation.

The writer had the privilege to be present at the happy deathbed of Mr. Chapman, so well described by the poet Young—

> "The *deathbed* of the just! is yet undrawn
> By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
> Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
> There, on a post of honour and of joy."

And then adds—

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Mr. Chapman, on the last day of his life, could not restrain his happy feelings, and when remonstrated with by his medical attendant for speaking too much, which might aggravate his disease (congestion of the lungs), he replied by quoting the following from the Methodist Hymn Book—

> "Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God;
> But servants of the heavenly King
> May speak their joys abroad."

There lived not far from Markethill a farmer who, by attending some Methodist services held in the neighbourhood, became convinced of sin, and seeking advice, he was recommended to attend a class-meeting held near his house. Following up that advice he went for some Sunday mornings, and although not made happy, a ray of light appeared to penetrate his mind. Coming home one Sunday morning he felt hope springing up in his heart; but when he came near his house he saw, what often vexed him before,

his flock of geese in his corn field, trampling down the crop and destroying the grain. He seized a rod, ran at them in rage, and walloped them out of the oats. When he came into the kitchen he felt indignant at himself for allowing his passion to rise, and, casting the rod upon the floor, exclaimed, "It's impossible for a man to be a Methodist and keep geese."

On one occasion, when the Rev. Gideon Ouseley was coming to Armagh, where he intended to take up his residence, to be near, as he said, to the Popish Archbishop, to countervail his machinations (for Gideon hated Popery with an intense hatred, while he dearly loved his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen), he called upon the Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rector of Loughgilly, about three miles from Markethill. The Doctor asked Gideon to stay for dinner, to which he consented, on condition of being allowed to preach to the Doctor's people in the evening. This was readily granted. It was announced in the parish school, that Mr. Ouseley would preach at seven o'clock, and the children were requested to inform their friends and neighbours. So after dinner the Doctor and Gideon came down to the school-house, and found a large assemblage of people; but the door was locked, and the teacher, many of whose friends were Methodists, utterly refused to open the door. He said the school received support from Erasmus Smith's Board, and it would jeopordise his salary to allow a nonconformist minister to preach in the house. Doctor Stewart then linked his arm into that of Mr. Ouseley, and said, "Come with me, and I will give you a place to preach where no one can prevent." So they

both walked together, followed by the congregation, up to the Parish Church, where the Doctor handed Mr. Ouseley into the pulpit, and he delivered a powerful discourse remembered to this day.

The clerk of the church, Mr. R. R——, and some of his family were converted; and some years after, when the ministers stationed on this Circuit extended their operations to the parish of Loughgilly, Mr. R—— entertained them hospitably. His eldest son told the writer that they considered it a great privilege to have a Methodist minister under their roof, remembering that the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom because of the ark.

Rev. William Arthur records that, in June, 1831, when Mr. Ouseley was passing along one of the streets of Armagh, a man came up to him, and, taking him by the hand, said, "It was in the County of Mayo I heard you, Sir, and now I and my family are Protestants, thank God."

The successor to Doctor Stewart in the Rectory of Loughgilly, was the Rev. W. H. Foster, grand nephew of the late Speaker Foster of the House of Commons. The Fosters of Louth were always friendly to Methodism. Mrs. Foster, his wife, was one of the excellent of the earth. She was sister to the wife of the first Duke of Wellington. Her great anxiety was to try to do good, and for this purpose she visited all creeds and classes. There was a poor Roman Catholic girl, about ten years of age, living in a distant part of the parish, who got seriously burned by her clothes taking fire. Mrs. Foster drove at once to see her, and had her removed to one of the almshouses at the church, that she might be able to

pay her every attention. She then sent for Doctor Lynn; but, in the meantime, she was at a loss to know what could be applied to relieve the great pain which the poor girl was suffering. In looking over her larder she saw a leg of mutton, so she commenced and cut it into pieces and covered the burn. When the Doctor arrived, the girl refused to let him see the sores, dreading an increase of the pain. Mrs. Foster pleaded with her, and offered her various gifts, and at last she said, I will buy you a new frock instead of the one that was burned, if you will permit the Doctor to take off the dressings. The little girl looked up at Mrs. Foster, and said, "Say, *'pon your sowl you will.*" "O dear child, I could not swear like that," replied Mrs. Foster, "but I solemnly assure you the frock shall be given." With this assurance the Doctor got permission to see the burned parts. He ordered liniments and dressings, under which, with good attendance and nutritious food, the sores soon healed, and the little girl returned in a few weeks to her friends, much improved in mind and comfortably clothed.

As God was owning and prospering His work in Markethill, application was made to Lord Gosford for ground to build a chapel, which he at once kindly granted; and, although soon after attempts were made to prejudice his Lordship's mind, and induce him to withdraw the grant, yet, by "the good hand of our God upon us," the enemies were foiled. In addition to giving the ground at the nominal rent of one shilling per year, his Lordship became a liberal contributor to the funds of the Society, which subscription is nobly continued to the present day.

In connexion with his Lordship's kindness, it should be mentioned that Mr. Alcorn, who was stationed in Newry, visited Scotland, and, returning in a vessel in which were a number of ladies and gentlemen engaged at cards, his spirit was stirred within him, and he proposed to vary their amusement by singing. At once they agreed, and he sang the hymn, composed by Miss Cambridge, beginning—

> "When for eternal worlds we steer,
> When seas are calm and skies are clear,
> And faith, in lively exercise,
> The distant hills of Canaan spies;
> Exulting then she claps her wings,
> And her triumphant anthem sings—
> Glory to God!"

He sang this to the tune of "The heaving of the lead," which was then very popular. Mr. Alcorn, being a good singer, arrested attention, and was requested to sing again. Religious conversation followed, and such was the impression made, that the preacher was invited to Gosford Castle, the residence of the Earl of Gosford, by whom the Court-House at Markethill was granted for religious services. These were attended by several members of his Lordship's family and household. His Lordship's sister, Lady Olivia Sparrow, grandmother to the present Duke of Manchester, was widely known and justly celebrated for her zeal and devotion to the cause of Christ in connexion with the then Established Church.

Many attempts were made to prevent Methodism obtaining a footing in Markethill. The first during the author's day was that by the then Rector of the

Parish, a good man, who never persecuted any one "for righteousness sake." He remonstrated with the writer for encouraging the preachers to come to the town, and expressed his willingness to provide another curate, although he had two already, if such should be thought necessary for the work of the parish. Others called upon the author, and expostulated with him, trying to shew the foolishness of a young man just commencing the world identifying himself with a "sect every where spoken against." However, this young man persevered in what his conscience and religious convictions commended, and God graciously blessed his labours.

The second attempt was when it became known that Lord Gosford had promised to give ground for a Methodist chapel. One of the curates of the parish,—who, it was said, had been converted among the Methodists,—the Presbyterian minister, and the Sergeant-Major of the Militia, made a united appeal to Lord Gosford to withdraw the grant. Failing in this, they said the promise was made to the wrong party; that it should be given to the Primitive Wesleyans, and not to the Old Methodist body. His Lordship was equal to the occasion, and replied, "I will give ground to the Primitives also." This nonplussed the applicants, for they were neither able nor disposed to build. All they wanted was to prevent the Wesleyans from building, which is proved by the fact, that they never availed themselves of his Lordship's offer.

It is a sad record, but worthy of remark, that the very day the chapel at Markethill was opened for Divine worship, the abovenamed curate died of fever,

in the 34th year of his age; and not long after, both the Sergeant-Major and his wife died of the same disease, and were buried in one grave; while the Presbyterian minister was deposed from his congregation, and left the town in disgrace.

About fifteen years after this the good old Rector died, and he was succeeded by "another king, who knew not JOSEPH." The new Rector happened to be nephew to the then Lord Primate, and of course had the prestige of the palace at his back. He appeared to think that if he had Dr. Lynn removed from the town, Methodism would soon become extinct in the parish. Indeed, one of his curates sneeringly asked a poor Methodist, "Where will your Methodism be when Dr. Lynn is gone?"

The third and most powerful attempt against Methodism in Markethill was in 1852, when this Rector and his Curates took advantage of the transfer of the Dispensary from the old Governors to the Poor Law authorities, to draw up very strong charges against Dr. Lynn for neglect of duty. In consequence of these the Government ordered a sworn investigation, and sent down a Poor Law Inspector.

The scrutiny into these cases, and examination and cross-examination of witnesses, occupied three days, during which the late Governors of the Dispensary and the clergymen of the neighbouring parishes, including the parish priest, stood nobly by the Doctor, whose arduous labours and self-denying exertions they had witnessed for the previous twenty years. The result was, that a letter came from the Poor Law Commissioners, to say that none of the

charges brought against Doctor Lynn were sustained. So that, through the mercy of God, he retained his appointment and his enemies were disappointed. A full account of this investigation was published in the *Armagh Guardian* of the 29th of May, 1852, and afterwards in a pamphlet form, which was largely circulated.

Immediately after this decision the late Governors of the Dispensary met together and presented Doctor Lynn with a very kind and flattering address, congratulating him upon the honourable manner in which he had been acquitted from the charges brought against him, and presenting him, at the same time, with a magnificent set of solid silver salvers, with an inscription on them "testifying their approval of his laborious and skilful attention to the poor of that neighbourhood for the space of twenty years."

Not long after, by the good providence of God, the author, in order, as it were, to compensate him for this persecution, was appointed full Surgeon of the Armagh Regiment of Militia, which was just then being embodied for active service; and subsequently he was promoted to the rank and pay of Surgeon-Major. Thus he was placed beyond the power of his persecutors, all of whom, not long after, disappeared from the parish, and few, if any, lamented their departure.

In 1835 the foundation stone was laid, and a most substantial chapel erected, which remains good to the present day, wherein many souls have since been brought to God. In it a Sabbath School was soon after commenced with eight children, and in 1854,

when the writer left the town, in consequence of having been appointed Surgeon to the Militia (as previously mentioned)—now the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers—the attendance had increased to upwards of two hundred children every Sabbath.

The Rev. Gideon Ouseley, the celebrated Irish missionary (already mentioned), on one of his visits to Markethill, stopped as usual with the writer. After dinner, according to custom, he started off to preach. The writer being professionally engaged, requested his assistant, Mr. Thomas Pollard, to shew the way to the new chapel. When Mr. Ouseley got out on the public street he linked his arm into that of his conductor, and, marching along, commenced to sing a hymn. The inhabitants hearing a strange voice, rushed to their doors and windows, supposing that it was a ballad-singer or a shipwrecked mariner. Poor Mr. Pollard was terribly astounded, his sense of propriety shocked, and he could almost have wished that the earth would open and swallow him up. He was a young Christian then, but is now the highly-respected Surgeon of Dunkineely Dispensary, and is not ashamed to acknowledge Christ before the world.

In 1833 Mr. Thomas Archer and his wife Ann came came to reside in Markethill, both pious and devoted Methodists. She was baptized in infancy by Mr. Wesley, who preached in her father's house in the vicinity of Armagh. They brought with them two daughters, who had excellent voices, and were well versed in Methodist hymnology. This family was a great acquisition to the infant Society. One of these

daughters afterwards got married to a Mr. Fullerton, and two of their sons are at present in the Methodist ministry, Alexander in this country, and James, who is now a presiding Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States. Both are men of marked ability, and are likely to rise to high positions in the Church of their fathers. The writer presented to Alexander, when a very little boy, a premium Bible for good conduct and good attendance at the Markethill Sabbath School, and he has reason to believe that Alexander still retains that book as a happy remembrancer of former days.

Mr. Fullerton has another son, called Joseph Lynn, so named after the author. He is now a highly-qualified physician, in extensive practice, residing at Charleston in the United States of America; and a fourth son, Thomas, who is a very useful local preacher in Belfast.

The grandfather of these boys died at Markethill in December, 1853, rejoicing in the prospect of his heavenly home, and was buried in Glassdrummond graveyard, about a mile from the town. His Methodist friends sang hymns from his residence to the place of interment, and the burial service was conducted by the writer, in the unavoidable absence of the Superintendent Minister of the Circuit. It was a deeply solemn scene, which was greatly intensified when the large assembly around the open grave sang that beautiful hymn, "Give me the wings of faith to rise," &c.

Mr. Archer had also a son named John, who came to reside at Markethill in 1849, having just retired from the army on a large pension, and with a silver medal

and gratuity for long and faithful service. He had a good voice and musical talent. Moreover, he had a fine family of children who also could sing well, and these were a great acquisition to the Sabbath School. Like the late James Field of Cork, Sergeant Archer hung up his sword and consecrated his services to the Lord. Since then he has faithfully laboured in the vineyard, filling all his appointments with military precision, and although now in his 85th year, is still an efficient standard-bearer in the cause of God.

One fine summer evening, in the month of July 1842, the 83rd Regiment of Foot marched into this city, and was quartered in our barracks. On the following Sunday the Schoolmaster-Sergeant Archer, mentioned above ~~referred Methodist~~, asked permission from the commanding-officer to take the children of the school to the Methodist chapel. Leave was at once granted, and the sergeant accordingly marched the scholars to the chapel in Abbey Street. This somehow came to the ears of the curate of the parish, and on Monday morning he called at the school, and asked the sergeant why the children were not taken to church? The sergeant replied, "They were marched to church, although not to the cathedral upon the top of the hill." The curate replied, "He would lodge a complaint with the commanding-officer." The sergeant said, "Very well, Sir; but I request you will allow me to be present when you make this complaint, for I had the Colonel's permission for what I did." This the curate promised, but he forgot it, whether intentionally or not, we cannot now say; but evidently he had privately called on the Colonel, who next day sent for the sergeant, and told him

of the complaint. However he did not accuse him of any breach of military discipline, but merely said, as this was a cathedral town, and the Primate was very attentive to the officers, he desired the scholars to be taken to the church. The sergeant replied, "Sir, I don't belong to that denomination, and a considerable number of the scholars are children of Methodist soldiers, and they don't wish their children to be sent to the cathedral." "Well, then," said the Colonel, "let the Methodist soldiers, if they wish, take their children with them to the Methodist chapel." And this arrangement was carried out as long as the regiment remained at Armagh.

Among the Methodist worthies of Markethill, Mr. James Maxwell should surely be mentioned. As already intimated, his mother, Isabella, along with Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Justice, rented the first Methodist sanctuary in the city of Armagh. The writer had the pleasure and profit of an intimate acquaintance with this noble man. He served some years in the army, was present at many engagements, and had, no doubt, in answer to the prayer of his pious mother, many most remarkable escapes. When in the West Indies he received a sunstroke, which eventuated in the total loss of his sight, and caused him to return home. Shortly after he became miserable on account of his sins; sought pardon, and was made abundantly happy in God. From that hour he became valiant for the truth; went about doing good; and God greatly blessed his labours. About the year 1835 he and his large family, all devoted Methodists and excellent singers, came to reside in Markethill, and were made the instruments of great good to the young Society.

On one occasion he was seized with an attack of bronchitis, and came under the care of the author. When paying one of his visits to the patient he met a Mr. Brown, who was a merchant in the town and a leader in the Methodist Church. In course of conversation in the drawing-room Mr. Brown attacked the *Methodist Magazine*, and found much fault with its articles and management. Mr. Maxwell heard the disputation between Mr. Brown and the author, as his bedroom door opened into the drawing-room, and after some time the poor old blind man got out of bed in his nightdress, and, walking into the drawing-room, said emphatically, "Verily, Mr. Brown, I believe you are an enemy to the cause!" Having thus delivered his soul, he groped his way back to bed.

He died in 1838, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. There was a very remarkable incident connected with the deathbed of this good man. When he was seized with his last illness, after a few days of suffering alarming symptons set in. His case appeared quite hopeless, and the writer, who was in constant attendance, intimated that he would pass away in a few hours, and gently announced this to the patient. He replied he had no fear of death; his mind was in peace, resting upon the merits of his Redeemer. But added,—"I am in a little debt, and if God would mercifully spare my life for fifteen days, until my quarter's pension becomes due, then I could pay all, be clear with the world, and bid it for ever farewell." To the astonishment of the writer, who visited him daily, the disease at once came to a standstill, it neither increased nor decreased; but at

the end of the fifteenth day, when the magistrate signed the pension paper, the extreme prostration returned, and the patient died in a few hours. What a wonderful manifestation of the providence of God on behalf of His servant!

The day of the funeral his remains were carried by a number of good Methodists to the Wesleyan chapel, and while marching up the street they sang that beautiful hymn—

> "Who are these arrayed in white?"

and when they came to the second verse—

> "These are they who bore the cross,
> Nobly for their Master stood"—

our hearts rejoiced and our eyes overflowed. After a very solemn service in the chapel, the remains were taken to the city of Armagh to be laid with his beloved wife, and when the Episcopal minister finished reading the burial service, the Methodist friends gathered round the grave and sang, what Mr. Wesley has pronounced to be the sweetest hymn his brother Charles ever wrote—

> "Come let us join our friends above,
> Who have obtained the prize." &c.

At the conclusion of the hymn, we bade the old Christian warrior farewell until the morning of the resurrection.

In connexion with the above providential circumstance in the closing days of James Maxwell, we may be allowed to quote the following, in some respects similar case, from the Journal of Mr. Wesley, under date of Christmas, 1742:—"The physician told me

he could do no more; Mr. Merrick would not live over the night. I went up and found them all crying about him, his legs being cold and, as it seemed, dead already. We all kneeled down, and called upon God with strong crying and tears. He (Mr. Merrick) opened his eyes and called for me. From that hour he continued to recover his strength till he was restored to perfect health. I wait to hear who will either disprove this fact, or philosophically account for it."

Another name, although humble, in connexion with Markethill Methodism deserves to be recorded—Ellen Porter, for many years the faithful sextoness of the chapel. She had been converted early in life, and was a devoted servant of God. When the revival of religion, which took place at Hamiltonsbawn, as mentioned before, occurred, poor Nelly started for that village, although it was many miles from her then residence. She told the writer, so great was her enjoyment of the services that she never thought of home until all her money was exhausted, and had the money lasted she could not say when she would have returned.

She witnessed many times of refreshing in Markethill. When the Spirit from on high fell upon the congregation she could not restrain herself, but walked up and down the aisle of the chapel, clapping her hands, crying, "Glory! glory! glory!" She was rather improvident in money matters, but in the worst times never suffered actual want. When she died, the writer was called upon to look after her affairs, and he found just sufficient to pay all her debts and funeral expenses, and not one penny in

or over, more or less. Poor faithful creature, her Heavenly Father did not suffer her to want, her "bread was given and her water sure."

Previous to death, she requested her remains to be buried in the Presbyterian burial-ground, though she never belonged to that church, but wished her bones might rest as near as possible to the Methodist chapel, where to her God "often revealed the sweet light of his face."

Her successor in office was a person of a very different stamp. Upon one occasion, when the Rev. Robert Huston, the superintendent minister of the Circuit, was holding a prayer meeting in the chapel at the close of the service on a Sunday evening, the new sextoness was on her knees along with many others. Mr. Huston came round to where she was, and asked her, "Mary, what blessing are you seeking?" "Sir," she replied, "I am not particular." "Oh, Mary," said Mr. Huston, "if you are not particular you will never be blessed. Think, now, what spiritual gift you most require, then ask God for it in faith, and he will give you the desire of your heart."

Every Christmas morning, for many years, the choir of the Markethill Methodist church were accustomed to meet in the writer's house at five o'clock, and, after a cup of hot coffee, &c., to sally out and sing, from one end of the town to the other, that grand old hymn—

"Mortals, awake! with angels join," &c.

This roused the inhabitants, and when the singers reached the chapel it could seldom contain the congregation. There was a worthy leader living outside

the town, Sergeant John Henderson, who objected to this open-air demonstration. However, he got up one Christmas morning to judge for himself, and when he came into the town, met the procession, saw the lamps which they carried, and heard the singing, he confessed that his cup of joy ran over, and all his prejudices were swept away.

The class which was formed here in 1832, and placed under the care of the writer in 1834, continued to prosper. Among the members there were many most excellent men whom it would be invidious to particularise, but one must be mentioned, Robert M——, "an Israelite indeed," who was brought up as a Presbyterian, was converted at one of the services, and became as firm as a rock. The author has frequently observed, that when a Presbyterian gets converted and joins the Methodist church, he becomes as steady and immoveable as the foundations of the earth. Robert M—— was the first person in Markethill to take Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary when it was brought out in numbers, by Tegg, in 1836. He spent his spare time in visiting the sick and studying the Holy Scriptures, of which he had a most extensive knowledge. He was particularly fond of dwelling upon the prophetic portions, and appeared to have a considerable insight into the future. It was his habit, like David of old, to rise from his bed every night at twelve o'clock to engage in prayer. When his father was on his deathbed, he got very anxious about the old man's spiritual condition, and earnestly prayed that if his father was not assured of his acceptance with God, the Lord would spare him until he could "read his title clear." After long-continued suppli-

cation Robert went to his father's bedroom and affectionately asked him if he had the assurance of pardon through the atoning blood. "Robert, dear," the old man replied, "that is what I am anxious to feel." "Well, father," said Robert, "God tells us in his Holy Word that Jesus Christ came into the world to give the *knowledge* of salvation by the remission of sins, and that 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' I will read these portions for you; and now, give me the forefinger of your right hand and I will put it upon the latter text." Having done this, Robert said, "Let us pray," and fell down upon his knees, and with strong crying and tears besought the Lord to give his father a conscious sense of his acceptance. Before the prayer was ended, the dying man cried out, "Robert, I have it! I have it!" and soon after expired.

Robert remained all his life unmarried; yet at one time he felt inclined to take unto himself a wife. For this purpose he paid a visit one evening to the house of one of the old leaders, James W——, a Methodist worthy, to see his daughter E——. While paying this preliminary visit the family got into some general conversation, and by and by old James and his wife retired to bed, leaving the young pair to talk over matters around the kitchen fire. The old couple soon fell asleep; but, after some time, James was awakened by a noise in the kitchen, like some one wrestling. So he jumped out of bed, and ran up to see what was the matter. On looking through a hole in the jamb wall, he saw Robert on his knees in one corner of the kitchen wrestling in mighty prayer, and his daughter E—— in another corner, earnestly

engaged in the same exercise,—both supplicating Divine direction. When old James saw this he was well pleased, and stole back to bed. This, it is believed, was the first and last of Robert's courtship; for, as stated above, he remained single all his life, and his end was peace at a good old age.

But to return to Armagh. A sad incident connected with the old chapel should be mentioned, because it teaches two important lessons—one to the friends of the sick, and another to the medical attendants. A respectable tradesman living in this city, a member of the Methodist Society and a devout servant of God, was seized with typhus fever. Great sympathy was felt for his wife and family, and prayer was made by the Church unto God for him, that if consistent with the Divine will his valuable life might be spared. His poor, distracted wife was dissatisfied that any condition should be put into the petition, and, on Sunday evening, when the doctors had given up all hopes of his recovery, she rushed up to the old Methodist chapel, just as the service commenced, and, falling upon her knees behind the door, with intense agony cried, "Lord, spare him! Lord, spare him!! Lord, spare him!!!" Without waiting for the service, she ran home, and watched him all night with fearful anxiety. Next day there appeared a slight improvement in the symptoms, and he gradually recovered. In order to hasten his recovery, the doctors plied him with intoxicating drink. The result was, that he got a love for these stimulants, was led step by step till he became a confirmed drunkard, and died not very long after in a

drunken fit, without God and without hope. Doctors who order intoxicating drink for convalescent patients incur a fearful responsibility.

There lived in this city, many years ago, a clever but rather eccentric gentleman, called Dr. Colvan, who left a legacy of six thousand pounds in his will, to be invested in Government funds, the dividends to be paid half-yearly, share and share alike, to each minister of the eight Protestant churches in the city, for the poor of their respective congregations—Roman Catholics, when in need, not to be excluded.

His friends disputed the will on the grounds of testamentary incapacity and undue influence. It was insinuated that certain Methodists had induced him to leave money for Methodistic objects; whereas, in reality, all he left to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society was four hundred pounds, while he bequeathed twelve hundred and fifty pounds to the missions of the Episcopal Church. When the will came before the Courts in Dublin a number of Armagh people were summoned as witnesses, and the writer among the rest. It would appear that the opposing Counsel had been privately instructed to attack the Methodists, and therefore he keenly cross-examined Mr. B. P. Davidson, the executor to the will, respecting his Methodism. When the writer came on the table, the first question on cross-examination was,

"I believe you are a Methodist?"

To which the reply was, "Yes, I have the honour to belong to that denomination."

COUNSEL—"I believe you have been very zealous for that people since you joined them?"

The writer replied, "I was always a Methodist, and my father before me."

COUNSEL—"Did you supply Dr. Colvan with a list of Methodist Charities?"

"No, but I furnished him with a list of all the Protestant Missionary Societies in the United Kingdom, and left him to make his own selection as to which he would leave legacies."

COUNSEL—"Do you sometimes preach?"

"Well, I have occasionally read a sermon to a country congregation, but I don't call that preaching." This reply produced a general laugh in the court, for the Rector of Armagh was sitting near the witness.

COUNSEL—"Did you not, Sir, attend church regularly?"*

"Yes, when I had no better place to go." This answer "brought down the house," the counsel collapsed, and the will was confirmed with certain additions.

Although a great churchman, Doctor Colvan occasionally came to the service in the Methodist chapel. He also, on some occasions, took the chair at the missionary meetings. He told the writer that upon one occasion, at a public dinner, he happened to be seated opposite to the Dean of Armagh. During the dinner the Dean told a gentleman beside him at table, but in tones sufficiently loud for Dr. Colvan to hear, that he, the Dean, had consulted a great many doctors in his time, in fact some of the most eminent in the profession, and paid them large fees; but that in reality he got more benefit from some quack medi-

* This alludes to the time when the writer lived at Markethill, before the Methodist Chapel was erected.

cine which he used than from all the prescriptions of the Faculty.

Colvan, above all things, was jealous for the honour of the profession, and when he heard the Dean's slur upon his brethren, he became indignant. However, he restrained his wrath, and retorted by saying (sufficiently loud for the Dean to hear)—"I have been in the habit of attending public worship at the ancient cathedral upon the top of this hill for many years, and heard there many of the greatest, most celebrated, and best paid clergymen in the Established Church; and I have occasionally attended the little Methodist chapel at the foot of the hill, and, strange to say, I truly received more benefit from the ministrations in that lowly building than from all the services which I attended in the great cathedral." The Dean was shut up, and said no more about the medical profession during the dinner.

Speaking about Deans, it is recorded that there lived in Armagh, about the year 1765, a Dean named Averell, who obtained from the then Primate a grant of fifty acres of prime land at a nominal rent, on condition of building seven good houses in English Street, which the Dean faithfully fulfilled. They still remain, and are called to this day, *par excellence*, "The Seven Houses," It is related that the Dean was celebrated for his love of oysters; and it was even hinted that he would be tempted to shorten the service in the cathedral if he heard "Carlingford oysters" cried in the street. It has also been told, that one night a fire occurred in the city, and a mes-

senger, as usual, was sent to the Dean for permission to ring the alarm-bell, which was kept in the cathedral, to arouse the citizens to a sense of their danger, and of which building the Dean was the custodian. However, he happened to be in bed and fast asleep when the messenger arrived, and did not awake when his servant tapped at the bedroom door; but the messenger became impatient, and cried out "Carlingford oysters!" The Dean started, and shouted, "Call that fellow." Then the key of the belfry was at once obtained and the fire-bell set agoing. Some time after, as the Dean was perambulating the cathedral grounds, he met a man named Mick M'Gurk, a well-known poetaster, whose employment was renewing old monuments, and cutting names upon the tombstones of the recently dead. The Dean said to M'Gurk, "I understand that you not only engrave names, but often write epitaphs. If I were dead, would you record something upon marble as a reminiscence of me." "It's myself," said M'Gurk, "would be sorry your reverence was dead, but if the Lord should call you, I would have no objection to write something in my humble way." "And what," said the Dean, "would you write?" "Well," replied M'Gurk, "I would say—

> "Behold the place where Averell lies,
> Entombed amid these cloisters;
> O Michael! if he will not rise
> At the last trump, cry, 'OYSTERS!'"

This sally of impromptu wit gave the Dean a great laugh. Turning away, he told M'Gurk to go on with his work.

The old chapel in Armagh was used by the Society for forty-eight years; but long before the close of that term, it was found insufficient to accommodate the congregation. It was therefore determined to supplant it with another, considerably larger and more comfortable. The first stone of the new chapel was laid on the 14th September, 1835, by Captain W. W. Algeo, J.P., son-in-law to the before-named R. Livingston, Esq., J.P., the devotional exercises being conducted by the Rev. A. Sturgeon and others. It was completed and opened for public worship shortly after, the Rev. Robert Jessop being at the time superintendent.

This new edifice (which can accommodate nearly twice as many hearers as the former one) was so constructed as to admit of the addition of galleries, by which its seating capacity might be nearly doubled, and thus provision was wisely made for an increase of membership that might reasonably be looked for in a long term of years. On the north-east wall (interior) the members erected a marble tablet to the memory of Mr. John Noble, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
MR. JOHN NOBLE,
Of the City of Armagh,
Who for Half a Century discharged
The duties of a Local Preacher
With unwavering fidelity and unwearied zeal.
This Testimonial of Regard is erected
By those friends who revered him
For his ardent piety, as a tribute of respect
For his worth, of love for his virtues,
And of regret for his loss.
Died, 6th August, 1827; aged 69 years.

Mr. Thomas Noble, son of the above, stated to the writer that in his young days there was no evening service in any of the churches in the city, save in the Methodist chapel, which was crowded every Sunday evening.

A record of Mr. Noble's faithful and efficient services should not be omitted from any historical notice of Armagh Methodism. For over forty years this devoted Christian laboured in the service of the Great Master, as a local preacher and class-leader. He was a man of strong intellect, of uncompromising honesty and firmness, full of faith and mighty in the Scriptures, and well known for his zeal and attachment to Methodism, which owed much of its success in this place, under God, to his stern consistency and unwearied labour. His memory is still gratefully cherished by those who knew him in the evening of his life, when, though his bodily powers were weakened, his mind was vigorous, and his ardour undiminished.

Of him the late Rev. James M'Keown writes:—"When I was stationed in Armagh the very appearance of John Noble raised the most lively feelings of pleasure in my mind; for I knew I saw a friend in whom I could confide, and whose soul was ardently desirous to forward the Divine cause in which I was engaged."

An association for the relief of the Sick Poor and the Distressed was instituted in Armagh by Mr. Noble and Mrs. Langtree. Visitors were appointed to enquire into all claims, and report to the weekly meeting. This plan made a very favourable impression on the public mind, removing much prejudice

against Methodism, and exciting a spirit of benevolence and liberality.

The venerable John Bredin, who, in early life, was a clever but dissipated Roman Catholic schoolmaster, was savingly converted in 1766 under the preaching of the Rev. John Smith (already mentioned), and was called to the ministry in 1769. He was zealous and efficient in his Master's service. Mr. Wesley spoke of him as being an honest and sensible fellow-labourer; but, like most old schoolmasters, he was a little stern and self-willed. He induced Adam Clarke to commence preaching, and wrote about him to Mr. Wesley, who took him into his school at Kingswood. This led to his being taken into the Methodist ministry, and conferred an everlasting benefit upon that Church. John Bredin spent a portion of his latter days very happily under the hospitable roof of Mr. Noble. It may be added, that the remains of Mr. Bredin, who died in Belfast, are buried, by his own special request, with the honoured family of Wolfenden, in the graveyard of Lambeg, near Lisburn. His tombstone bears the simple, yet glorious inscription—

"A Sinner Saved by Grace."

As an interesting fact, it may be mentioned that before the erection of the new chapel, while the old one was yet standing, there came one night to the service a young lad, the son of a godless, dissipated barber. This boy was awakened under the sermon, and sought and found mercy. After his conversion, his enlightened conscience would not permit him to continue to shave his father's customers on Sunday; and as he persevered in his determination to respect

the Lord's day, the father drove him from his house. The poor, destitute lad now applied to one of the Methodist leaders for advice, who took poor Johnny to his house, and sought out a small shop, which, happily, he soon found, and became accountable for the rent. In this humble abode Johnny began the world. His first act was to put a shewboard in his window with these words, "No shaving done here on Sunday." His business prospered wondrously; and in the same proportion his father's trade declined, although they did not live in the same street.

Poverty is said to make a man acquainted with strange bedfellows; at all events in this case it humbled the old man, and he came beseeching Johnny to return. He, under the influence of a truly Christian principle, consented to come back, but only on condition of bringing his shewboard with him, and putting it up in his father's window. This was done, the Sabbath was honoured, and business prospered. After some time, when the family realized a little money, they emigrated to America, and a friend told the writer that the God-honouring and God-honoured barber's boy was some time ago the minister of one of the best churches in the city of New York.

Upwards of forty years ago there was a very clever minister stationed at Armagh, but he was rather prosy and fond of discussing Calvinistic theology. He was very logical, and, unless his hearers closely followed his line of argument, the sermon became to them dry and uninteresting; hence some fell asleep. On one occasion a man named Philip P——— got into a refreshing slumber, which being observed by the preacher, he so managed his discourse as to quietly

quote the following text, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, PHILIP?" Which last word he pronounced *emphatically*, and poor Philip, before he was aware, started and shouted out, "Sir!" It is needless to say that neither Philip, nor any in the congregation, fell asleep again that morning.

Within about a year after the completion of the new chapel, a commodious residence for the minister was erected. There seemed then to be but one thing wanting to make the Methodist establishment comfortable and creditable, and that was the removal of a great nuisance. Immediately adjoining the chapel, and projecting so as to make that portion of Abbey Street inconveniently narrow, stood a row of miserable cabins, which, from their unsightly appearance and the filthy habits of their inmates, were a continual offence. Some idea may be formed of their condition from the fact that, though built of mud and thatched, they had stood there from the time King James II. visited this city, on his line of march from Derry to the Boyne, and it may be added, that the hotel in which the king slept was situate upon the ground now occupied by the Protestant Hall which adjoins the new school-house. Many attempts were made by the office-bearers of the Society and others to get possession of these cabins, that they might be demolished, but it was found to be impossible. They were held by various persons under different leases: but at last, by a providential combination of circumstances, the writer was able to buy out the rights of all, and the neighbourhood was at once benefited by the removal of the wretched hovels. But the site was not left vacant. The

premises were not complete. The advancing spirit of Methodism requires schools for the young as well as churches for the adult. It is not satisfied to leave the training of Methodist children to others, nor to forego the advantages that spring from the performance of a duty so obvious as giving to the young a sound and Scriptural education. But in Armagh there was no Methodist school. Why should there not be one? It was resolved that there should be. A subscription was opened, and on the 19th of August, 1859, the first stone of a school building was laid with appropriate services, which will not soon be forgotten in Armagh. The late Rev. Robert G. Jones, of Cork (formerly of our Circuit, and deservedly beloved by our people), conducted the devotional exercises. An address was delivered by the writer, who was then Circuit steward, in which he acknowledged with much thankfulness the great things that God had done for them, and hailed the event of the day as the harbinger of a good and blessed future. Mr. Jones then announced that "Doctor Lynn had been requested to perform the ceremony that had called them together," and presented to him (in the name of his Methodist friends) a beautiful silver trowel bearing the following inscription :—

Presented to
JOSEPH M. LYNN, ESQ., M.D.,
By the Armagh Methodist Society,
On the occasion of his laying the First Stone
of their New School-House,
As a mark of their high estimate of his character,
and gratitude for his untiring and successful efforts in
promoting so desirable an object.
August, 1859.

The stone was then laid solemnly, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Appropriate hymns were sung, an address delivered by the Rev. Mr. Jones, and prayer offered up by the Rev. Henry Evans, now Editor of the *Irish Christian Advocate*. "Thus (says the *Armagh Guardian*, from which we have condensed this notice) closed this very pleasing and profitable service."

The building was finished at a cost of £1,000. Of this sum, £75 was contributed by the Toll Committee, on account of the widening of the street, and £140 by his Grace the Lord Primate, in consideration of the improvement in the approach to the Cathedral, to which was added £145 by the Wesleyan Committee for Education, the balance being made up by private subscriptions. It would not be easy to find a structure of the size more tasteful, or better adapted to its purpose, than this school-house, of which we in Armagh are deservedly proud. J. W. Barre, Esq., of Newry, was the architect, and Mr. Thomas Ross of Armagh, the builder. This gentleman ably carried out the design, and, being himself an earnest leader in the Methodist Church, the work was to him a labour of love. It is not only an ornament to the neighbourhood, but to us a very great convenience.

The building contains two large school-rooms, a master's residence, and a gallery. The lower room is used as a day school for boys, the upper room for girls, and the gallery for infants. The daily attendance is large, and is superintended by two principal teachers and two monitors. All these school-rooms are completely filled by the Sabbath School, and, for want of further accommodation, a few of the senior

classes have to be taken into the adjoining church for instruction.

Owing to the blessing of God upon the zealous efforts of the superintendents and teachers, and, no doubt, in a measure to the comfortable accommodation in the new edifice, the attendance has increased from 70 in the year 1854, to upwards of 300 every Sabbath.

To the credit of the Armagh Methodists, it should be recorded that, for the last fifty years, within the knowledge of the author, they have nobly supported the cause of God, not only on their own Circuit, but by liberal contributions to the various Connexional funds, and they have been abundantly rewarded, both spiritually and temporally. This is in full accord with the writer's experience during a long life. "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." On the contrary, he has witnessed some exceptions, proving that "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," exemplifying the axiom, that "A man should not let his economy begin at the house of God."

Rev. Adam Averell writes, under date of April, 1840:—"I am just returned from a short excursion. I left home to open a new preaching-house at Darbey's Bridge, a country place nearly midway between Rich-hill and Hamiltonsbawn, and made my going thither the occasion of visiting several places in the Counties of Armagh and Tyrone. I had sweet seasons of refreshing, especially in Armagh, Moy, and Dungannon."

In 1859 a glorious Revival of Religion, which commenced in America, reached the North of Ireland. Its first appearance in Armagh was at a Sabbath School festival held in the Methodist church. After tea, while the children were being addressed by an English gentleman (Mr. Vincent of Bath) in a very quiet way, the Holy Spirit fell upon both teachers and taught, and a cry arose from almost every pew, of "God be merciful to me a sinner." Soon, some were rejoicing under a sweet sense of pardon, while others were weeping; and, as in the days of Ezra, when the foundation of the second temple was laid, one "could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping." Little groups of the children gathered together in every corner of the church singing and praying. So great was the sacred influence which rested upon all, that a quantity of fruit which had been brought to the school for distribution was quite forgotten, and it was near midnight before the children could be got to retire with their parents to their respective homes.

After the outbreak of the Revival in the school it rapidly spread in all directions. Meetings were held in private houses, in barns, and in the open air. A monster meeting, amounting to about fifteen thousand, assembled on the 14th September, in a field belonging to Mr. Stanley, solicitor, and excursion trains for it were run from Dublin and Belfast. Ministers and laymen came from all parts of Ireland, and some from England and Scotland, among the rest the Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, and Peter Drummond, of Stirling. The writer was called upon to preside. Hymns were sung, prayer offered, Scripture read, and

addresses given by various ministers and laymen in different parts of the large field. It was truly a solemn time. Deep conviction of sin seized upon many hearts, and numbers fell to the earth crying for mercy. These were gently removed to corners of the field, where friends sympathized with them, and directed them to the Cross. The Rev. Robert Huston, who was then stationed at Armagh, writes, "I counted eight of these congregations formed out of the larger one. There were twenty-five professed conversions in the meeting conducted by the Rev. R. Hewitt."

On a subsequent occasion a meeting was held in a field adjoining the workhouse. Soon after it began a poor girl fell to the ground crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." According to custom she was gently conducted to a corner of the field. A minister followed and advised her to suppress her feelings, and wait the Lord's time. While he was exhorting her to patience, another minister came over—Mr. Shanks, of Boardmills—and she told him she was advised not to be over anxious, but wait the Lord's time. Mr. Shanks replied, "That is the devil's doctrine; the devil says, 'Wait a little, wait a little,' but God says '*now*'—'now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.'"

The quarterly love-feast was held shortly after; but the church was quite insufficient to hold the congregation. So one half had to go into the newly erected school-house, where they were ably addressed by the junior minister, Rev. Henry Evans, while those in the church were favoured with a powerful discourse by the Rev. Robert Huston.

On this occasion a number of persons became what was then called "stricken," that is, so deeply affected as to be led to cry aloud for mercy and fall down upon the floor. These were gently removed to the parlour of the adjoining manse, where a few of the leaders, and the writer among the number, prayed with them and for them, pointing them to the great atoning sacrifice. One dear girl, about eleven years of age, the daughter of one of the leaders, Andrew B——, was in very deep distress, and cried out in an agony, "Lord, I cannot wait another moment; have mercy upon me!" The next instant she jumped up from her knees, clapped her hands, her cheeks covered with tears, but her countenance beaming with joy, sang out the refrain of a then very popular hymn—

> "The Lord has pardoned all my sins,
> That's the news, that's the news!"

and then, in the exuberance of her happiness, she ran round the room and kissed all her young female companions. Many found mercy that day, it was a most extraordinary scene of joy and rejoicing, such as no living man had ever before witnessed in Armagh, Hundreds were added to our church and new classes organized in every direction.

On one occasion, during this Revival, the Rev. Robert G. Jones, of Belfast, preached at a well-known place in the city, called "The Big Tree," and while holding up a crucified and now exalted Saviour, many were cut to the heart, and moved to tears. Among the congregation was the editor of a leading paper in the North of Ireland, but during the sermon he slipped away—and afterwards he told the writer that

if he had remained a few minutes longer, he would have fallen upon his knees in the street, and cried for mercy.

The Rev. R. Huston writes—" A preacher who addressed a congregation eager to hear, one evening from the steps of the market-house, was loudly interrupted by a navvy just returned from work. A policeman made him prisoner, and brought him before the magistrates, who decided that the navvy had as much right to shout as the preacher. This decision roused the Protestant community. One morning a young Orangeman waited upon me to ask when there would be another open-air service, adding that, as the magistrates had, by their judgment, given such a heavy blow and great discouragement to the preachers of the Gospel, a number of young men had bound themselves to give the protection thus refused. I told him there would be a service that evening; but to be careful what they did; that I would feel obliged to him and his friends to be on the alert, and if any person should interrupt, to give him in charge to the police, and not take the law into their own hands. 'Never mind, Sir,' he said, 'we'll protect you.' We had the service in the evening accordingly at the Big Tree. Just as it commenced, I heard the Orange drum on Barrack Hill, and soon observed a number of persons accompanied by militia men, just come in for drill, marching down in military order. Arrived at the tree, the drum was set down and all joined in the service. The Rev. R. G. Jones was the preacher. While the Rev. Mr. Smith (Presbyterian) was praying at the opening, a man cried out, 'Oh, I thought there was to be no more of this. I thought the magistrates

had put a stop to this.' He was admonished to keep quiet, but disregarding the admonition, the Orangemen suddenly seized him, dragged him to the outskirts of the congregation, and gave him a severe flagellation. This was the occasion of another trial before the magistrates, who decided this time that while open-air preaching was perfectly legal, when there was no interruption of the public thoroughfare, its expediency might well be questioned in the present excited state of public feeling. One of the most remarkable incidents of the Revival was that the young man above referred to was brought under powerful conviction of sin a short time after at a meeting in Markethill, and I left him a prayer-leader when removing from the Circuit. More than twenty of the young men also who banded together with him to protect the street preachers, were saved in the Revival! Their fervent desire that the Word of the Lord might have free course, was no doubt the commencement of a work of grace in their hearts."

"While Mr. Jones was addressing the people at the Big Tree, Doctor Lynn, his brother-in-law, was standing beside him, dressed in his military uniform, and having on his sword. For this he was brought up, next day, before the Colonel, by the Adjutant of his regiment, but his enemies 'Could find none occasion nor fault in him, except concerning the law of his God.' So, like Daniel of old, he was 'delivered from the mouth of the lions, because he believed in his God.'"

Rev. Henry Evans writes—"There were many things connected with the glorious Work of Grace,

with which God wondrously favoured the Armagh Circuit in 1859, that I remember with adoring gratitude. Among the numerous fruits of the Revival I especially delight to recall the case of Mr. John Frazer. His conversion bore three Gospel features: it evinced the penitent seeker, the rejoicing believer, and the working disciple. In addition to Armagh, the places most largely blessed were Killylea, College Hall, Rich-hill, Markethill, and Kinnego. I have met the fruits of that visitation in many parts of Ireland since."

At this happy period a well-known, clever, but religiously-careless middle-aged country merchant was converted. One day, shortly afterwards, while driving into Armagh in his gig, he took up one of the class leaders, and, in the course of conversation, said, "Well, Jackey, I often wonder, when you knew that I was on the road to hell, you did not worry me to turn to the Saviour." "Well, brother," replied Jackey, "you know it is not easy to plough in frost." Thereby intimating that it was very difficult, if not impossible, to reach the heart of a man grown callous in sin and forgetfulness of God; or that only some very alarming event or mighty revival, like the present, could soften the frozen affections of a hardened sinner.

It is a well-known and much to be deplored fact, that very few old people get converted. "As men live they generally die." If they have sat under a Gospel ministry and their hearts have not been favourably impressed by religion when young and susceptible, as they grow in years they grow more careless and callous, until at last they become Gospel-hardened, and have grieved away the Holy Spirit. However, during the Great Revival now spoken of, matters appeared

very different. Large numbers of old people sought and found mercy. Among many others on this Circuit there was an old farm labourer, Robert Trimble, and, from the day of his conversion to the hour of his death, he went on his way rejoicing. It was observed of him, that in all weathers, foul or fair, he never failed to be at the class on Sunday morning, although he was feeble, and had a considerable distance to travel. At the quarterly love-feasts in Armagh he always cheered the congregation by relating his Christian experience, which he invariably wound up by saying, "I am as happy as Queen Victoria! I am as happy as Queen Victoria!"

Dr. Pollard writes regarding the Revival of 1859 in Markethill—"The work first appeared in our Sabbath School while assembled at the annual festival on the 2nd of August, a day ever memorable in its annals. From this little centre of church life and zeal it spread, increased, and extended to all the neighbouring churches and congregations. The good seed, which had been sown and cultured by loving labourers for many previous years, was quickened and sprang into life in the conversion of many.

"Oh, what wonderful scenes I witnessed of the power of God to save! Scenes which I can never forget. Miss Whateley, a dear servant of the Lord, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, and others, her friends, visited us, and when, like Barnabas, they had seen the grace of God, were glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they should cleave to the Lord."

The coincidence of the Revival having appeared first in the Sabbath Schools of Armagh and Market-

hill, led the writer to ask, why did the glorious work commence first among the children? Perhaps because the mind of a child is unsophisticated, and more easily impressed; certainly it takes many a loud knock to waken an old hardened sinner. Another, and still more likely reason, lies in the fact that a child can readily comply with the conditions necessary to salvation—viz., REPENTANCE, FAITH, and LOVE. Anyone conversant with children must know that they can *repent* and be very sorry for having done what was wrong and grieved a loving parent. It is equally plain that a child has *faith* and confidence in a promise made to him, until he is deceived. And, lastly, that he can *love* is well known to every mother. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder, when the Spirit from on High is poured out, that the children should be among the first to participate in the blessing.

Early in this century Methodism had a firm footing around Lisadian, two miles from Armagh, and a number of classes were formed in that district of country; but in the lamentable division of the Society in 1816, all the houses were closed against the Old Preachers, save Mr. Beauman's, Mr. Oliver's, and another. However, these kept the spark alive. By the Circuit Steward's book it appears that in the year 1820 there were large classes at Mullintur and Lisadian, under the care of Robert Oliver and James Mills.

Robert Oliver died early, and left a young widow with six small children, five girls and a boy. She was a noble little woman, and an honour to Methodism,—a decided Christian, and brought up

her family "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It has been often observed, that where there is only one son he is generally a spoiled boy. It was not so with young James Oliver. He was carefully instructed and was early converted. He soon after manifested talent for preaching the Gospel, and the best proof of his Christian character was that those among whom he lived from his infancy flocked to hear him preach. Under his sermons considerable numbers were convinced, and many of them converted. He took an active part in a Sabbath School at Lisadian, and organized a band of young men into a Bible Class, which met in his mother's house, all of whom, thirteen in number, got converted, and many of them became leaders or prayer leaders. He himself entered the ministry in 1856. John Carson was the first of these young men to decide for Christ. He was converted in 1854, became a local preacher in 1857, and entered the itinerancy in 1860. All these were exceedingly useful, active, and blessedly successful in the Revival of 1859.

At this glorious period the village of Killylea was visited with a pentecostal shower of Divine grace. Multitudes flocked together, night after night, so that the usual preaching-place could not accommodate the congregation; therefore the friends rented a barn, and erected a tent, where hundreds were savingly converted to God. A dear girl, who obtained mercy in the barn, died soon after, and her dying request was to be buried in Killylea graveyard, although none of her friends were interred there, but she wished to have her remains laid as near the barn as possible.

In addition to what has been already written regarding the Revival on this Circuit, the author feels impelled, as far as he is able, to place on permanent record some account of the glorious work in other parts of Ireland, especially as there has been no book published on the subject, save one by the late Professor Gibson of Belfast, in 1860, which is now out of print, and to which the writer is indebted for many of the following facts.

It may be mentioned, that the first Revival on record in Ireland was strangely brought about. The Rev. Mr. Blair, a very leading man in the Presbyterian Church in 1630, strongly recommended the Rev. James Clendinning, in consequence of his poor preaching abilities, to remove from Carrickfergus, where he was then stationed, to an obscure place called Oldstone. Mr. Clendinning humbly complied; but God made him blessedly useful in that wicked locality. It was said that, like the young men who were the first agents in the Revival of 1859, he preached nothing to the people but law, wrath, and the terrors of the Lord for sin. The hearers, finding themselves condemned by the Word of God, and seeing that they were under the curse, and all but damned eternally, cried out in multitudes, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" Some were stricken into a swoon, yea, a dozen in one day were carried out of doors as dead, and some of these were the boldest and most wicked in the place. This spread through the country, until it was said that this was almost the greatest outpouring of the Spirit since the days of the Apostles. The gracious rain descended upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the thirsty land became springs of water.

About the year 1856, a time of great depression in America, a merchant who had not been successful in business had his attention arrested by the surging masses of people who filled the streets of New York at the dinner hour, twelve o'clock, and resolved to organise a prayer meeting. He engaged a room in Fulton Street, and sent out notices for a meeting to be held each day from twelve to one o'clock. On the first day, nobody came for the first half hour, which he spent with his elbows upon his knees and his head between his hands. Then four came. Next day six appeared, whose creeds represented all the Protestant Churches in America—an omen of future good. Room after room was filled and thousands were blessed, and this prayer-meeting is continued to the present day.

The good effects of this prayer-meeting spread over the world, and no doubt the Ulster Revival of 1859 was one of its fruits. When it broke out here it filled the people with wonder and astonishment, and in some cases with awe and fear. It was like as when the manna fell around the camp of Israel, the people said, "What is it? What is it?" The majority of the ministers of that day did not believe in sudden conversions, and much less in the assurance of salvation previous to the hour of death. It is stated that the Rev. Thomas Toye—who knew well what true conversion meant, from his connexion in early life with Methodism—said that "At the time of the Revival there was not a converted Presbyterian minister in Belfast but Jemmy Morgan and myself." It was different with the Methodist people, for they were accustomed to such outpouring of the Spirit

from the days of John Wesley, and at once fell in heartily with the work, as is testified by this "History of Methodism in Armagh." And if such a glorious work took place in this city at that time, under the shadow—may it be said the frown—of two great Cathedrals and three Presbyterian Churches, where the Methodists were few and uninfluential, what must have been done in such places as Portadown and Belfast, where this cause had a firm footing. Strange to say, that although the Methodists, in proportion to their numbers, were the most successful factors in this work, under the Holy Spirit, no permanent record has been given of their co-operation, and in Professor Gibson's book they are almost entirely ignored. But in the great day of account, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, it will be found that thousands were savingly converted through their instrumentality.

Early in 1859 certain young men in the North of Ireland became anxious about their souls. These resolved to meet together for the purpose of prayer and reading God's Word. Shortly after a deep anxiety began to pervade the minds of the people around. They became alarmed, fearing they were likely to be eternally lost. This conviction of their sad condition as sinners led them to assemble together in large numbers, and drew to their assistance persons who themselves were already eonverted, and consequently able to counsel and direct.

It is worthy of observation, that in all the Revivals on record, from the day of Pentecost to the present, the first agents employed by the Holy Spirit were not the great, nor the noble, nor the learned theologian, nor

the eloquent orator, but, as of old, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

When this spiritual awakening took place among an ignorant and rude population, who were unaccustomed to suppress their feelings, but, on the contrary, were in the habit of expressing them without restraint, some most extraordinary effects were produced, often bordering upon insanity, and in some cases temporary insanity was the result. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that a careless, prayerless sinner, who was lulled by the Devil into carnal security, and who supposed that he was "rich and increased with goods, and had need of nothing," was suddenly awakened by the Holy Spirit to see that he was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." No one could wonder if such a person, no matter what his rank or condition in life might be, when he became fully aware that he was on the breaking brink of hell, and likely to perish everlastingly, should be driven out of his mind. There is a parallel case, a few years ago, when the Western Bank of Scotland failed. A large number of widows, and old gentlemen who had retired from business and enjoyed a comfortable competence from money invested in the bank, awoke one morning and found, to their horror, that every sixpence they possessed in the world was swept away, and they themselves reduced to absolute want. The

result was insanity in a large number of such cases, and some suicides.

On the wild coast of Donegal there lived, many years ago, a rough fisherman, who got converted and joined the Methodist Church. When the Revival of 1859 appeared in that locality he became very useful in directing sinners to the Saviour. During the Revival his eldest son, an uncouth youth, was one night at the Methodist chapel, and, under the sermon, was awakened to see his sinful state. At the prayer meeting, held at the close of the service, he became intensely anxious, and got on his knees in a corner of the chapel. After some time his father came round, and found him in an agony of prayer, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The father, hearing this, gave the boy a smack on the back with his open hand, which resounded through the chapel, and shouted, "Stick to that, you dog! Stick to that, you dog!"

When the Revival appeared among Roman Catholics it was viewed with awe and superstitious dread. And when any of these were "stricken," that is to say, became convinced of their sinful condition, and were constrained by the Spirit to cry aloud for pardoning mercy, like the Philippian jailor, the priests did not act like St. Paul on a similar occasion, but used their utmost efforts to stamp out the spark of grace; and, alas! they were only too often successful. Yet a case occasionally escaped their iron grasp, and was "delivered as a bird from the hand of the fowler," which the following, related by the Rev. James White of Carrickfergus, illustrates:—

THE BOY WHO BATTLED FOR HIS LIBERTY.

"We have had some interesting cases of awakening among Roman Catholics. One young lad, who had been brought under conviction while a servant in the employment of a hearer of mine, has been spirited away I know not where. Poor boy! I fear it has been made impossible for him to follow the convictions of his own awakened conscience. Another boy, after braving a storm before which many an older head would have quailed, has battled successfully for his liberty."

The latter case here referred to is one of peculiar interest. The name of the lad is Costello, and the circumstances are well known in Ulster through the public press, as brought out in a judicial investigation, the result of which was, that his own mother, who had grievously maltreated the youth, was obliged to give security to keep the peace towards him. He had been a subject of the awakening in his native place, and had received such treatment as is too often shared by those who assert their independence of the yoke of Rome. In his evidence before the bench of magistrates, and in a letter subsequently in a Liverpool publication, Costello made, in substance, the following statement:—

"On the evening of the 3rd July, my mother having, along with others, taken me home by force, they all began together to try to influence me. One said I should be put behind the fire and burned; others attempted also to put me in bodily fear. A person who was stopping in the house, more reasonable than the rest, said to them, 'You cannot resist

the Almighty. If the boy desires to go to meeting (the Presbyterian worship), let him; if he wants to go to chapel (the Roman Catholic), let him go.' But they would not consent to that at all. Searching my clothes after I had gone to bed, they found a little hymn-book in my pocket, which they burned. My mother came into the room in which I lay, not yet asleep, but pretending to be so, and sprinkled me with holy water. When I awoke in the morning, I began to sing little hymns which I had learnt out of the book they burned. My mother bade me desist, but I persevered until she gave me my own way. I then got a New Testament, and began to read in bed; whereupon one of two ladies who had come in, said that it should be burned too; the other said, No; she would rather bury it. Again, when they had left, I sang some hymns; whereupon my mother seized a heavy stick, and began to do as she had been instructed by the priest, who, when sent for the day before to see me, did not come, but sent a message to them to beat me with a stick, and throw a bucket of cold water over me. I strove, as well as I could, to defend myself, but after a struggle I sank resistless on the bed. I was sorely hurt; but I blamed the priest, not my mother.

"After a while my strength recruited, and the priest came. He began to laugh and mock and scoff at the Revival—speaking of a mustard blister and the asylum as the best cure for it. I quoted part of the New Testament in the second chapter of the Acts, when he immediately said, 'How do you know that that is the Word of God? If you prove to me that any part of the Bible is the Word of God, I'll give you £200.'

'Well, Sir,' I said, 'I can't prove anything; but since you don't believe the Scriptures, I need not talk to you.' The holy water being run out, my mother asked him to make some more; and then he spent some fifteen minutes at the holy water at the bedside. So I got rid of him. Others coming in, one asked me to say my prayers, which I said on till I came to the 'Hail, Mary!' which I skipped, and came to the Apostles' creed. 'Hail, Mary!' cries the other. 'No,' said I, 'no Hail, Mary! for me; and with that my mother began again with the stick, at the bidding of this woman; but I forgive her, for she acted as she was told. In the scuffle the candle was blown out, and on its being lighted again, the person before mentioned drew me towards her, and made me say the Popish prayers. If I had not said them, they would have all but killed me; and with this I conclude. I have not penned half of the things against them, for they have gone out of my mind."

And this scene was enacted in the middle of the nineteenth century, not in Rome or Naples, but in the North of Ireland, and within a distance of only seven miles of the capital of Ulster! It is gratifying to know, as stated by Mr. White, that the victim of such cruelties has escaped out of the hands of his tormentors, and is now receiving the benefit of instruction in one of our principal educational institutions.

THE STAMMERER CURED.

Another remarkable case of a drunken Roman Catholic stone-mason, named David Creswell. He had come to Moneymore from Derry, his native place, in very sad plight, seeking work as a stone-mason;

and calling at the house of a kind-hearted Wesleyan, his miserable appearance bespoke the sympathy of its owner, who first supplied him with a little food, and afterwards found him suitable employment. Although he had been addicted to intemperance, which had reduced him to his deplorable state of destitution, he conducted himself with much propriety during his sojourn in the place, and there became the subject of a spiritual change, which gave a new direction to his entire future life.

Nothing is more remarkable in the case of Creswell, after his change, than the removal or a natural impediment which at times deprived him of the power of intelligible utterance. So painful was it to witness his ineffectual attempts at articulation, that when he has called at a house to deliver a message, the person whom he addressed has been known to retire to some other apartment on the pretence of business, only to find, on his return, the messenger still labouring to announce his errand. With this constitutional defect he was also unhappily addicted to the use of profane language, interlarding his discourse, so far as his stammering tongue permitted it, with words of blasphemy. When Moneymore was visited by the awakening, he attended the meetings, but only to hang about the outskirts and indulge in mockery.

On the night of Sabbath, the 19th of June, he was passing, at a late hour, the open door of a private house in the village, and heard a voice engaged in fervent supplication, and the name of Christ was used in it so impressively and tenderly as to arrest, for the moment, his errant footsteps. He felt constrained to enter; and in a short time found himself

among the domestic group, and uniting with them in the outward form in prayer. When the exercise was ended, and the Rev. Dr. Barnett, by whom it was engaged in, rose to depart, he left along with him—keeping at a distance, to avoid the possibility of personal communication, but resolved to follow him to another dwelling where his presence was desired by some of its anxious inmates. Just then the arrow of the Almighty pierced his spirit, a strange bewildering terror took possession of him, and he sank prostrate on the earth.

It was now one o'clock on Monday morning, and he was carried into an adjoining house, where he was violently affected for several hours. At five, he was able to walk to his own lodging; and there, for nearly a fortnight, he was the subject of many alternations of hope and fear, his bodily weakness incapacitating him for any manner of work. On the 2nd of July he was struck down a second time, and, after a deadly conflict, he was led, as he believes, to the enjoyment of "perfect peace." Before his change, he had been given to the immoderate use of tobacco, as well as strong drink when he could procure it; but ever since he has lost all taste for both; while the removal of his physical infirmity came contemporaneously with his spiritual deliverance. From the first moment when he felt himself in the grasp of a higher Power, he refused all priestly aid, and, renouncing the religion of the crucifix for that of the cross, put himself into the hands of Him who, by His own marvellous intervention, had rescued him from temporal and eternal ruin. He has ever since continued to walk worthy of his new-born freedom, and is at this mo-

ment at a seminary in England, where he has been placed by the kindness of friends, that he may be educated, and trained for some department of active usefulness.

The writer cannot deny himself the pleasure of giving one more extraordinary case. The following is furnished by the Rev. William John Patton of Dromara:—

THE "WILD ARAB" TAMED.

"In this parish lives a man who earns a livelihood by gathering rags through the country. In all the district there was none more notorious for wickedness. Every penny he could get was spent in drink; and often has he pawned the clothes off his back to buy whiskey. Swearing was so familiar, that scarcely a word escaped his lips without an oath. Frequently has he been seen lying on the road in a fit of epilepsy, drunk, and after the fit was over, heard to swear so awfully as to make the bystanders tremble lest God should strike him dead.

"When under the influence of drink he was always disposed to fight, and many a time had his poor wife to bear the brunt of the battle. Right well she knew, from hard blows and cruel usage, what it is to be *a drunkard's wife*. His own account of himself is, that there was no bad practice of which he was not guilty, except theft and murder; 'And, indeed,' he said to me, 'I did rob and murder my children, for I starved them.' He was a Romanist, and a very bigoted one—the more so, perhaps, that his wife was a Protestant—and he had never been in a Protestant place of worship in his life. He was, moreover, as

ignorant as any priest could desire—not able to read a word. Such was this ignorant, Popish, drunken, swearing, fighting, wife-beating ragman.

"When the Revival began here, he mocked, as might have been expected. Speaking one day of a person who had been affected, he said, with an oath and a sneer, 'It has not touched *me* yet.' But soon after, God's Spirit did touch him.

"It was one Sabbath in the beginning of August. He had ordered his children that day to go to school at the Popish chapel. Their mother, however, unknown to him, had sent them to the Presbyterian school. When they came home, learning somehow that such had been the case, he cursed, and raged, and threatened; and thus the Sabbath evening was spent.

"So angry was he with his wife, that he vowed he would not occupy the same room with her, and went and lay down on the kitchen floor. During the night he awoke, and felt himself trembling from head to foot. He tried to rise, but could not—his side seemed benumbed. He attempted *now* to speak to his wife, but his tongue refused to move. And so he lay, trembling and praying, all night on the floor. In the morning he found himself able to rise and speak, and when he got up, he said to his wife and children, 'With God's help, from this time forward, I will lead a new life.'

"He was greatly affrighted by what had occurred, but ignorant of what he should do, and so he went to the priest for advice. But from him he got no comfort. Some of the converts meeting him, advised him to go home and pray. He did so, and from that time began

to attend our prayer-meetings, though once or twice after he went to the chapel. For the next five or six weeks his mind was in this doubting, anxious, inquiring, prayerful state, seeking rest but finding none. At last God fulfilled to him the promise, 'Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord.' The truth was made manifest to his conscience. He saw himself to be a sinner, and Jesus to be the one Mediator; and his weary soul found rest in Christ. To use his own words, he 'gave himself up, soul and body, to Jesus, and trusted Him with all.'

"Since that time he has continued steadfast. No more has he gone, and no more, he says, will he go, to the chapel, but regularly attends the Presbyterian church and prayer-meetings. Every night he gets his children to read the Bible aloud, and he conducts family worship. He has a prayer-meeting in his house, in which he sometimes takes a part, pouring out his thanks and wishes and wants to God in language very homely, but very expressive. Often in his travels through the country, gathering rags, does he meet with cursing and reproach. 'You deserve to be hunted out of the country for turning,' said a Romanist to him one day. 'It was not I that turned,' was his reply; it was Christ that turned me, or I never would of myself.' As far as human eye can see, he is now a meek and lowly follower of the Lord Jesus.

"Yesterday (March 15) I saw him lying on the bed of sickness, dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. 'Now,' thought I, 'is the time to test his sincerity and faith.' 'Well, William,' said I, 'how do you feel in mind?' 'Oh!' said he, 'I am

quite resigned to whatever is the will of God. I always pray to be able to say, Thy will be done.' 'Would you be afraid to die, if it pleased God to call you away now?' 'No, Sir,' said he, 'I would not. I have given myself, soul and body, into the hands of Christ. I do this every morning and every evening, and often during the day; and I have not a doubt or fear.'

"I left him, adoring God's grace in having changed this 'Wild Arab' into 'an Israelite indeed.'"

The late Rev. Doctor Edgar of Belfast, whom no one who knew him, would accuse of credulity, visited a locality where the Revival appeared, attended a meeting, and wrote:—"The place was a butcher's shop. The butcher, two years ago, did not know A from B. God converted him: he taught himself to read, and he is now a large tract-distributor at his own cost, and a chief hand in the Revival work. The secretary was a working shoemaker—another Carey. Others present were day-labourers, a stone-breaker, and a blacksmith's boy. The stone-breaker, who sits on the roadside breaking stones to earn his bread, is one of four brothers, lately converted. Their mother was sister to a notorious pugilist, to whom she used to be a bottle-holder, and when she entered a shop she was watched as a noted thief. Her sons were pests, but God's grace has made them vessels of mercy, overflowing with goodness for not a few."

Another minister writes:—"At these meetings many convictions have taken place. From one up to ten and twelve have been arrested by the Spirit of

God, through the word and prayer of these honoured brethren. Even strong men have staggered and fallen down under the wounds of their conscience. Great bodily weakness ensues. The whole frame trembles. Oh! it is a heart-rending sight to witness. With wringing of hands, streams of tears, and a look of unutterable anguish, they confess their sins in tones of unmistakable sincerity, and appeal to the Lord for mercy with a cry of piercing earnestness. I have seen the strong frame convulsed; I have witnessed every joint trembling; I have heard the cry, as I have never heard it before, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my sinful soul; Lord Jesus, come to my burning heart; Lord, pardon my sins; oh, come and lift me from these flames of hell!'

"These convictions vary in different individuals, both in strength and duration. While some obtain peace in believing soon after their conviction, others do not attain it for several days, after many a conflict, with conviction oft returning, with much prayer and reading of the Word, through which spiritual light makes great progress in the mind, that a settled peace and holy joy take possession of the soul."

"The work, from the outset, was largely characterised by those physical effects which henceforward, to a greater or lesser extent, marked its onward progress. It is not to be wondered at that the sudden, singular, and violent conversions which were now so frequent, produced a strange and startling effect on the community. Such instantaneous seizures, so different in their character from the slow methods to which the Church has been accustomed, were natur-

ally regarded with some suspicion and alarm, as introducing a new process in regeneration, and it was not without an internal struggle that ministers and others could be brought to admit their genuineness. It was impossible to deny, however, that the most blessed results were to be found associated with these affections, and that society in all its aspects was undergoing a wondrous transformation."

"It appears to me that in all these cases there are *two* things to be considered—one, the *bodily* affection; the other, the *spiritual* change. The former is more likely to draw the attention of the curious onlooker, and often to elicit the silly or heartless comment of those who are wholly incompetent to give an opinion on the subject. The latter will be eagerly fixed upon by the children of God, that, apart from all its accidents or accompaniments, it may be made the subject of heartfelt gratitude and praise. For wise and gracious purposes, no doubt, it has pleased 'the Lord to come out of his place,' and awaken souls, at this time, in a very peculiar and remarkable manner. One of these purposes has been already largely accomplished before our eyes; and that is, the convincing of an ungodly world of the truth and reality of Divine influences upon the soul, and through them, of the conversion of the heart to God. How many multitudes were uttering the *credo*, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost,' without ever thinking of the meaning of the words? An icy incrustation of formality seemed to have gathered over the very waters of life, and it required an Almighty Power to break it up before the thirsty soul could obtain a draught. So inveterate was the practical unbelief of a gospel-hardened

people, that one might have said to them, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.' Such signs and wonders God has been pleased to work, not miraculously, but most mysteriously. Of course no enlightened Christian will regard a mere bodily affection as any evidence of a work of grace in the soul. Facts which have come under my own observation, even though the Scriptures had been silent as to the marks and evidences of regeneration, would refute such a theory. Still, it cannot be denied that these bodily affections are connected in some way with the influence of Divine truth upon the mind, and are invariably marked by an uncontrollable impulse to pray."

The physical prostration itself has taken place under every possible variety of circumstances—at home, abroad, in the church, and in the market-place; in the crowded meeting, and the seclusion of retirement. One is stricken as he plies the shuttle at the loom; another, as his eye falls upon some familiar passage, or his ear is arrested by some oft-repeated invitation of the Word; a third, while he is engaged in secret meditation or prayer. "I have known the case of a man," says the Rev. John Macnaughtan of Belfast, referring to another class of instances, after his visit to Ballymena, "going home from the market after he had sold his produce, passing along the road-side, and counting his money to see whether it was all right, when he sunk down as if sun-struck, and his money was scattered on the road."

Such bodily affections were almost universally associated with the awakening, when, for the first time, it appeared in any neighbourhood; although in

many places the work proceeded most satisfactorily without their presence, and they generally subsided as it advanced. From their novelty and publicity they naturally attracted a large share of attention, serving, no doubt, an important purpose, but often stimulating an idle curiosity, and in the case of the uneducated and ill-informed, leading to a confounding of the spiritual process with the physiological characteristics by which it was accompanied. There have been, from the outset, unreal cases presenting similar appearances, to which we shall advert hereafter.

The Rev. A. Robinson of Broughshane, writes:—

THE FULL OUTPOURING.

"It was not, however, till May, 1859, that we were visited with a most gracious and abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We had been praying for and expecting some such precious blessing, but were, notwithstanding, taken by surprise, so sudden, powerful, and extraordinary were the manifestations of the Spirit's presence. Persons of every shade of temperament and character were mysteriously affected, overpowered, prostrated, and made to pour out the most thrilling agonising cries for mercy. Most of those thus impressed and awakened found peace and comfort in a very short space of time, and then their countenances shone with a sweetness and glory beyond description. Very many of them received a marvellous fluency and power of prayer. A hatred of sin, a love for the Saviour, a zeal for His cause, an affection for one another, and an anxiety about perishing sinners, took absolute possession of their hearts, and literally ruled and go-

verned their actions. For about six weeks almost all agricultural operations, and indeed every kind of secular employment, were suspended, no man being able to think of or attend to anything but the interests of his soul. Night and day the sound of praise and prayer never ceased to float upon the air. An overwhelming sense of awe and terror held in check the boldest sinners, while thousands who till now had lived as if eternity were a priestly fiction, seemed now for the first time to realise its truth and presence, and to feel as if the end of all things was at hand. I should say about one thousand people were suddenly, sensibly, and powerfully impressed and awakened. Fully one-half of this number, if not more, have profited by their experience, and are now as fair and hopeful cases of conversion as one could well desire, while not less than five hundred were silently, gradually, and without observation brought, I may say, from death unto life, or from a state of stupor and coldness into a state of activity and warmth, and are now rejoicing in the peace that passeth understanding. Not less than twenty Roman Catholics came under the power of the truth, and were made to acknowledge the errors of the Church of Rome. Three of these were re-baptized at their own urgent request, and afterwards admitted to the Lord's Supper. The others still attend the prayer-meetings, and now and again the public worship of the sanctuary."

ILLUSTRATIVE CASES.

"On the 12th of July the Orangemen of the district asked me to preach them a sermon. About four

thousand assembled in the open air without beat of drum or any insignia of their order, and, after engaging in religious exercises, returned peaceably to their homes, no drink and no disorder appearing among them. On the Broughshane June fair-day, a band of strolling players as usual made their appearance. A prayer-meeting was immediately convened opposite their showy platform. The players had but two visitors, in the persons of two Roman Catholic policemen. The business of the fair was summed up by a prayer-meeting of not less than five thousand people."

"A social tea-party met one night in a farmer's house. His wife, a very zealous Christian, felt that one of the guests had no right feelings about his precious soul. Something said to her she must not let this man away without faithfully warning him to seek the Lord. She retired to her closet and inquired of God what He would have her to do, but no plan was suggested to her. There was family worship; but she felt the prayer was cold and not sufficiently pointed to warn her friend, about whom she was so suddenly interested. Just as they were all rising up from their knees, she could restrain her anxious feelings no longer, and, though contrary to her notions of female delicacy and duty, she burst forth in the most earnest and impassioned supplications, throwing out such warnings, and imploring such mercy for the careless, thoughtless ones, as not only relieved her own breast of a burden, but sent a thrill to the heart of him for whom she felt so strongly."

"A poor man, after finding peace, said, 'Yesterday I was a poor, lone, desolate, friendless creature, caring

for no one, and no one caring for me, without father or mother, house or friend; this day I am rich and happy, and would not exchange places with the Queen on the throne, for God is my Father, Christ Jesus is my Brother and Master, heaven is my home, and all God's people are my friends.'"

"It is not, however, mere feeling which distinguishes these individuals; their spirit, their lives, their walk bespeak the marvellous revolution in their history. Is love to the Bible a proof of conversion? There is one who keeps it at her pillow, another who carries it in his pocket, for a hurried glance amid the business of the field. The summer before last, in a bog, were seen, in the hands of different parties, while resting from the labour of cutting turf, five packs of cards; last summer there were as many Bibles their companions in toil. Is fellowship with one another a mark of grace? Numerous are the little prayer-meetings held in the cottages where neighbours assemble to read and pray together. A minister's steps, as he travles through the country, are repeatedly arrested by 'the grave, sweet melody' from some humble abode, where 'they that fear the Lord speak often one to another.' Is love of the Sabbath an evidence of conversion? One told me she longed for the return of the holy day, and Sabbath morning was the pleasantest of the whole week. Is liberality to missions a token of grace? There is a poor farmer who once gave only his sixpence on a day of missionary contribution, but now he lays down his pound-note, and feels it more blessed to give than to receive. It was thought this was done out of gratitude to God for reclaiming a vicious son. This may have been

one reason, but the chief reason is that his own once-niggard heart has been enlarged—his once-closed hand has been opened by the Spirit of God. You could not converse four minutes with the man without finding his speech bewraying him and marking his dignity. Are daily communings with the Most High significant of conversion? There are fifty houses which a heathen might have visited, and only discovered their inmates not to be heathens by the absence of everything like heathen devotion; lo, now they are 'the tabernacles of the righteous, in which is heard the voice of joy and rejoicing.' Morning and evening incense arise therein to God. Salvation has come to these houses. There were swearers whose tongues *now* bless and curse not. There were drunkards reclaimed by something more potent than the pledge; their burning thirst has been cooled by the blood of the Cross; and not a few of these lift a warning voice among us against what they call invariably the *devil's cup*. So strong is the testimony borne by the Spirit against the use of intoxicating drinks, that four public-houses in the parish have closed, and those publicans who remain in the trade find their occupation almost gone. We know one who, some months ago, heartily cursed the Revival and the prayer-meetings, for 'they had done him up.' The Sabbath, as might be expected, is a calmer, holier day. Fields and houses where once was heard unseemly carousal are now quiet, Sabbath-like. Many who once swelled the daring herds of violators of the holy day now go with the multitude who keep it holy, and help to augment the wondrously-increased congregations of these parishes.

THE FALLEN.

"The most hopeless class in our community is composed of those who have lost the virtue and the dignity of women, and who have sunk to the lowest level of degradation which any human creature can occupy. And yet, as in the days of our Lord, harlots are entering into the kingdom of heaven before some of our wretched and lifeless Pharisees. One humble but devoted Christian woman, a member of my church, has been honoured of God to rescue, during the last few months, some twenty 'unfortunates' out of sin and misery; and one of the most difficult, as well as the most delightful portions of my ministerial work during the past summer, has been to provide temporary support and permanent employment for those who, like the prodigal, were disposed to return. With the exception of one or two who have relapsed, by the treachery and diabolism of their own relatives and companions in crime, they are all doing admirably. Some are in good service; one has been married; and the rest are happy in active daily labour. Not the least interesting portion of our worshipping assembly on each Sabbath-day, and at our weekly prayer-meetings, are these Maries of the Church—these daughters of the Revival—whose simple dress, and marked attention, and regular attendance, and steady walk, indicate the dawn of a brighter day, the foretaste of a better future."

Professor Gibson writes—"The awakening had not visited Belfast for many weeks, until some curious physical phenomena, in addition to those by which it was characterised at the outset, began to attract

attention. Nor were these peculiar to the movement in any one place—they manifested themselves in several districts. I allude to the occasional suspension of the bodily powers, as indicated by the loss of speech, sight, and hearing; the subjects of them affected as in a trance—deaf, dumb, blind, and motionless—while they would frequently fall into a sleep, in which they continued for hours, and the commencement and termination of which they intimated beforehand to the bystanders. The following may be taken as a specimen of this class:—A. B. (we shall suppose) is a girl in the humbler walks of life, a worker in a factory. She intimates to her friends around her, that at such a time she will be silent, and she ceases to speak accordingly. After some hours she signifies by signs that at such a period she will speak, and the event takes place as she has pre-intimated. Then, perhaps, she sings a psalm, or pours out her soul in prayer. By and by she is seized with blindness, from which she recovers, as in the other instance. Perhaps when bereft of sight, she will seize a Bible or New Testament, and, to the astonishment of every one, point to some pertinent passage of Holy Writ. By and by she will narrate the wondrous scenes she saw when locked in the mysterious 'sleep' from which she has just emerged. At one time she has been transported to the regions of the blest, and mingled with the rapt choristers before the eternal throne; and then what radiant visions of the exalted Saviour, and of the surpassing glories of His regal state and kingdom! She sees and recognises some of those who have gone before, and wishes she may never more be separated from their blest society.

There, too, she marks the provision made for those who are yet to join the white-robed company, but who are yet doomed to the toil and warfare of the earthly pilgrimage. That empty niche in the eternal mansions, with its flashing crown as yet unclaimed, and its robe all pure and lustrous hanging by—ah! they are laid up there for some dear saint, mayhap her minister, who is ere long to enter the unpolluted city, and mingle with its stainless denizens. Sometimes, however, she is conversant with far other scenes; and, visiting the doleful shades, although without partaking of their misery, she will delineate in vivid colouring the horrors of the 'outer darkness.'

"It will be readily understood how such pictorial descriptions were caught up by the eager listeners, and how the uneducated part of the community regarded those who uttered them with something of religious awe and veneration, so persuaded were they of the miraculous nature of the affections that had given birth to these unwonted revelations. Much injury, however, was done by the encouragement of this class of 'manifestations.' Those who experienced them were run after as a wonder, and their announcements treasured up as though they were the immediate product of inspiration. Attention was directed from the essentials of the great work, to some of its most painful accompaniments; and there was cause seriously to apprehend that in some instances the bodily affections thus fostered, so far extended its sad influence, as to overshadow altogether the religious impressions."

"Before passing away from the neighbourhood of Belfast, it is necessary to advert to certain other phy-

sical phenomena of a delusive character that sprang up under the shadow of the Revival, and by which, for a time, many were deceived. I allude to what are called 'marks,' being neither more nor less than appearances on the body, resembling printed characters, impressed thereon, as it was represented, by a Divine agency. A young woman, for instance, who had been 'seized' some three months previously, and who had been the subject of a nervous disease, aggravated by fits of dumbness and the like, would, in consequence of her repeated 'prophesyings' of the further deprivations she should undergo, come to be regarded as in direct communication with Heaven. By and by, however, sceptical people among the bystanders, even in her own humble circle, would begin to question her pretentions. What, then, was to be done? How were the unbelievers to be put to silence, and the vaticinations of the pythoness to be vindicated against the gainsayers? Why, by a notable miracle. Accordingly, strange signs would appear upon her person. Unbaring her bosom or her arm, she would exhibit to the admiring onlookers a mystic word or symbol, impressed so legibly that all might read and understand. What if the lettering were somewhat indistinct, or if the sacred name were incorrectly spelled? For this she was in no wise accountable. She was only passive in the hand of a higher agent. All unbelief would vanish before the preternatural authentication.

"The intelligence of this new phase in the movement naturally produced a wonderful sensation. Hundreds flocked to witness the extraordinary phenomenon, and though the more discriminating

might shrewdly conjecture that the 'marks' could be accounted for without any other than a very ordinary interposition, there was enough of credulity in the multitude to yield assent to them as the genuine operation of a Divine hand. If any questioned their existence, or, in certain cases, could not trace them out distinctly, it was 'because they had not been stricken down,' and therefore had not the visual organs requisite for such a delicate perception. Most of the visitors, it was remarked, were expected to *pay* for the gratification of their curiosity. Such instances had begun to increase and multiply to an extent which it was serious to contemplate, when public attention was directed towards them in a way that cast a new light on their character. A meeting was held one evening in the town of Lisburn for the purpose of hearing from the lips of one of the ministers (the Rev. William Breakey) a statement bearing on his investigations into these new physical appearances. After a vindication of the Revival as a genuine work of the Holy Spirit, the speaker entered on an exposure of the phenomena in question, his testimony being corroborated by other witnesses. He stated, in substance, that he had personally visited the parties on whom such marks were found, and that he had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that they were produced by some clumsy process of manipulation; and he denounced the whole affair as an imposture, fitted only to delude the credulous, and bring discredit on the work of God. Although it required some little courage to undertake this duty, owing to the excited state of feeling among the common people, the exposure was followed by a rapid

return to reason and propriety, the *furor* which so extensively prevailed upon the subject almost immediately subsided, and 'the work,' in that district at least, was saved the imputation of ministering to the excesses of fanaticism."

These delusions shall come again under review before the subject of the Revival is closed.

There are certain striking coincidences connected with Revivals which, to an observant mind, appear to stand in the relation of cause and effect. PRAYER may be first noticed, which is beautifully expressed in Miss Lutton's hymn—

> "While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
> Heaven pours its first streams through no medium but this;
> And till we the seraphim's extacy share,
> Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer!
> Prayer—sweet, sweet prayer!
> Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer!"

On looking back, it is found that ten days of prayer in the upper room at Jerusalem preceded the Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit. The prayer-meeting in Fulton Street, New York, as already recorded, attended by multitudes of all creeds and classes and conditions of men, was followed by a mighty revival, which not only overspread that continent but reached even this land, where its effects were felt in prompting to prayer, which was the precursor of the late glorious manifestations of saving power, as already mentioned.

"Nothing has been more wonderful about our Revival," writes the Rev. Mr. Killen, "than the intense, agonising, and long-continued prayer by which it has been characterised. Indeed, so far as

human instrumentality is concerned, it appears to have been produced and carried on very much by prayer. And oh, such prayers! literally with strong crying and tears did they besiege the mercy-seat.

"Of this intense agonising in prayer, allow me to mention a single case. About the middle of July last, a farmer's family, belonging to my congregation, were roused from their slumbers about four o'clock in the morning by the father crying out for mercy. In a few minutes after, his wife was also seized with convictions of sin. Speedily their two sons, and afterwards their daughter became affected. Before an hour the whole family were on their knees imploring pardon. Parents and children together wrestled for hours with the Lord, and when at length they obtained some relief, and thought of preparing breakfast, and of giving food to their cattle, which all this time had been forgotten and overlooked, they found, to their amazement, that instead of being only about seven o'clock in the morning, as they had supposed, it was past two in the afternoon, and thus, this entire family had actually passed about *ten hours* on their knees in prayer to God for the salvation of their souls. Never, however, were ten hours better spent, for God had respect to their supplications, and in answer to their cries He has poured out His Spirit and renewed all their hearts, and father and mother, sons and daughter, now form one whole family in Christ here, rejoicing in the blessed and assured hope of dwelling together with the Lord for evermore."

The late Rev. Samuel James Moore, Presbyterian minister of Ballymena, who saw a great deal of the Revival, and who was born and brought up at Mar-

kethill, said to the writer—an old friend—at the close of the monster meeting held at Armagh in September, 1859, already referred to, "Doctor, we have all hitherto been infidels as to the power of prayer!"

Another important coincidence will be found in the similarity of the awakening addresses delivered. On the day of Pentecost, Peter, in burning words, charged home upon the Jews the murder of the Son of God, and the result was, they were cut to the heart, and cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. The same style of address was adopted by the Rev. James Clendinning, as already mentioned, and followed by similar effects. The first agents of the Ulster Revival adopted, as if by instinct, but in reality by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the same line of exposition and exhortation. This, with the relation of their own happy experience, and the way in which they found mercy, had a most telling effect upon the hearts of their hearers.

As has been observed, God graciously owned the labours of laymen in this glorious work. There was probably much in the warm, affectionate style of address meeting the sympathy of men in their own rank of life, and which reached a chord in the hearts of their hearers which ministers had previously failed to touch. In the 186th Boston Lecture, by the Rev. Joseph Cook, he asks, "What is the difference between the Evangelist and the ordinary Preacher?" To which he replies, "The Evangelist means to secure an immediate surrender to God. Perhaps he cannot address the intellect as well as you can, but he has learned how to present the truth to the will.

You present it to the heart, to the taste, to the intellect; and year by year your ministry is fruitless. Preach to the will an hour, and you have done more than by preaching days to the mere intellect and heart and taste." We read, in the Book of Kings, that the prophet's staff, when laid upon the face of the Shunamite's son, had no effect; but when the prophet laid himself down upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, that the flesh of the child waxed warm, and he opened his eyes. This may, to a certain extent, account for the success of these young men. To an observant mind, at these meetings, there would seem to be some impartation of the Holy Spirit from the speaker to the hearts of the hearers, vitalising their dormant faculties into blessed activity, something like a current of electricity.

Even the efforts of women were honoured, for we read of Deborahs, who in those days led forth the Lord's hosts to victory. The testimony borne by young women had a powerful effect upon many. The Rev. A. Long gives an account of a scene in his church:—"On the following Lord's Day, June 26th, we enjoyed showers of blessing. God strengthened me as he never did before, for the services of that memorable day; but I know it was in answer to many prayers, and especially those of some of our new-born souls who were heard pleading for me during the day. I never witnessed such deep solemnity. The exercises had almost closed, when one person fell out of her pew upon the aisle, the door being open, and shrieked loudly for mercy. In a few

moments about twenty were prostrated in different quarters of the house. And then, what a scene ensued! Relatives in groups carrying their stricken ones into the adjoining vestry; multitudes weeping, and the whole congregation moved and excited as if the judgment-day had come. I came down from the pulpit in order to keep the passage to the vestry clear, when just behind me a young female, a member of the congregation, whose heart the Lord had touched in Derry, lifted up her hands, and in an unearthly voice addressed the assembly, thanking God that the flood of His Spirit had not passed us by unvisited; telling of *her* love to Jesus, and entreating those who were looking at salvation from afar, to come to the precious Saviour and be reconciled to God. *She* would not take ten thousand worlds for Jesus. I, not knowing what to do, permitted her to address the congregation for some time. The heavenly light which had been imparted to her mind beamed through her countenance. And she who, a few days previous, would not and could not have ventured to speak one word for Christ, was not ashamed now to lift up her voice like a trumpet, and out of the abundance of her heart to urge the thoughtless sinner to fly from the wrath to come. Her simple address was certainly the most touching and telling appeal to which I have ever listened; and the entire scene was unlike one of earth. Many a stout and stubborn heart that had hitherto resisted the Holy Ghost was compelled to yield. I had often read of the prostration of the convicted leper, but I never witnessed a *fac simile* of it until that day."

Children, in many cases, have been made instrumental of much good. A minister writes:—" How

often, then, are heard such words as those in which a Sabbath School girl, some thirteen years of age, was addressing her little companions by her bedside, as she lay in much exhaustion after a season of mental agony, while a gleam of spiritual joy played over her pale countenance,—'O Annie! O Jane! dear, come to Jesus! He'll not put you away. Oh, give him your heart, give him *all* your heart, and he'll take away all your sins, and make you as happy as he has made me. Oh, that all the sinners about here would come to Him! He has room for them all. He would save them all.'"

"George Campbell, a young lad who had enjoyed the advantage of better instruction in the Scriptures than any of the others, and whose previously-acquired knowledge now became available. We found him sitting on his bed, surrounded by the neighbours who had gathered in, and singing the 20th Psalm with a heart and spirit such as I have seldom heard thrown into a song of praise. After prayer, he exhorted the friends who had crowded in, telling them how God had delivered him from his sins, and made him a partaker of his grace. 'Oh,' said he, in the most earnest and impassioned manner, 'there was a mountain of sin pressing on my heart, but God in mercy sent the arrows of his love, and pierced that mountain through and through, and it is gone.' Then he warned all against sin, especially the sin of drunkenness, denouncing the public-house as 'the broad road to hell;' and, striking with great violence the Bible which he held in his hand, he shouted, in a voice of thunder, 'Who would dare to ask me to enter a public-house now?' He called on all present to

renounce their sins else they would be lost, and spoke to them of Christ with a pathos and energy that drew tears from many eyes. This address, coming from a young lad who, one day before, would not have ventured to open his lips to any human being on the subject of religion, evidently made a deep impression."

What has been previously said with reference to the Revival commencing among the young in the Sabbath Schools of Armagh and Markethill, has been since abundantly confirmed by many witnesses. The Rev. William Arthur, in one of his highly-interesting tracts on the subject of this great awakening, gives an impressive narrative of a scene witnessed by one of his ministerial brethren at the commencement of the movement in the town of Coleraine. He says:—

"Not far from the spot where this took place stands a large school, belonging to the Corporation of London, or that body connected with it known as the Irish Society, who are landlords of Coleraine and of much property around. In it a boy was observed under deep impressions. The master, seeing that the little fellow was not fit to work, called him to him, and advised him to go home, and call upon the Lord in private. With him he sent an older boy, who had found peace the day before. On their way they saw an empty house, and went in there to pray together. The two schoolfellows continued in prayer in the empty house till he who was weary and heavy-laden felt his soul blessed with sacred peace. Rejoicing in this new and strange blessedness, the little fellow said, 'I must go back and tell the Master.' The

boy, who, a little while ago, had been too sorrowful to do his work, soon entered the school with a beaming face, and, going up to the master, said, in his simple way, 'O Mr. ——, I am so happy; I have the Lord Jesus in my heart.' Strange words in cold times! Natural words, when upon the simple and the young the Spirit is poured out, and they feel what is meant by 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' and utter it in the first terms that come! The attention of the whole school was attracted. Boy after boy silently slipped out of the room. After a while, the master stood upon something which enabled him to look over the wall of the playground. There he saw a number of his boys ranged round the wall on their knees in earnest prayer, every one apart. The scene overcame him. Presently he turned to the pupil who had already been a comforter to one schoolfellow, and said, 'Do you think you can go and pray with these boys?' He went out, and, kneeling down among them, began to implore the Lord to forgive their sins, for the sake of Him who had borne them all upon the cross. Their silent grief soon broke into a bitter cry. As this reached the ears of the boys in the room, it seemed to pierce their hearts, as by one consent they cast themselves upon their knees and began to cry for mercy. The girls' school was above, and the cry no sooner penetrated to their room than, apparently well knowing what mourning it was, and hearing in it a call to themselves, they too fell upon their knees and wept. Strange disorder for schoolmaster and mistress to have to control! The united cry reached the adjoining streets. Every ear, prepared by the prevailing Spirit, at once inter-

preted it as the voice of those who look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him. One and another of the neighbours came in, and at once cast themselves upon their knees and joined in the cry for mercy. These increased, and continued to increase, till first one room, then another, then a public office on the premises, in fact every available spot, was filled with sinners seeking God. Clergymen of different denominations, and men of prayer, were sought, and they spent the day in pleading for the mourners;—sweetest of all the toils that this earth doth witness, when men, themselves enjoying heavenly peace, labour in intercession for those who are now, as they were once, broken-hearted by a sight of their sins, and striving to enter in at the strait gate, in order to walk in the narrow way! Thus passed hour after hour of that memorable day. Dinner was forgotten, tea was forgotten, and it was not till eleven o'clock at night that the school premises were freed from their unexpected guests."

The late Rev. J. R. M'Alister writes, that among the earliest incidents of the Revival in the Presbyterian Church, Armagh, the following scenes occurred in a daily, and also in a Sabbath School:—"One morning a little girl, about eleven years old, entered into my daily female school, lifted up her hands and clasped them, saying, 'Oh! I have found Jesus! I have found Jesus!' There was no minister present at first; there had been no address delivered to children. The words of the child kindled the flame, and in a few minutes a wail of sorrow ascended to heaven that alarmed the inhabitants of the surround-

ing houses. As I passed along the street, a boy came in breathless haste to me, and said, 'Come, Sir, come, the girls in the school are all crying for mercy.' When I entered, some were lying on the floor, some in the arms of the teacher, some in the arms of the monitor, some in the arms of other children; floods of tears were flowing; confession of sin was freely made from little broken hearts; cries for mercy to God; supplications for Jesus to come and save them; earnest prayers for the Holy Spirit to come and take the stony heart out of them, and give them a heart of flesh. A similar scene occurred in my Sabbath School. Many were stricken down in an hour or two. It was a solemn, a grand scene! Young persons of both sexes, from twelve to twenty-two years of age, were awakened, agonising under conviction of sin; lifting up their hands to heaven; fixing their eyes upon Jesus; confessing their transgressions: one saying—'I am lost! I am a child of the devil; for I have told lies, and the devil is the father of lies;' another exclaiming—'Ah! I have mocked Jesus! ah! I have mocked Jesus!' another—'What a hypocrite I have been!' many from time to time praying—'O Lord! for Jesus' sake have mercy upon me;' 'Lord, open the door of my heart and come in;' 'O Jesus, wash me in the fountain of Thy blood,' &c., &c.: the ministers and Sabbath School teachers moving amidst them, travailing in birth till Christ would be formed in them; praying with them; singing over them, and directing their souls to the great Physician; others coming, seeing the wondrous work of the Lord, returning to their homes to render themselves up to God."

The Rev. Dr. Jackson Smyth has furnished the following narrative of the work as it came under his inspection :—

THE FIRST MOVED IN THE CONGREGATION.

"The first moved in this congregation was an interesting young girl, whom I met in the street one day, weeks before there was any public manifestation in the city. I spoke to her, on meeting her, and her eyes filled with tears. 'What is the matter?' I said. Her lips quivered, her chest slightly heaved, and the truth flashed upon my mind. Whereupon I added, 'Are you in concern about your soul?' 'Yes, Sir,' was said with deep feeling. 'I shall visit you in the evening;' and I did. No one in the house knew her state of mind, as she did not make it known. Her sister wondered that I had all at once taken to visit the family every day, when I had never visited in the house before. These visits continued two weeks, when one day I entered, and there was a calm, sweet expression in her face, which told of joy within. 'What account have you to give of yourself to-day?' 'I am happy in Christ; and, oh, what happiness!' 'The Revival has commenced in Armagh,' I mentally exclaimed, and thanked God. Weeks afterwards, on calling one day at the house where this interesting girl lives (it is a business house), I said to her, 'Now that you have tasted that God is gracious, what would you think of holding a prayer-meeting with your companions every night before going to bed?' 'We do that, Sir,' was the reply. One after another, the young persons in that house were brought to the Lord, till no fewer than *seven* gave clear indication of

hopeful conversion. There was not a case of prostration in the house at all.

CRYING FOR HIS SINS.

"This was the first-fruit of a *public* manifestation of the power of God's Spirit. On the following Sabbath evening I held a prayer-meeting in a private house, a little distance in the country, where there were two or three cases of 'striking.' Being members of my congregation, I called on Monday to visit them. Two were rejoicing intensely—a girl of about eighteen years of age, and a boy of about twelve. While I sat, a little boy of five years of age came up and leaned against my knee. I thought this a very unusual thing, for, having come recently to the city, I was quite a stranger. Taking up the little fellow on my knees, I said, 'Well, my boy, do you know anything of Jesus?' 'Yes.' 'And what do you know about Him?' He paused, and then his mother spoke. 'John (the boy's name) was out yesterday evening in the corner of the adjacent field, when Mr. H. was holding a prayer-meeting there. We heard bitter crying, and thinking John was hurt, I ran quickly out. He was coming towards the door, screaming piteously. He threw himself down at the side of the wall, and continued to cry very bitterly. In a little, I heard him utter the word "*Jesus*." No one disturbed him then. When he had cried for a length of time to Jesus to take away his sins, he paused, rose up, wiped his eyes and cheeks hurriedly, and ran up to me (his mother) and kissed me rapturously. Presently he ran out, and entered a house hard by, and asked a little playmate if he would

come and "cry for his sins." His companion was indifferent, wondered what it all meant, and stayed where he was. John returned, and, commencing to weep, exclaimed, "T. J—— will not come and cry for his sins."'

"Whilst his mother was giving me this narrative of the evening before, the little fellow sat on my knee with a settled calm in his face, which spoke volumes for the truth of Christianity. Desirous of ascertaining the certainty of his conversion, I called on the following week to make inquiry. 'What about John?' 'He has been very quiet during the week, giving no trouble in the house as he used to do, but he is very cheerful. He attends the prayer-meetings in the houses around, and is very attentive.' 'Does he pray at home?' 'Yes.' 'Is it only the prayer he used to repeat as a matter of form?' 'No, he uses words of his own.' By this time all the children in the house had been convinced of sin, with one exception (a Sabbath School girl). 'Last night,' continued his mother, 'when I was preparing him for bed, he ran away from me, and knelt down and prayed, "O Jesus, come and pardon the sins of father, and mother, and Charlotte."' That boy has been most consistent in his demeanour ever since, and is, no doubt, a trophy of grace, one of those of whom is the 'kingdom of heaven.'"

A case of sublime interest is to be recorded in connexion with the movement in Armagh. There was a youth of seventeen years of age, the son of a widow, who was attending the prayer-meeting one evening, and who remained behind, along with a number more, to converse with the ministers in re-

gard to the great concerns then pressing heavily on many souls. Restless and agitated, he rose after a short period, and left the church. He repaired in the first instance to a service in another place of worship, but soon after turned homeward. Arriving at the door, he found that the key, which had been left by his employers for himself and companions, was not to be found, and, turning to the street, he met a young man whom he knew to be a serious Christian, to whom he said abruptly, "Oh, what am I to do? My heart will break; I am for ever lost!" His friend urged him to accompany him to the church. "I was there already," he replied, "but all in vain." He complied, however, with the invitation, and arriving, sat down. The auditory had all dispersed except some dozen individuals, with whom the ministers were holding earnest conversation, eliciting their doubts and difficulties, and of whom several that night were led to profess their faith in Christ, and to "go on their way rejoicing."

"We were in the act of bringing this meeting to a close," says the Rev. William Henderson, "when we were surprised and startled by words of earnest prayer from a young man in the adjoining pew, who was bowed on his knees in supplication. I shall never forget the scene that followed. For about two hours that young man continued pleading with God, and wrestling with Satan, and he ceased not till he rose a conqueror, exulting in the blood of the Lamb. It is now seven months since this occurrence, and during that period I have had frequent opportunity of observing this youth, who is engaged in business in town, and I have not yet known him to falter in

his burning love to Jesus, nor to waver in the strong hope which God gave him that night. His prayer was the most wonderful one that I ever listened to. Many of his utterances are yet vividly impressed on my memory. Aided by some notes, which were hurriedly taken by a brother minister at the time, I subjoin a few of the petitions, as well as expostulations with the enemy, which fell from his lips:—

"..... 'Satan, thou enemy of my soul, begone! thou deceiver of the world, leave me! Come not near me, Satan, for Jesus is here! O Jesus, save me! Thou didst smite Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor of Thy Church, and Thou hast smitten me, an enemy of Thy cross, an enemy of Thy Bible, an enemy of Thy Sabbath, an enemy of mankind. O Jesus, heal my wounded heart! Jesus Christ, the Righteous One, save my soul! Satan, thou father of lies, I have served thee long. I have been a subject of thy kingdom; but now thy chains are breaking. Keep back, Satan! . . . O eternal Son of God, have mercy! O Spirit of the living God, draw near to me! . . . O Jesus, Thou didst come to Bethlehem's manger—Thou didst come to Gethsemane's garden—Thou didst come to Calvary's cross—Thou didst love poor sinners. . . . O thou Saviour of the lost, save *me!* Thou hast arrested me in the broad road which leads down to hell. I see my companions hurrying downward. Oh, have mercy on my poor soul! I see my sin as a great mountain—wash it away! O Spirit, Thou hast smitten, but Jesus, do Thou heal the wound! My sins are like a thick, dark, dismal cloud,—oh, shine over it and take it away! . . . Oh, human nature, sinful, vile,

polluted, hell-deserving! Holy Spirit, I thank Thee for Thy glorious work. . . . O Saviour, Thou art here. I see Thy face. It is shining, it is radiant—it is radiant like the sun, yea, like millions of suns. Little wonder that Satan is confounded before Thee! . . . Jesus, Thou didst say to the raging sea, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm. Let it be so here! . . . Thou hast taken me away from my past life—it is all a blank, it is a black catalogue of sin. . . . O Saviour—*the* Saviour—*the* Saviour, help me! Oh, let Thy glory be advanced in this smitten soul! . . . Oh for faith! Faith is the wanting grace. . . . Oh, the conflict is sore! . . . O Jesus, gather in all my wandering thoughts, and cluster them on Thy cross, and take and purify them from sin! . . . Satan, it is hard to baffle thee. Oh, come not near this poor, naked, wounded soul! Say not there is no mercy! Ah! there is mercy for the chief of sinners! Satan, thou knowest thy kingdom is being shaken, and to-night thou hast lost a subject. . . . O Church of the first-born in heaven! Admit me, Jesus, to be a member of it. . . . Satan, thou art hanging on long, for thou hast had a strong hold here. Thou didst reign here even from infancy. Oh, that thou wert dethroned in my heart! for thou hast swayed me too long. Jesus, Thou didst conquer on Calvary, come and save me! . . . I come to Thee as a sinner, that I may be saved. I have nothing to give Thee in return, but a broken heart. And, oh! it is hard, for it was long subject to Satan. Do Thou soften it. . . . Oh, sin! sin! sin! thy weight is very heavy. . . . Oh, the mountain is very high,

wash it away!—it is very lofty, cast it behind Thee! . . . Oh, this wounded soul! . . . Light, light! . . . I see faith coming under the door. . . . I see the red river of Emmanuel's blood. I see the eternal river that flows from the side of Jesus. . . . I see the top of the mountain is gone! Blessed Jesus! Thou hast begun a work. I trust to Thy name Thou wilt carry it on till our feet shall stand in the streets of the new Jerusalem. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but Thy word shall never pass away."'

"These are but fragments," adds Mr. Henderson, "of the prayer; but truly the kingdom of heaven suffered violence that night, and the violent took it by force. None that witnessed that spiritual conflict will ever forget it. What a reality it imparted to the solemn truths of God's Word, which, from our very familiarity with them, we too often fail to realise to their full extent! I should say that the young man who was the subject of this remarkable work, had received nothing more than the rudiments of an English education. He had been a moral living youth, and a regular attender at the Sabbath School and at public worship. Naturally he is of a retiring disposition, and not till this occasion had he ever offered a word of prayer before others. He would have been ashamed to have spoken of Jesus. I found, in conversation with him afterwards, that his mind was fully conscious during the great struggle through which he passed. There have been cases in which prayers were uttered by persons when under prostration, and were not remembered by them. It was different with him. He was never unconscious of anything that passed. The ministers present spoke

to him at intervals, mentioning suitable texts of Scripture, and these his soul grasped at with wonderful avidity, and he would say, 'That is a promise. Oh, the sweet promises of God! Oh, for faith to rest upon them!' At other times prayer was made for him, and he seemed to be encouraged thereby, as he exclaimed, 'Thou wilt hear the prayers of Thy faithful servants.' He mentioned to me afterwards, that when on his knees at prayer, the thought rushed into his mind that the moment of his salvation had come, and that it should be 'now or never.' It is interesting to know that his mother had experienced the blessed change the preceding night, and when he spoke to me, some days afterwards, of God's mercy towards him, he exclaimed, with streaming eyes, 'Ah, my mother was praying for me!' At the same time he thanked God for the Sabbath School. 'Oh, blessed Sabbath School, how much do I owe to you!'"

The Rev. Dr. Jackson Smyth states of this youth, that, meeting him lately, he said to him, "Well, H——, do you still feel that lightness of soul and glow of love which you did some time ago?" "No," was the answer; "sometimes Satan tempts me—he is casting a gloom across my soul at times." "And are you then afraid?" "Oh no." "Wherefore?" "I know that Jesus lives, and when I come to him in prayer, he teaches me that he does." "And except at these times, when a cloud flits across your vision, is your love to him as strong as ever?" "Oh yes, increasing and growing. You know his promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

During the progress of the Revival strange things happened in some localities, as already noticed.

Persons suddenly became deaf, dumb, and blind, while, on examination, nothing appeared to be wrong with their eyes, their ears, or their tongues. Others pretended to visions and revelations, and said that they had seen many of their neighbours who had been long dead, clothed in white, with crowns of gold upon their heads and palms in their hands. They also stated that they saw white robes and crowns prepared and hung up for some who were still in the flesh. Others had texts of Scripture and Scriptural names inscribed by an invisible hand upon their breasts and arms. All these individuals were largely visited by sympathising friends, and people from a distance, who were anxious to see these wonders, and those who came were expected to contribute something to these interesting creatures!! When the writer met with any of those cases he denounced them as impositions, invented by the Father of Lies to discredit the true work of grace which was then going on. Like as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so the Evil Spirit tried, by false miracles, to lead the people away from the simplicity of the Gospel. It was wonderful to see, in many cases, how soon these delusions disappeared when a person in authority, or one qualified to speak, exposed their fallacy. It seems rather strange that no case of this kind occurred in the City of Armagh or its vicinity, though many such appeared in other places, which may perhaps, to a certain extent, be attributed to the fact, that the author let it be extensively known in the town that he was determined to expose any person who might make such false pretensions as he had seen in other localities.

For many years the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne had been associated in the minds of the lower class of Irish Protestants with displays of party, as already mentioned, and there was, no doubt, something imposing in the parade of the processions of these festal days. The congregated masses, as they marched along in holiday attire, each man decked with some distinctive badge, a sash or a cockade of the cherished colour, while the superior officers flaunted in their flowing robes of scarlet, the entire array marshalled in semi-military "rank and file," while drums were beating, fifes discoursing shrilly music, and banners fluttering in the breeze, presented no mean embodiment of all those elements that command the admiration of the multitude. One extraordinary effect of the Revival was, there were none of these Orange displays that year in the North of Ireland. But it deserves to be mentioned, that on the 12th of July some thousands assembled in a field in Kinnego, about seven miles from Armagh, and were, on their own invitation, addressed by the Rev. Henry Evans. Mr. Evans preached from, "Now, thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." The power of God came down upon the assembly, and many were brought to repentance. The service begun that day was continued after. A congregation was formed; soon a building to meet in was erected, and from that beginning results have followed which continue to this day.

Rev. William Magill of Dundrod writes:—"On the morning of the 12th July a deputation, including the master of the 'lodge,' waited on me in the manse,

and requested me to go over to the hall and pray with them, before proceeding to a field at some distance, where they were to meet others, and engage in religious exercises. I soon found myself in strange company, and was put in the honoured seat, and officiated as chaplain to an Orange lodge, reading first their printed prayer (which I must say is a most admirable one), and then knelt down in the midst of the brethren, and many others who came to *see* and *hear this new thing*, and heartily blessed God for His wonderful work, and prayed that the reign of peace on earth and good-will among men might that day be inaugurated and firmly established in the midst of us.

"With Bibles in their hands and peace and good-will in their hearts, with no music playing, no flags flying, and with no jar of whiskey to refresh them on the march, they walked decently and soberly, and in good order, to the field, where many hundreds met them, and joined them in praise and prayer, and other religious exercises. There could not have been a more attentive and serious congregation, and the different parties retired to their respective districts, wondering, as they went, at the strange things they had seen and heard. In the evening about fifteen hundred persons of all denominations met in the open air, where I preached to them, after which all went quietly to their homes; and thus passed the 12th of July, 1859, a day much indeed to be remembered. Here was another glorious triumph—the name of Jesus was exalted above every other name. The name of the 'glorious, pious, and immortal' William was not heard from a single lip; the Pope escaped his usual malediction; the publicans and

sinners bit their lips in disappointment, for their 'occupation' was gone. Satan seemed to have fallen like lightning from heaven, and the Prince of Peace reigned throughout the day. Since then we have had no party strifes, no beating of drums, no 'Punch dances,' no drunken revels, nothing to hurt or annoy the tenderest conscience."

Although this was commonly called the Ulster Revival, its glorious effects were not confined to this province. In the County Longford its presence was manifested, and some in the higher classes of the community felt its gracious influence. In various places there were evidences of an unusual interest in the things of God. Meetings for prayer and fellowship, on a scale unknown before, were held; and in the minds of the Protestant community there was a growing anticipation of better things to come.

In Munster, too, although there was not a plenteous rain, yet drops of the shower fell upon the pastures of the wilderness. In the City of Limerick, in particular, there seemed to be the commencement of a time of hallowed visitation.

In Dublin an evangelical union for prayer, into which the ministers of the Independent and Wesleyan churches cordially entered, was in efficient operation, and the best impression was produced on the public mind by the edifying spectacle. On the second week in January, when the concert for prayer was general, the several congregations, with their pastors, were seen to flow together to one place at special services, and to meet for prayer and praise as one body in Christ. In the Independent chapel there were held nightly and protracted meetings, at which many were

represented to have been brought to the enjoyment of perfect peace. And so this ancient city has opened its gates to that Celestial Visitant who, in whatever heart or home he finds an entrance, brings with him a satisfying and abiding joy.

Are we not warranted in the belief that the light of a better day has dawned upon our country, and that the period is not far distant when the whole land shall be illumined by its hallowed radiance?

From the foregoing account of this glorious visitation we trace some very interesting facts—

1st. That those Presbyterian ministers who were brought under this Divine influence, preached a *full*, *free*, and *unconditional* salvation to every soul of man.

2nd. That they also proclaimed the well-known Methodist doctrine of a *present pardon*, and a *conscious assurance* of acceptance through the blood of Jesus.

3rd. That many of them established class meetings among their people on the model of Methodism.

Professor Gibson states, as the result of the Revival in Ulster, that 10,661 communicants were added to the Presbyterian Church; and the Minutes of the Methodist Conference show that 3,129 members meeting in class were added to the Methodist Church.

Another happy result of the Revival was, that many ministers of the Gospel were raised up. The Armagh Circuit contributed, at that period, to the Irish Methodist Church two "able ministers of the New Testament," who, up to the present, have faith-

fully laboured in the Master's vineyard, viz., Revs. John Carson and Hugh M'Gahie. Since then six preachers have gone from Armagh to America, viz., Revs. William Cooke, George Hare, William Bennett, David M'Cartney, Robert T. M'Nicholl, and John M'Connell—"Workmen that needeth not to be ashamed."

This little Circuit has had the high honour of giving twenty-two to the Methodist ministry, fourteen in addition to the eight already named, viz., Revs. Thomas Ryan, in 1767; Matthew Tobias, in 1791; William Jackson, in 1799; David Waugh, in 1800; Moses Hooks, in 1801; Isaac Phenix, in 1801; John Waugh, in 1808; William Wilson, in 1811;* Henry Reid, 1840 (Canada); John Hazelton, 1844; William Ross, 1848 (United States); James Oliver, 1856; Alexander Fullerton, 1860, and James Fullerton (United States).

In addition to the above TWENTY-TWO given to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, THIRTEEN young men were called from this Circuit to labour in connexion with the Primitive Wesleyans, after the unhappy division of the Church in 1816, whose names are not here recorded. It may be further mentioned, that the Methodists of the City of Armagh gave TEN ministers to the Episcopal Church, who, it is to be hoped, have not forgotten that they are indebted to Methodism for their early Christian training, and

* William Wilson was born in the neighbourhood of Hamiltonsbawn, entered the Methodist ministry in 1811, and was sent as a missionary to the West Indies, where he laboured successfully for many years. On his return, in 1819, he was nominated to the Tandragee Circuit, but caught fever on his way from the Conference and died. His remains are buried in Mullabrack graveyard.

very probably to the prayers of their pious parents, "who have passed into the skies," for their present important positions:—Revs. Thomas Mills, A.M., Dublin; Lewis Mills, LL.D., Creggan (died since second edition was published); Samuel Mills, A.M., England; Walter Riddall, A.M., Belfast; E. P. Riddall, A.M., Mentone; William Anderson, A.M., Bath; Samuel Anderson, A.B., Belfast;* John Wilson, A.M., England; Wm. Parkinson, A.M., Killough; William Keys, A.M., England. The last named but one is dead; all the others are living and in active work.

In speaking of the sons of Armagh Methodists being now ministers in the Episcopal Church, I should explain that some of the parents were Wesleyans and some were Primitives so-called, but originally they were all one body. The division took place in 1816, and they re-united in 1878, "Sorrowing most of all that they ever separated." The benefit which all the Protestant Churches have derived from Methodism, directly or indirectly, is incalculable, and shall not be fully known until the day when the Lord maketh up his jewels. As a further example of the good done to other churches, it may be mentioned that the author had a letter from a dear friend, after having lost sight of him for thirty years, and who is now the honoured minister of an important Presbyterian church in America, in which he writes—

"Years long ago you and I were very blessedly known to each other in Markethill, when you were superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School and I a pretty regular scholar. But I want to gladden

* Rev. Samuel Anderson died last year at Belfast.

your heart by telling you of a circumstance which occurred in your school. You had asked all the scholars to hunt through the Word of God for passages relating to the Holy Spirit, and I remember well that on the following Sunday I read out in your hearing Romans 8th chapter and 16th verse.

"The Lord was pleased to make the never-to-be-forgotten instructions which were imparted to me in your school operate on my conscience and heart. I was brought under the most intense conviction of sin; but the moment of deliverance came with the rapidity of lightning, and the joy and ecstasy were most marvellous. Oh, 'twas glory! Oh, 'twas glory! Well, the one passage—that which, as a little boy, on that far off Sunday afternoon I had quoted to you in the little Methodist church—was the means, under God, of leading me to Christ.

"Glorious, blessed day! a day singled out of time, and marked for bliss; a day, the result of which will be realized when we meet together in that blessed and upper world, where we shall all bear the image of our Saviour, and sing His praises throughout eternity.

"I am now a preacher in the Presbyterian Church, and persons often say, 'You ought to be in the Methodist Church;' but I reply, 'No! I am more needed where I am.'

"I shall never forget the blessed Christmas mornings when we marched, singing, through the streets of Markethill, before daylight, always starting from your most hospitable dwelling after a cup of delicious coffee, &c., given from the hand of your most kind and amiable companion, Mrs. Lynn. God bless you, and may the crowning day, which is fast approaching,

present to your enraptured sight multitudes of young men, who, like myself, shall joyfully point to you as their spiritual father.—Amen and amen."

Bearing upon this subject we may be allowed to quote an extract from a speech delivered by the Rev. William Arthur at a Methodist Jubilee Meeting, held in Liverpool in 1863. He said—" Among the Conferences, out of England, is one that I love better than all the rest—my own Conference, the Irish one. I do not know, in the history of the Church of God, a more striking case than that little Irish Connexion. It never has numbered much more than twenty thousand, yet I defy you to place your foot in any Colony of the British empire where you will not find a convert of that little Church. I defy you to go into any of the States of North America without finding them. Professor Allison of New York, told me that at a Conference consisting of, say a hundred ministers, when Doctor Robinson Scott came in, ten preachers declared themselves converts of the Irish Church, and four the spiritual sons of Doctor Scott himself. Oh, Sir, I love that little Church, and I have reason to love her. Though kept weak by a continual drain, she has contributed to the strength of every flourishing stem in our Methodist plantations. Many churches, even in rich England, count her converts among their officers. Every church in Canada and America, most in Australia, do the same. She has yielded more ministers than any Church of similar size in the world; more of her sons, in proportion, are this day preaching Christ, and in more various spheres. And not a few of those sons have been signal gifts from God. While an interchange of ministers with Eng-

land continued, in about the first thirty years from Mr. Wesley's death the chair of the Conference was filled by them eight several times. Her destiny has been not to grow timber, but to give off fruit. She has not been as one of our English chestnuts, a tree of soaring bulk, splendid leafage, and showy flowers. She is a vine, with thin and attenuated stem, little and weak, and inviting support; but her branches of fruit have ripened rarely, and there is no Methodist banqueting-house where her grapes and her wine do not heighten the feast."

In 1865, before the present Burial Act was passed, when the Rev. Edward Best was stationed upon this Circuit, a member of his congregation—the late Mr. James Loney, of Rich-hill—whose name has been already mentioned, died; and Mr. Best applied to the rector of the parish, Rev. James Jones, for permission to conduct the funeral service in the church graveyard, where the Loney family have a plot of ground. This was at once curtly refused. Then Mr. Best performed the service on the public road opposite the graveyard, and served a notice on Mr. Jones, calling upon him to furnish his reasons to him (Mr. Best) according to Act of Parliament, for such refusal, and at the same time, to send a correct copy to the Primate, who was bound to forward it to the Lord Lieutenant.

Shortly after, the Government ordered an enquiry into all such cases in Ireland, and Mr. Best's case came up for consideration: the result was, that the Parliament immediately passed the present Act (31 & 32 Vic., Cap. 103,) in July, 1868, to relieve Dissenters; and as soon as the Act was published, Mr.

Best sent a copy by post to Rector Jones, which he politely acknowledged. The writer is satisfied that Mr. Best's case was "the last straw which broke the camel's back."

As the barn at Killylea was not always available, the friends resolved to build a chapel in the village. Application was made to the landlord, who kindly promised ground, and directed his agent to accompany the writer to make the selection of an appropriate spot. This was accordingly done; but on applying for a lease before beginning to build, it was discovered that some unfriendly hand had interfered, and the lease was refused.

The friends were now completely shut out, until about two years after, in the good providence of God, a large house in the village, which was held by lease for ever, at a low rent, was offered to the writer, which he at once purchased, and had converted into a comfortable chapel, with accommodation for a sexton, and room for a Sunday School. The friends afterwards, assisted by an Armagh friend, raised the purchase-money, and they now worship "under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to make them afraid."

To return to the city. During the Revival season the members of the Society were largely blessed. All felt their love quickened and their faith confirmed, and had the happiness of seeing many that were heedless and some who were opposers of religion, succumbing to the power of Gospel truth, and finding peace through believing on the Lord Jesus. The gracious influence was not by any means confined to adults; but, as already stated, it pervaded the Sunday

School. The great majority of the children were deeply and seriously impressed, and among them there was held a series of prayer-meetings, which for solemn earnestness and depth of emotion, surpassed almost any that it has been our lot to witness. Several of those who shared in the influences of this remarkable and blessed season are now members of society, walking blamelessly before men, and affording practical proof of the adaptation of the religion of Jesus to persons of every age and condition: while some have gone triumphantly home "to be for ever with the Lord."

Children are very observant, and don't generally get credit for the amount of intelligence and foresight which many of them manifest. A very quaint observation was made by a little boy coming home from a Revival service where he had been blessed. "Father," said he, "I knew that Jemmy," alluding to a neighbour who went up to the penitent form to be prayed for, "would not get the blessing this evening." "Why?" said the father. "Because," replied the boy, "he kneeled only upon one knee."

In 1862, owing to the increase of the congregation, it was found necessary to enlarge the Church at Armagh. This was done by putting up extensive galleries, at a cost of £563; and in 1882, another enlargement, in consequence of the union of the two Methodist Churches, was demanded, which was carried out at an expenditure of £135, all of which money was cheerfully contributed by the friends, and the house of God left free of debt.

Early in January, 1878, the Rev. Edward Hazelton of the Tandragee Circuit, came by request to

Armagh, to hold a week of special services. The church was soon well filled, and deep impressions were made upon many hearts. In a word, a general awakening took place, so that instead of a week, he was constrained to remain for the entire month, and part of the next. Old believers were quickened; the lukewarm were stirred up; and a large number of young men and young women were converted. The effect of that happy work still remains, and as a result a third enlargement of the church is in contemplation.

On the 18th February, 1883, special services were commenced in the Abbey Street Church. They were previously well published through the city by circulars and a fine band of tract distributors. The ministers of the Circuit, Revs. Henry Ball and James Harpur, organized a systematic plan of visiting the lanes and alleys of the town, and were ably assisted by Rev. William Harpur of Portadown, and Rev. Robert Butler of Charlemont. The church from the beginning was well filled every night, the communion rails soon became crowded with anxious enquirers, and many in the pews were anxiously seeking mercy. It was a glorious time. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and many passed "from bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God." These meetings continued without interruption for five weeks, and at the close it was firmly believed that there was not an unconverted member in the congregation. Moreover, many from other churches in the city had their souls blessed during these services.

GREAT TEMPERANCE JUBILEE IN ARMAGH.

THE following account of the Jubilee Meeting, already alluded to, is copied from the *Armagh Guardian* of 12th October, 1883:—

At any time the mere announcement, in Armagh, that a meeting was about to be held for the purpose of doing honour to our esteemed fellow-citizen, Surgeon-Major Lynn, M.D., would have been sufficient to bring a large gathering of the most respectable of our townspeople together; but when such an announcement was made, as that "A Special Meeting of the Methodist Total Abstinence Society" would be held on last Monday evening, the object being "to present an address to Surgeon-Major Lynn on the completion of his fifty years' connexion with the Temperance Movement," it is no wonder that the spacious Methodist Chapel in Abbey Street was filled to overflowing, not only with the members of the Church and the Society, but also by many of the leading people of kindred societies and Protestant churches. It was our pleasurable lot to be present on the auspicious occasion, and we can safely say that a more agreeable, interesting, and enjoyable meeting we do not remember ever having attended. Doctor Lynn's life has been spent in doing good. When he first came to Armagh he found the Methodist Society pecuniarily embarrassed, and he immediately proceeded to collect subscriptions to relieve its then indebtedness, himself heading the list with a

munificent donation; and the result in a short time was, that the entire debt was paid off and the chapel enlarged and substantially repaired. Thus the Doctor continued almost daily, in a quiet and unostentatious way, doing good and showing his faith by his works. Some years ago the Doctor, seeing the necessity of such, initiated a Sustentation Fund, and quietly calling a meeting of the friends of the Church together, such meeting being held in the Doctor's own house, he there propounded a scheme for such, and headed the list with the munificent subscription of £300, the interest on the total amount being now applied in assisting in meeting the expenses of the Circuit. He has been a large subscriber to the Orphan, Thanksgiving, and Guarantee Funds, and for the many funds in connexion with Methodism his purse has been ever open, and that not with a niggard hand, but as a good and faithful steward over the temporal blessings that his Master has so abundantly bestowed upon him. We feel that we cannot let this opportunity pass without commending Doctor Lynn's bright example to many amongst our community who are similarly circumstanced in temporal blessings, and who, if they follow in his steps, may rest assured that in their old age they will feel and find themselves more than gainers. We can only say to all, "Go thou and do likewise."

Shortly after eight o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. George Robinson, the senior minister of the Church, when the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. James Harpur, the junior minister, and the singing of a hymn by the choir; Miss Reilly ably presiding at the harmonium.

The CHAIRMAN then stated the object of the meeting, and gave statistics from the published reports of the Methodist Church throughout Great Britain and Ireland, showing the great progress of the Temperance Movement. On referring to Doctor Lynn, he commended his life to the young people present as an example that they should endeavour to follow, and pointed out to the immense audience some of the traits in the Doctor's character that so elevated him in his present enviable position in society, and fervently hoped that many would follow in the Doctor's noble and Christian footprints.

After the rendering of another hymn by the choir, the Rev. Chairman called on

Mr. ISAAC SAMUEL SKELLY, the Honorary Secretary, to read the Address, which was beautifully illuminated by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., and does credit to that eminent firm; and which, with the Doctor's reply, will be found in another column.

DOCTOR LYNN, on rising, was received with much applause. He said, evidently under deep emotion,—Mr. Chairman, when I heard of this very unexpected kindness on the part of my dear friends, I was quite taken by surprise, and at the same time filled with gratitude; for, next to the approval of my Heavenly Father, I value and esteem the love and regard of my Christian brothers and sisters. However, on the present occasion, in the presence of such a large assembly of sympathising friends, I feel unable to give utterance to the feelings of my heart, and must therefore content myself with reading my reply to the very flattering address that I have just received.

The Rev. JEREMIAH WILSON next addressed the meeting as follows. He said—Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends, it gives me great pleasure to be present and say a few words at this meeting. I have known Dr. Lynn for forty-six years. In 1837, on my journey from the Conference, I called at Moira to stop for the night, and a kind friend asked me to preach. I did so, and next morning was preparing to leave, when the minister in charge called to see me, and said, You cannot go to-day, two or three persons have been in to inquire what they must do to be saved, and one has an impression if you stay for this night she will obtain peace. I remained, and according to her faith it was done unto her. I remained from Monday till Friday, preaching every night; by that time forty persons professed to have received the saving grace of Christ. One of the forty was a backslider, who had fallen by strong drink, and another became a minister in the New Connexion Methodists. On the Friday, Dr. Lynn joined us, and his zeal and earnestness and sympathy with the penitents so impressed me that I never forgot him, and I have ever since been glad to meet him, and to hear of his successful labours in the cause of Christ. And I may say truly, my acquaintance with him and my high appreciation of his worth led me to come to reside in Armagh. Dr. Lynn has been not only an ardent worker in the Temperance cause, but he had a heart "ready for every good work," having filled the office of class-leader, prayer-leader, and also supplying the pulpit occasionally when the minister was absent. He also filled the highest offices of trust in the Church. But this evening we have chiefly to speak of his work in

the Temperance cause. To promote the success of this enterprise his efforts were ardent and untiring. St. James says, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins;" and who can tell the multitude of sins that have been hidden by the successful efforts of our respected friend, Dr. Lynn. Eternity alone will reveal it. Souls may also have been saved from death, or grant that persons may be saved from drunkenness who have not received a saving interest in Christ; but forsaking sin is essential to a saving faith. The wicked must forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, before the Lord has mercy upon him and abundantly pardons him. If we regard iniquity in our hearts, we read that God will not hear us. Giving up drunkenness is therefore indispensable in the seeking of salvation. I owe Dr. Lynn a debt of personal gratitude and affection, and I pray that God may long spare him to be a benefactor to man and a pillar in our Church—as he has been in the past—and may he see the Temperance work increasingly successful.

The Misses Minnie and Annie Reilly having beautifully rendered a duet, which was highly applauded,

Mr. Samuel M. Steel was next called on, and said he felt highly honoured in having been called upon to address such an assembly, and especially so on such an occasion as the present. They had met there that evening to do honour to one to whom honour was due. (Applause.) As a veteran Temperance reformer, a tried and loving superintendent of Sabbath Schools, and a local preacher and class-

leader, Dr. Lynn was endeared to them all, and would be long remembered. When the Doctor took up his residence at first at Markethill, he set himself with a willing heart to improve the Methodist Society there, and in this good work he wonderfully succeeded. At the time he referred to, the Doctor might be seen on Christmas mornings, as early as five o'clock, with a lantern in his hand, wending his way through the streets towards the chapel, giving out hymns, and followed by a large crowd singing praises to God. When the Doctor came to reside in Armagh, he found the approach to the chapel much interfered with by a number of mud cabins, and these he succeeded in purchasing, at a considerable cost, and removing, heading the subscription list himself by the munificent sum of £200. Further, chiefly through the Doctor's exertions, the handsome school-house adjoining was built at a cost of £1,000; the late Lord Primate subscribing £140, in consideration of the improvement of the approach to the cathedral; and the Toll Committee giving £75, in consequence of the widening of Abbey Street. Doctor Lynn has always been foremost in every good word and work, and ever zealous in promoting the kingdom of his Lord. After some further remarks, Mr. Steel personally thanked the Doctor for the benefits he had received by his kindness and anxiety respecting his attendance at Sunday School during the years of his (the speaker's) boyhood, and resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. R. Gillespie said it was hardly worth while for him to leave his seat on the gallery and come to the platform for all he had got to say, and only for

the very exceptional circumstances under which they were assembled, he would not have been at the meeting, as, owing to a severe cold, he thought his bed would be the best place for him. It was said by some one, that "first impressions of *men* were generally correct, of *things* incorrect." Whether it was a truism or not he would not pretend to say, but, so far as the intimacy between Dr. Lynn and himself had extended, he could say, with all his heart, it was correct. It was somewhat over twenty years since he was introduced to Dr. Lynn, and the impressions he then formed were, "There is a man I can trust, and confidence reposed in him will not be misplaced." Now, after the lapse of twenty years, he could to-night say that, after the roll of years and the flight of time, that confidence and trust have been strengthened rather than diminished. There are some persons in life who live, or pretend to live, a principle for an object, but that object is self. He might name men, and many of them occupying more exalted positions than any here to-night, whose life-work has been to live the life that would most exalt their own position, having no regard to the interests of their fellow-mortals. Not so Dr. Lynn, as the testimony of this crowded assembly amply proves. This assembly, he was proud to say, had met not only for the purpose of congratulating Dr. Lynn on his attaining his fiftieth year as a total abstainer, but also unitedly to thank a kind Providence for prolonging his valuable life to the Church and to the world, to the present time. There are very few here to-night who can lay the left hand on the year 1833, and the right on 1883. How their minds, if any such there are, must be

influenced on recounting the several important events which have occurred during the past fifty years. And when we come to think of the progress of the Gospel, science, education, and other social reforms, we would be tempted to linger and renew, by rehearsal, our acquaintance with them. But we are reminded that to-night we are assembled to honour a Temperance reformer, one who has stood by his colours for over half a century, and we have to glance at the progress of the movement during that period. In doing so he might say that the marked progress of the movement is seen nowhere more manifest than in the stand the clergy of all denominations have taken in the matter. Why, fifty years ago it was the exception to find a minister a total abstainer; now it is the exception to find one who is not. This fact, taken together with the formation of Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, Blue Ribbon, Good Templars, and other organizations of like nature, speaks well for the triumph of temperance principles in the future. Then we have a hopeful sign in the interest taken in the matter by our representatives in Parliament. We have got partial Sunday Closing, which we hope, in the next session of Parliament, to be extended to the five exempted towns. Then we have the principle of Sir Wilfred Lawson's Local Option Bill accepted by substantial majorities during the past two sessions in the House of Commons: so that looking at the progress of the movement in every department, I think Dr. Lynn has good reason to be proud of the position the movement has assumed and the steady progress it has made during the past fifty years. And now, as the Doctor has got on the shady

side of the hill of life, his looking back over the past must be a cause of thankfulness to him to see the progress of this and other good objects with which he has been connected, and he was sure that he not only spoke the mind of his fellow-worshippers in connexion with Methodism, but the entire Christian population of all the Churches, when he said there is often breathed the prayer that Doctor Lynn may be long spared to the Church and the world, and that when the evening time of life comes it may be still brighter by the presence and consolation of the Master. Mr. Gillespie conclnded amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience.

The Chairman next called on

The Rev. John Elliott (Presbyterian minister), who, on coming forward, was received with marked applause. He said that he might call himself an intruder in this large family party. (Cries of no, no.) He did not quite mean as an intruder in the common acceptation of the word, but rather as an outsider, as being belonging to another section of the Church. However, on this occasion, as Dr. Lynn was the father of the great Temperance movement in this county, and as he commenced his successful medical career as an assistant to his own father-in-law, Dr. Trimble, he felt that he could not remain away. The speaker continued a very happy address on the general subject before the meeting, and was throughout listened to with marked attention.

The Choir having sung another hymn, the Chairman called on

Mr. Robert Small of Markethill, who said that, having heard of this meeting being about to take

place, he and a few others came in from Markethill, as a proof of their sympathy, and to let them know that some of those who became members of the Temperance Society in Markethill, originated by Dr. Lynn fifty years ago, were still living, and have been throughout that period true to their principles. Some old men, to whom he had been speaking, remembered that about eleven hundred members had been enrolled in that Society. In Markethill they also had at present a Blue Ribbon Army, which was daily increasing in numbers and usefulness. Mr. Small having made some other appropriate remarks, resumed his seat amidst applause.

After another hymn being sung,

Mr. B. P. Davison addressed the meeting, and referred to his long intimacy with Doctor Lynn, and passed him a high compliment for the manner in which he had always supported the causes of Methodism and Temperance.

Rev. James Harpur next addressed those present in his wonted able and lucid manner, and having referred in eulogistic terms to Dr. Lynn, he remarked how pleased he was to see so many of the military present. He had been informed that upwards of sixty of the non-commissioned officers and men stationed in Armagh had recently become total abstainers. He next referred to the Egyptian Campaign, and gave a vivid description of the famous march through the desert, and the attack on Tel-el-Kebir. He was proud to say that they had amongst them that evening several representatives of the men who were foremost in that gallant attack, he alluded to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. (Great applause.) The Rev.

speaker having made some further remarks respecting the yet greater attack that they were engaged in, in their contest with the drinking habits of the people, complimented Dr. Lynn on his Jubilee, and resumed his seat with applause from all present.

This happy meeting was then concluded at about ten o'clock, by the singing of another hymn by the Choir, and prayer by the Rev. Chairman.

ADDRESS

TO

SURGEON-MAJOR JOSEPH M. LYNN, M.D.,

FROM

THE ARMAGH METHODIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—We embrace the opportunity afforded us of your having just completed the Fiftieth Year of your connexion with the Temperance movement to offer you our hearty congratulations.

On the 7th of October, 1833, when the drinking customs of society prevailed to an alarming extent, and the outlook was gloomy in the extreme, you pledged yourself to a righteous crusade against the giant evil of drunkenness, and formed, at Markethill, the first Temperance Society in the County Armagh.

Ever since you have been an earnest and consistent advocate of that cause which you so early espoused, and have seen thousands enrolled in the great Temperance Army, and many led thereby to the knowledge of the Saviour, in whose vineyard you

have laboured with untiring zeal, and of whose Church you have been an honoured member.

We hail you as a Pioneer and Veteran of the Temperance Reformation, and desire to express our thankfulness to Almighty God for having blessed you abundantly, and spared your useful life to the present.

We beg your acceptance of this Address as an expression of our esteem and love, and pray that God may long spare you, and make you increasingly useful in the Church and in the world.

Signed on behalf of the Society,

GEORGE ROBINSON, *President.*
I. SAMUEL SKELLY, *Secretary.*

ARMAGH, *8th October, 1883.*

REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is impossible for me to find language to express the gratitude I feel in receiving such cheering words and kind congratulations from those who know me best, and with whom I have oft taken "sweet counsel and walked unto the house of God in company;" but your affectionate partiality has led you to give too high a colouring to my poor imperfect labours.

While inexpressibly thankful to you, my esteemed brothers and sisters in the Lord, for this most acceptable manifestation of your esteem and regard, I ought, above all, to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to the guiding hand of my Heavenly Father, by whose mercy and protecting care I have been spared

not only to see the Fiftieth year of my connexion with the Temperance cause, but also at the same time to complete the Seventy-Seventh year of my age.

I am greatly encouraged by witnessing, at present, the rapid spread of Total Abstinence principles, and thankful that I was led in early life to take some humble part in this noble enterprise, through which, during a long life, I have received innumerable blessings.

Let me encourage you, my young friends, to persevere in this grand crusade against the drinking customs of this country, and in due time you shall see our land

"Great, glorious, and free."

Again thanking you for this Address, so flattering in its composition and so beautiful in its execution, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your much obliged and faithful friend,

J. M. LYNN.

ARMAGH, *October 8th, 1883.*

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1884, the Armagh Circuit lost one of its best and most faithful members, and the writer suffered the heaviest affliction which ever befell him, by the death of his dearly-beloved wife—the choice of his youth, the faithful companion of his more mature years, and the solace of his declining days—after a loving union of nearly fifty years. The particulars of this sad bereavement will be found annexed, copied from the *Irish Christian Advocate* of the 18th of July, 1884.

In Memoriam.

DEATH OF MRS. LYNN OF ARMAGH.

The removal from our midst of one who has long been a steady and consistent Christian, although undemonstrative, must be deeply felt, especially in the family circle where her graces alone shone out in kindness, tenderness, and love.

Mrs. Lynn was born on the 4th December, 1809, and was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. George Chapman of Tromra, near Moira, a Patriarchal Methodist of the old school, whose house and heart and hand were ever open to every man who "feared God and wrought righteousness." Brought up under such a pious parent, and mingling with the truly good who frequented her father's house, and shared in his hospitality, it is not to be wondered that she was early converted to God: nor that after her conversion she became a steady follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, "renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and never turned back again to trifling, lightness, or folly. In 1835 she was happily united in marriage to Doctor Lynn, who then resided at Markethill, where she soon made herself useful as an earnest member of the new Methodist congregation in the town, and in assisting to organize a Sabbath School in connexion with the Methodist chapel just erected. The school commenced with eight children, and when she left the village in 1854, it had an average attendance of 200 scholars every Sunday. It was in

connexion with this school that the first Sunday School excursion in Ireland took place, which has since become such an institution in this country.

Not only did she assist in the Sabbath School, but with much zeal she visited the poor and contributed freely to their necessities. No one who witnessed her exertions and self-denying labours during the famine in the year 1847, will ever forget the efforts she made on behalf of the starving people.

On taking up her residence in Armagh, in 1856, she at once identified herself with the Sabbath School, which was then held in the Methodist chapel, the attendance amounting to an average of only about seventy on each Sabbath, but owing to the blessing of God upon great attention and fostering care, the numbers increased rapidly, so that in 1859, the present large school-house had to be erected, wherein now about 350 children assemble every Sabbath.

She greatly enjoyed the privilege of entertaining the ministers of the Gospel, and good men of all denominations, for like her father, she "was ever a lover of good men." Many of those who partook of her hospitality on earth have, ere this, joyfully greeted her upon the heavenly shore.

Some years ago rheumatic disease attacked her heart, which caused her to forego her loved employ, but she encouraged her husband and nieces to persevere in the good work, a work which has been greatly owned of God.

Having no children of her own, she became a loving mother to more than one orphan family, and these have now risen up "and called her blessed." Her long life has been characterized by great humility

and unobtrusiveness, together with an utter absence of all selfishness; her only study seemed to be for the comfort and happiness of others.

Solomon's description of the virtuous woman was peculiarly applicable, "Her price is above rubies, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." For the past year her bodily infirmities increased so much as to prevent her the enjoyment of the sanctuary. However she was a great reader, a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, and a lover of religious poetry. In addition to Wesley's hymns, she took delight in the scriptural hymns of the sainted Miss Havergal. Often has she cheered "the dark and silent night," when all the household were at rest, by repeating—

> "I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
> Trusting only Thee,
> Trusting Thee for full salvation,
> Great and free," &c.

A few nights before her death she repeated, with deep feeling—

> "O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
> My sins are swallowed up in thee!
> Covered is my unrighteousness,
> Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
> While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
> Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

The perusal of the Life and Letters of the late heavenly-minded Miss Lutton, whom she knew well and loved much, was a great comfort in her affliction.

At length her strength became exhausted, so that she spent most of her time in bed. Two days before

her death she ventured downstairs, and after a few hours' rest, assisted by a loving niece, she reached her bedroom for the last time. At half-past one o'clock, a.m., on the 4th instant, she complained to her husband of a great increase of weakness, but said she was "relying alone on the merits of Christ." He gave her some medicine which she had been in the habit of using for many years, but it had little effect. As the weakness continued to increase, he called her nieces and raised the servants; then he sent for the Rev. George Robinson, her minister, who arrived a quarter before seven, and while all were kneeling around her bed, her right hand in the hand of her husband, and her left hand in the hand of her loving niece, and while Mr. Robinson was engaged in commending her soul to God, she gently passed away, without a sigh or a groan, to see the beatific vision, and be for ever with the Lord.

> "A soul prepared needs no delays;
> The summons comes, the saint obeys:
> Swift was her flight, and short the road;
> She closed her eyes, and woke with God."

ARMAGH, *July 7th, 1884.*

THE FUNERAL

Took place on Monday, and was largely attended, testifying to the esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The remains were removed for interment in the family burying-ground, Glasslough churchyard. The coffin was of polished oak, brass mounted, and bore the following inscription:

ANNE J. LYNN,
Died 4th July, 1884,
Aged 73 Years.

Some beautiful wreathes of *immortelles* were placed on the lid of the coffin.

The chief mourners were—Surgeon-Major Lynn, M.D.; Messrs. James Carter, Joseph Carter, Robert Jones, Dr. Kevin, and Rev. E. Hazelton (nephews).

Among the large concourse of people present at the funeral, and who represented the respectable citizenship of Armagh, we noticed the following:—Rev. Dr. Chadwick, Rev. Dr. Smyth, Rev. George Robinson, Rev. James Harpur, R. G. M'Crum, Esq., J.P.; Hugh Boyle, Esq., J.P.; Dr. Lavery, J.P.; Colonel Beresford, Colonel Stanley, and Messrs. J. S. Riggs, James Gardner, J. Whimster, William Best, James Best, Robert Gillespie; Dr. Pratt, Markethill; David Gillespie, Joseph Gillespie, W. W. Paul, Portadown; William A. Simpson, William Bright, G. Bright, Samuel Williamson, James Irwin, W. Carter, J. Nixon, John M'Clelland, H. Reilly, W. C. B. Thompson, W. L. Martin, Ulster Bank; H. G. Leeman, B. P. Davidson, W. R. Ferris, I. S. Skelly, J. Maxwell, D. Fullerton, and Drs. Cuming, Gray, and Palmer, Surgeon Herron, &c.

En-route through the city all the business places were closed for the time, out of respect for the deceased lady, and the blinds were down on the private houses.

At the grave the service was conducted by the Rev. George Robinson, who read the service and delivered an address, and the Rev. Mr. Hazelton of Monaghan offered up prayer.

On the 7th September, 1884, a tent was pitched at Rich-hill by two of the Methodist missionaries, Revs. Robert Collier and John S. M'Dade, to which the people of all creeds and classes flocked every evening, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodists, and even Roman Catholics, forgetting for the time their religious differences, crowded to this place of prayer, and not in vain, for the Spirit from on high fell upon them and many earnestly sought and found mercy.

From that time, for eighteen days, the services continued, and were truly times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Some aged Christians, who had well-nigh ceased to work, were filled with the Holy Ghost, and constrained to buckle on the armour afresh. A few backsliders, who had wandered in darkness for years, sought the Lord earnestly, and got the longed-for joy restored to their souls. Many old sinners, hardened in their crimes, with the very capacity for God and righteousness almost destroyed by neglect, humbled themselves before Jehovah, penitently sought God's converting grace, got their sin-stained souls washed in the blood of the Lamb, and were filled with joy and peace through believing. A large number of promising young people, weary and heavy-laden, came to Jesus for rest, determined to have done with sin, offered themselves just as they were, accepted the promised salvation, and, becoming inhabitants of Zion, literally cried out and shouted the praises of God. And, to crown the whole, some forty boys and girls from the Sunday School —the children of many prayers—were invited to come to the fountain. Accepting the invitation,

came as best they knew how, and "gentle Jesus," as in the days of His flesh, looked upon them in compassion, filled their hearts with His love, put underneath and around them His everlasting arms, and enabled them to sing—

> "I love Jesus! hallelujah!
> I love Jesus! yes, I do;
> I love Jesus! He's my Saviour,
> Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

A rather remarkable feature of this revival is its continuance till the present. Sometimes the work ceases with the series of protracted meetings, but not so in this case; the ordinary services are looked forward to with interest, and at almost every one of them souls are being saved.

Since 1859 there has been nothing seen on this Circuit equal to the present revival.

After the happy series of tent services which were held at Rich-hill, as already mentioned, the work of God spread all over the Circuit. In Lisadian the attendance at the preaching service held in the school-house greatly increased, many young people were savingly converted, and backsliders restored to the favour of God. At Moneycrag the power from on high was present to quicken and to heal, and many were added to the Lord.

To God be all the glory. Amen.

This brief history would be considered imperfect if it did not include something about statistics and finances of this Circuit. It may therefore be observed, with regard to statistics, that there are six

chapels, twenty-nine other preaching places, two ministers, ten local preachers, forty class-leaders, three hundred and twenty-three meeting in class; one thousand attending our ministry every Sabbath, and six hundred attending the week night services.

The following Financial Statement was read by the writer, being the senior Circuit Steward, at the Congregational Soiree held on the 7th of January, 1886:—

RECEIPTS.

Balance in hands of the Stewards of the respective funds at beginning of the year, ...	£32	0	9
Quarterage for the past year, ...	127	4	8
Class Money, ...	3	3	0
Pew Rents in Armagh Chapel only, ...	31	17	6
Sabbath Collections in the various Chapels, ..	83	19	1
Subscriptions, Lectures and Sermons, ...	99	11	2½
Rent from Houses in Armagh and Killylea, ..	15	2	0
Half proceeds of Home Mission Money, ...	30	0	0
Interest from the Sustentation Fund, ...	25	0	0
Total, ...	£447	18	2½

EXPENDITURE.

Stipend of the Superintendent of the Circuit, ..	£150	0	0
Do. of Junior Minister, ...	80	0	0
Applotment for Children, ...	56	0	0
Car Hire to Killylea and Caledon, ...	10	5	4
Tickets and Class Books, ...	2	0	0
Removal Expenses, ...	11	12	0
Gas, Coal, and Coke for Chapel and School-House,	23	8	2½
Rent and Taxes of Chapel and School-House, ..	25	0	0
Salaries of the Sextons of the various Chapels, ..	20	12	0
Hymn Books for use in the Chapel, Armagh, ..	2	13	6
Repairs of Manse, Chapels, and School-House, ..	48	0	0
Insurance of Chapels, Manse, and School-House, .	2	11	0
Balance on hands, ...	15	16	2
Total Circuit Expenditure, ...	£447	18	2½

In addition to the Circuit expenditure, the following sums were paid to the various Connexional Funds:—

Foreign Missions, ...	£150	3	11
Home Missions, in addition to £30 appropriated to the Circuit, ...	48	17	8
General Chapel Fund of Ireland, ...	10	19	10
Auxiliary Fund for Old Ministers and Widows, ..	5	2	6
General Education for all Ireland, ...	10	6	2
Methodist Orphan Fund, ...	41	7	10
Armagh Sabbath Schools, ...	41	9	11
Fund for the Poor Members of Society in Armagh, Rich-hill, and Killylea, ...	18	12	2
	£327	0	0

This £327, added to the £447 18s 2½d raised for our own Circuit expenditure, make a total of £774 18s 2½d contributed by this Circuit during the past year, less by £32 os 9d in the hands of the Stewards at the first of last January. I may mention, in addition, that we have a sustentation fund raised by our people, the interest of which will, we expect, in future amount to fifty pounds a year. It should also be recorded that a lady, who does not wish her name to be mentioned, has invested fifty pounds for the benefit of the Markethill Division of the Circuit. In contrast with all this, we may glance for a moment at the state of matters in 1821, in which year we have the first complete account of the finances of the Circuit. This account is in the writing of the late Mr. John Noble, a man of great zeal and sterling integrity. A marble tablet within these walls, as already mentioned, records his virtues and valuable services. He gives

the total receipts for the Circuit in that year as £84 19s 6d, and the expenditure as £90 17s 9d, leaving a balance due of £5 18s 3d, which, it is believed, he paid out of his pocket, as there is no mention made of it in the following year, thus setting a good example to all future Circuit Stewards, It should be remembered that there were then two preachers, one wife, and four children to be provided for out of that £90 17s 9d!

On taking a review of the events which have transpired on this Circuit in connexion with Methodism since the day that Mr. Harcourt, the then sovereign of this city, prevented Mr. Wesley preaching at the Market-House, down to the present time, there is great cause for adoring gratitude, because of the many manifestations of God's power on behalf of His people; sometimes openly and before the world, as in the case of the Killylea chapel, and still more evidently about the school-house in Abbey Street, the site of which was earnestly sought after for many years by some of the most able and influential inhabitants, even by the Primate's agent, William Paton, Esq., supported by all the power of the Palace, which at that period was all but omnipotent in Armagh; yet Divine Providence reserved the ground for the poor Methodists. At other times God manifested His care for His little flock by whispering in the ear of some would-be persecutor, "Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." The early and

sudden death of a well-known persecutor had, no doubt, a powerful effect in restraining others who would have rejoiced to see Methodism banished from the city.

It fills a reflecting mind with astonishment to see, that if a man be accused of a crime, and that he has any, even the most remote, connexion with Methodism, his religion is at once proclaimed to the world. Such a course is never adopted with persons belonging to other denominations. You never read that such and such a criminal is an Episcopalian, or a Presbyterian, or a Roman Catholic. Some people attribute this to astonishment that a Methodist should do such a thing; but it is evident that the cause lies far deeper down in the depravity of the human heart, which delights to cast a slur upon Methodism. In elucidation, it may be mentioned that during the Fenian rebellion of 1848, the name of a medical student was published in the "Hue and Cry," and although he had no connexion with the Methodist Church, save that he had an uncle residing on this Circuit belonging to that denomination, he was proclaimed before the world as a Methodist. To which may be added the case of a man arrested a few days ago for having written certain Fenian documents, and it was at once published that he was a Methodist. Why should people be so anxious to cast a stone at Methodism? It has never done anything to injure these slanderers. The reason seems to arise from the fact that it has raised a high standard of Christian morality, which puts to shame the workers of iniquity.

Although the Society has had seldom to suffer open persecution, yet some of us can remember a

sample of even that. At the time of the Revival, in 1859, when the friends from Killylea, coming in their carts to the Love-Feast at Armagh and singing a joyful hymn, were hooted and stoned while crossing Irish Street, passing down Ogle Street and along Thomas Street, yes, chased almost to the doors of the Methodist Church, the mob crying, "Lie into the Revivalists; Lie into the Revivalists." John Bunyan, in one of his quaint observations, says, "God sometimes employs the devil's dogs to bark home His sheep." Happy for them if driven nearer to the cross, and "Happier still if they abide close-sheltered in His bleeding side." No doubt the poor Methodists had often to endure "the rich man's scorn and the proud man's contumely," but they, remembering the words of the hymn, pursued the even tenor of their way—

> "Go, labour on, 'tis not for nought,
> Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
> Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
> The Master praises! what are men?"

An American author, the Rev. Dr. Mills, writes—Methodism arose without noble patronage to shine upon it, secular power to defend it, or earthly wealth to diffuse it. It was born in poverty, has lived amid reproach, and advanced in the teeth of opposition. Its own energies have created its resources; its own sons done its work. It has asked nothing from earth, and lacked nothing from heaven. With the pockets of the poor for its treasury, the prayers of its children for its benison, and the blessing of the Lord for its trust, Methodism has gone forth and triumphed in

her mission of mercy to the world. "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel; according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, what hath God wrought."—Num. xxiii. 23.

Another matter worthy of record in this review is, that while the Methodist Church shared in the common mortality incident to life, there have been almost no deaths among those in the prime of life during the past fifty years. All our people, with a few exceptions, died in a good old age, leaving behind them a cheering testimony of God's power to save unto the uttermost and unto the end. Moreover, no Methodist minister ever died in this town, except one worthy, worn-out supernumerary. To this it may be added, that the two oldest members of the Conference were stationed on this Circuit. The venerable R. T. Tracey, now in his 96th year, spent the third year of his itinerancy, in 1819, in Armagh; and the well-beloved James B. Gillman commenced his ministry here in 1823.

Finally, let all the lovers of Zion earnestly "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."—Psalm cxxii. 6—8.

MINISTERS STATIONED ON THE ARMAGH CIRCUIT

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.

1767. Thomas Ryan, John Smith, John Morgan, and Thomas Halliday.
1768. Christopher Watkins, Hugh Saunderson, and Richard Steel.
1769. Wm. Collins, J. Duncan, and J. M'Neese.
1770. Francis Wrigley and John Smith.
1771. Thomas Wride and N. Price.
1772. Richard Whatcot and John Wittam.
1773. B. Thomas, T. Payne, and J. Watson, Jun.
1774. John Pritchard and John Whitley.
1775. J. Slocomb, R. Dall, and J. M'Burney.
1776. John and Jeremiah Breetle, and R. Davis.
1777. T. Halliday, G. Brown, and H. Moore.
1778. Peter Mill, Andrew Blair, and Wm. Gill.
1779. ,, J. Hern, and T. Davis.
*1780. H. Moore, R. Blake, and N. Ward.
1781. H. Foster, Wm. M'Cornock, and J. Davis.
1782. Thomas Barber, J. Livermore, and J. Kerr.
1783. ,, J. Christie, and J. Rennick.
1784. J. Crook, J. Mayly, and Walter Griffith.
1785. ,, J. Millar, and J. M'Donald.
1786. Hugh Moore and Gustavus Armstrong.
1787. S. Bates and J. Collins.
1788. J. Crook and D. Barrowclough.
1789. ,, and James M'Mullen.

* In 1780 Charlemont was made the head of the Circuit, and it was called the Charlemont Circuit until 1810.

1790. J. Dinnen, J. Malcolmson, and Samuel Bates, supernumerary.
1791. J. Dinnen, G. Armstrong, and Samuel Bates, supernumerary.
1792. D. Barrowclough, J. M'Farland, M. Dice, and Samuel Bates, supernumerary.
1793. D. Barrowclough, T. Brown, and S. Alcorn.
1794. A. Hamilton, Sen., T. Brown, Joseph Anderson, and J. Miller, supernumerary.
1795. A. Hamilton, Sen., J. M'Arthur, and J. M'Kee.
1796. A. Hamilton, Sen., and J. M'Kee.
1797. J. Crook, J. Grace, and A. Hamilton, Sen., supernumerary.
1798. J. Grace, James Carter, and T. Brown, supernumerary.
1799. Thomas Ridgeway and T. Brown.
1800. D. M'Mullen, and A. Sturgeon.
1801. ,, ,,
1802. Thomas Ridgeway and Daniel Pedlow.
1803. William Hamilton and James M'Cutcheon.
1804. T. Davis and James Carter.
1805. James Carter and R. Strong.
1806. James Jordan and W. Armstrong.
1807. ,, and William Kidd.
1808. Matthew Lanktree and William Kidd.
1809. ,, A. Campbell, and R. Price.
*1810. ,, and Samuel Harpur.
1811. James M'Keown and J. C. Pratt.
1812. ,, and John Nelson.

* In 1810 Armagh again became the head of a Circuit, and so continues to the present day.

1813. Robert Crozier and Thomas Waugh.
1814. ,, and Samuel Downing.
1815. Samuel Steele and R. Cranston.
1816. ,, ,,
1817. A. Murdock and William Pollock.
1818. ,, and E. Cobain.
1819. John Nelson and R. T. Tracey. John Price, superannuated.
1820. John Nelson and J. Armstrong.
1821. Daniel Pedlow and J. Armstrong.
1822. R. Cranston and M. Lanktree, Jun.
1823. William Armstrong and James B. Gillman.
1824. ,, and R. Beauchamp.
1825. Samuel Harpur and Henry Price.
1826. ,, ,,
1827. James Rutledge and J. Greer.
1828. ,, and T. Meredith.
1829. Wm. Keys and E. Harpur.
1830. ,, and W. Burnside.
1831. ,, and Wm. Cather.
1832. John Holmes and Samuel Jones, A.M.
1833. ,, ,,
1834. John Greer and John Liddy.
1835. R. Jessop and Armstrong Halliday.
1836. ,, and James Murdoch.
1837. ,, and R. Hamilton.
1838. James Patterson and James Kennedy.
1839. ,, and John Boyd.
1840. ,, and Robert G. Jones.
1841. John Holmes, and R. G. Jones.
1842. ,, and Gibson M'Millen.
1843. ,, and J. K. Johnston, A.B.
1844. George Grant and J. K. Johnston, A.B.

1845. George Grant and Fred. Stephens.
1846. John Harrington and John Hazelton.
1847. Thomas Meredith and John Bagley.
1848. ,, and George Magee.
1849. R. T. Tracey and Alexander Twiss.
1850. ,, and Edward Best.
1851. R. H. Lindsay and R. Hazelton.
1852. Thomas Ballard and Edward Best.
1853. ,, and J. W. Ballard.
1854. ,, ,,
1855. John Hughes and John Wilson.
1856. ,, and Fred. Douglas.
1857. Robert Huston and G. W. Patchell.
1858. ,, ,,
1859. ,, and Henry Evans.
1860. James Donnelly and Henry Evans.
1861. ,, and Charles Robertson.
1862. ,, ,,
1863. Edward Best and George G. Ballard.
1864. ,, and James B. Atkins.
1865. ,, ,,
1866. Frederick Elliott and William R. Starkey.
1867. ,, ,,
1868. ,, ,,
1869. Andrew Armstrong and Hugh T. Roulston.
1870. ,, ,,
1871. ,, and Edward De Courcy.
1872. John W. Jones and Richard Cole.
1873. ,, ,,
1874. ,, and Robert J. Ballard, A.B.
1875. Edward Guard and Robert G. Roberts.
1876. ,, and Thomas Rothwell.
1877. ,, and John W. A. M'William.

1878. Charles Baskin and John W. A. M'William.
1879. ,, and Edward Hazelton.
1880. Charles Baskin and Edward Hazelton.
1881. George Robinson and ,,
1882. ,, and James Harpur.
1883. ,, ,,
1884. Henry Ball and ,,
1885. ,, and James D. Foster, A.M.
1886. ,, ,,
1887.
1888.
1889.
1890.

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Davidson. John Gf. Appendix.

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APPENDIX.

To be read in connexion with page 26.

In the first edition of this book, which was published in 1861, the following interesting reference was made to one of the oldest and most respectable families connected with the Armagh Methodist Church; but, by some unaccountable oversight, it was left out of its proper place in the present edition, which the Author deeply regrets :—

"One of the most prominent and useful men in the erection of this chapel, when Methodism in Armagh had but few influential friends, was Mr. John Davidson, a man of sterling worth, who, by supplying materials, and by his own artistic skill, rendered most efficient aid in the work. In connexion with this chapel a protecting wall and iron gate were erected in front, and the Chapel Steward, Mr. Alexander Patterson, to whom reference shall again be made, has the following rather racy entry in the Circuit Book :—'Gave the blackguards that hung the gate sixpence to get drink.'

"John Davidson, Esq., Junior, son of the above-named, nobly followed the parental example in every good word and work, and to him the writer is indebted for many of the particulars contained in this history. This gentleman received a liberal education, was a

great reader, and became possessed of extensive information. In consequence of papers which he supplied to the Royal Irish Academy, he was elected a member of that learned Society. He had a select library of theological works, especially rich in Methodistic lore, together with a large collection of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors, to which the ministers on the Circuit had always welcome access.

"Moreover, he was a man of great benevolence and hospitality, and delighted in having the opportunity, on missionary anniversaries, to entertain such good men as Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, Rev. Mr. Squance, Rev. Mr. Grindrod, Rev. John Farrar, &c. &c. The Author had the pleasure on some such occasions to meet some of these Fathers at Mr. Davidson's table, when the conversation, as might be expected, was both pleasing and profitable.

"Mr. Davidson had, in the late A. I. Kelly, Esq., J.P., a life-long friend. Mr. Kelly was the Chief Magistrate of the city, and was called 'THE SOVEREIGN,' who, in those anti-reform days, along with twelve Burgesses, always elected the member to represent the borough in parliament. Mr. Kelly, one day, in the course of conversation, said to Mr. Davidson: 'John, you appear to have a high opinion of great people, let me tell you that generally speaking, *the more you know about them, the less you will think of them.*'"

Mr. Davidson had a very humble opinion of himself, but he had highly exalted views of the Deity. The writer, in whose class he met for many years, often heard him say, "I came out this morning not

to speak good of myself, but to testify to the loving kindness of the Lord." On such occasions he frequently referred to a never-forgotten advice, which he received in early life from his pious mother, viz., "John, whatever others may do, don't you ever do anything to offend your good God." He closed his consistent Christian career on the 9th of November, 1872, at the ripe age of 87 years, and entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

Mr. Davidson was anxious that his friends should read religious literature, and freely lent his books; He also was fond of distributing tracts, and very faithful in reproving sin irrespective of the rank of the sinner